



DELPHIAN TEXT

Mrs. Ronald L. Graves



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CHAPTER PROGRAMS

PART TWO

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THE SCOTTISH PEOPLE

ITS GENIUS AND ITS INFLUENCE ON HUMAN PROGRESS

IT is perhaps impossible to sum up in a sentence, or even in a paragraph, what we mean by the genius of a people; and yet the phrase connotes something fairly definite, and it is one which we are almost compelled to use, when we deal in a large way with the influence exerted upon the development of humanity by the various peoples who at different periods have played their parts upon the stage of history. For no nation has failed to stamp upon the world, in some measure at least, the impress of its own achievement; and this achievement is always, if we regard it closely, the expression in life and in thought of what we must call the genius of the people in question. In general, we know what is meant by the genius of Greece or of Rome or of Israel. It is not easy to define it; but to all of us the phrase signifies the summing up, not of the thoughts and actions of individual Greeks and Romans and Hebrews, but of those characteristics which we find on the whole expressed by these peoples as by no others. Thus the Greek restlessness in the quest of truth, the Greek instinct for beauty, the Greek love of sober-mindedness and of simplicity—these things we have come to associate with the Greeks, as we have come to associate respect for law with the Romans and an instinct for righteousness with the Hebrews; and therefore we very properly regard these traits as characteristic of these peoples, although we by no means hold that all Greeks, or all Romans or all Hebrews possessed them in like measure. For nature does not cast all the representatives of any one branch of the human family in a single mould; and it would be rash indeed to select any individual as typical of his race, so multitudinous and so varied are the formative influences that tend to determine the character of each one of us.

None the less, broad generalizations—aided in the case of the Greeks and Romans, and the peoples of ancient Israel by the perspective which the lapse of centuries affords—must of necessity attempt to sum up and interpret the characteristic genius of a people, and to express in general terms its influence upon human progress, and the share it has had in making humanity what it now is.

Note further: this genius of a people is in no small measure determined by racial antecedents—with which only the anthropologist can properly deal and in almost equal measure by the geographical environment in which a people is placed. No one who does not know Greece will ever fully comprehend the Greek genius; no one can understand the rise of Islam who knows nothing of the limitless stretches of the desert, where man is so powerless against elemental forces; and surely a knowledge of geographic surroundings is necessary for an understanding either of Highlander or Southron.

We therefore at the start recognize frankly the fact that the Scotch are a mixed people—as indeed most people are. We must not hope to find a pure racial type preserved through the centuries, even though in parts of the Highlands the admixture of alien blood may be but slight. Scots, Picts, Angles, and Northmen have all added of their stock to the make-up of the modern Scot; and it may well be that—ethnological purist to the contrary—he is the better man for the blending. Again, since we recognize that this racial genius does not develop without regard to natural surroundings, we must take cognizance of the physical geography of Scotland, if we would rightly understand its people. It is a land abounding in hills and lakes and streams, possessing much natural beauty, but not without its dour aspect; a land from which the tiller of the soil could hope for but meagre results unless by hard and persistent labor he overcame natural difficulties; a country so cut up by its all but trackless mountains that intercommunication was difficult, and everything tended to the growth of a social order in which a man's own clan was to him more than all the world besides.

To these features of his country we may perhaps rightly

ascribe a potent influence in shaping the genius of the Scot. He has always been a man of strong, and at times fierce loyalties. After Culloden, when the young pretender's cause was hopelessly lost, the reward of 30,000 pounds put upon his head could tempt not a single one of his loyal clansmen to betray him; and this instinct of loyalty is all pervasive in Scotch history—not always an admirable thing; for loyalty to one's clan may from another aspect come dangerously near to proving treason to one's country, as has been the case only too often with loyalty to one's church. Still, one must understand this spirit of loyalty to the clan which will support a fellow-clansman at all costs and in all situations, if one would understand the Scot. When, in the unhappy period of the minority of James V in the early part of the sixteenth century, Douglas, Earl of Angus, had gotten possession of the young king, he was able to carry matters with a high hand, and to distribute positions of power and influence to Douglasses alone. Hence we read that merely to bear the name of Douglas was sufficient protection to a man, however gross his crimes. The Laird of Bondby was slain at the very door of the high church of Edinburgh by the Laird of Lochinvar; but the murderer could thereafter openly walk the streets; for he was a Douglas and no man dared to question him.

This clannish system endured long, and with it the maintenance of a feudal system, which lasted on among the Highlanders almost a century after it had been abolished in England, and it was not until after the rebellion of 1745 that the hereditary judicial officers of the Highland chiefs were abolished and the men of the Highlands were not only disarmed, but even forbidden to wear their characteristic dress with its distinctive tartan.

Along with this clannish instinct, we must notice, too, as resulting from the hard struggle to conquer a stubborn land, the Scotch instinct for thrift, which has afforded abundant material for many a jest. If a shilling be hard to win, it is less apt to be thoughtlessly spent; and, in the period before modern agricultural methods were introduced, the shillings that the average Scotch husbandman could win were few indeed. But it is not only habits of thrift that are

thus engendered. "Just because Scotland is a poor country," writes Professor R. L. Mackie in his interesting book on Scotland, "where nature is harsh and the fight for existence stern, the average Scotsman is stung out of his complacency. Just because his environment is so unfriendly it obtrudes itself on his consciousness and forces him to reason himself into a definite attitude toward it. He may be tempted to prize a purely material good overmuch and be too careful in the hoarding of sixpences; he may, on the other hand, conquer his environment by setting his heart on a non-material good and so become a philosopher." Far more significant than the habit of thrift is that sturdy independence both of thought and of action that has ever characterized the Scot. His struggle for civil and religious freedom was indeed a long and arduous one, and it was carried on against fearful odds; but the fact that it *was* won is a lasting tribute to the endurance and courage of an indomitable race.

For nowhere is this sturdy independence of spirit and this love of liberty more clearly or more heroically shown than in the Scot's struggle to win freedom to worship according to his conscience. He had known a purer and less contaminated form of Christianity in the earlier days when Columba had journeyed over mountain and river ministering to the spiritual and physical needs of the sparse population, but as the centuries passed all this had been changed. By the middle of the sixteenth century, we are told that half the wealth of the entire kingdom was in the hands of the church, while the avarice and greed of the corrupt clergy were boundless, and their gross immorality was a matter of national disgrace. Ignorant and slothful priests neglected their religious and humanitarian duties, but failed not to exact from the poor under their charge all that extortion and oppression could win for their own comfort and well-being. The picture that might be drawn would be one to make the heart sick, and may well have led men to cast off hope of any help from what should have been the greatest instrument on earth for the promotion of human betterment.

Thus it was against a corrupt and self-seeking priest-

hood that the movement for reform first asserted itself. Then, as the teachings of the reformers spread and found ready acceptance in the minds of a people to whose spiritual needs the Roman church failed to minister, there was passed by the Scottish parliament, despite the resistance of the clergy, a bill whereby it was made lawful for every man and woman to read the Scriptures in his own tongue; a triumph of which Knox could well say: "No small victory of Jesus Christ."

But apart from the greed and profligacy of a corrupt clergy, it was inevitable that political ambitions and unscrupulous scheming should lend their sinister influence to further the work of oppression, and therefore foster a spirit of resistance on the part of the oppressed. It was a sorry day for Scotland when James V took to himself a second wife in the person of Mary of Lorraine, and thus introduced into Scottish affairs an influence which was to endure for years and which so nearly succeeded in reducing Scotland to the position of a mere vassal of France, and a tool in the hands of the great Catholic powers for the overthrow of Protestant England. Stubborn indeed was the struggle, and many agonizing years, fraught with unspeakable suffering, were to elapse before this menace was removed, and the right of freedom of worship was successfully asserted against prelate and noble and king, backed as they were by the seemingly overwhelming might of the pope in union with France and with Spain.

The emancipation from Rome came in 1560 when the French sailed forth from Leith and at the same time a peace was made with England. Then, having secured freedom to manage their own affairs, the Scots with characteristic energy turned to the settlement of the religious question. In surprisingly short time, the confession of faith was prepared by the reformed ministers and adopted by Parliament. We are not here concerned with matters of creed or with matters of church government; but it is significant that in the form of church government thus adopted by the reformed church of Scotland, the unit was the self-governing congregation. "Its government by ministers," writes Professor Green, "gave it the look of an ecclesiastical

despotism; but no church constitution has proved in practice so democratic as that of Scotland."

It is plain therefore that Presbyterianism could hope to find little favor with kings or with prelates whether in Scotland or elsewhere; and hence the history of the reformation in Scotland resolves itself into the history—and it is a most inspiring one—of the struggle of a free people to assert and maintain its right to worship God according to the dictates of its own conscience, and not in a manner dictated to it by royal or ecclesiastical authority. And it is a significant fact that the success of the reformation in Scotland was won neither by diplomacy nor by force. It was due to the fact that the Scottish people became so convinced that the teachings of the reformers were right, that it was led by the force of these ideas themselves to demand religious freedom as its own inherent right, and therewith civil liberty which alone could secure for it the goal of all its striving.

The formal break with the papacy in 1560 was but an initial step. It was not until 1592 that Presbyterianism was formally adopted—only to be abolished again under James II, who sought by every means to maintain the principle of the divine right of kings, and to foist Episcopacy upon an unwilling people. By 1637, however, the will of the people had again prevailed, and on March 1 of that year the Greyfriars church in Edinburgh was the scene of the memorable signing of the national league and covenant. The meeting of the general assembly in Glasgow later on in the same year completely overthrew Episcopacy and re-established Presbyterianism. The solemn vow attached to the covenant can hardly be read even now without a quickening of the pulse: "We do hereby profess, and before God, his angels, and the world, solemnly declare, that with our whole heart we agree and resolve all the days of our life constantly to adhere unto and to defend the true religion . . . and to labour by all means lawful to recover the purity and liberty of the gospel as it was established and professed before the late innovations." And to this should be added the bold defiance of royalty should it dare to seek to thwart this solemnly declared will of the people: "We know no

other bonds between a king and his subjects than those of religion and the laws; and if these be broken, men's lives are not dear to them. Threatened we shall not be; such fears are past with us."

This happened under Charles I as a result of the blindness of the king, who, urged on by Laud and some of the Scottish bishops, had vainly sought to force the liturgy of the church of England upon the Scottish church—a step which must be reckoned as one of the chief causes which led to the tragedy of Whitehall. We must pass over the vicissitudes of the Cromwellian period and that of the restoration, and the terrible trials which the Scottish people were forced to undergo during the "killing time" under James II, and must notice the language of the decree which in 1689 abolished once more the restored Episcopacy, as being "contrary to the inclination of the majority of the people." Here is clear evidence of the attitude of this Scottish people toward the basic question which underlay all the struggles of the reformation period. Once awakened by the stimulus of the reformers, it would have no form of church government forced upon it by Rome; and, once having chosen the Presbyterian form, it was ready to resist to the death all efforts to force it to adopt Episcopacy. Thus again we must note how throughout the whole bitter struggle the note of freedom sounds, and we are the better able to see how dear to the Scot is the church of his own choosing. For this church, be it remembered, was a democratic church, and all forms of Episcopacy, whether Roman or Anglican, seemed to him essentially undemocratic. Had not the bishops throughout Scottish history been among the chiefest agents of oppression, and the willing tools of the tyrannical Charles and James?

This leads to another significant development. There is not, and could never be, in Scotland the wide gulf that in England and in Roman Catholic countries is fixed between the state religion and dissent. The clear distinction between church and chapel, between prelate and non-conformist minister, has no place.

Let us now look back and note some of the concrete expressions of this spirit which we have been considering,

as seen in utterances of heroic souls who played their part in the long struggle—many of them members in very truth of “the holy army of martyrs.” We begin, as is right, with John Knox, and the scene with which we deal shows him before the proud and beautiful Mary, in whose history romance, loyal devotion, wilfulness, treachery and grim tragedy are so strangely blended. He had been summoned to the royal presence, largely because of his denunciation of the queen’s course in having the mass celebrated in Holyrood. “Think you,” asks the young and beautiful sovereign, “that subjects, having power, may resist their princes?” “If their princes exceed their bounds, Madam,” is the bold answer, in which rings not so much the voice of the fearless preacher as the very voice of the Commons of Scotland. Hear also the words of Knox’s successor, Melville, who in open council dared to pluck King James by the sleeve, and, calling him “God’s silly vassal,” had the boldness to say: “There are two kings and two kingdoms in Scotland. There is Christ Jesus, the King, and His kingdom the Kirk, whose subject King James VI is, and of whose kingdom not a king, nor a lord, nor a head, but a member.” And, when James II demanded of the Scotch parliament the toleration of Catholicism and sought to bribe its members by the offer of free trade with England, he received the bold answer: “Shall we sell out God?” Verily the king might well say in regard to Laud’s scheme for coercing the Scots: “He knows not the stomach of that people.”

The first martyr in the cause of religious liberty to be burned at the stake in Scotland was Patrick Hamilton, a youth of noble birth and nearly related to the king himself. After he had been bound to the stake and the fire had been lighted, and when some gunpowder, which had been placed among the fagots, had exploded, severely scorching his left hand and the side of his face, the sufferer was bidden to relent by the friars that crowded around him; but the answer was: “You are late with your advice; if I had chosen to recant, I need not have been here.” Years later—in 1688—the last of the Scotch martyrs, James Renwick, only twenty-six years old, died on the scaffold with these brave

and prophetic words upon his lips: "Lord, I die in the faith that Thou wilt not leave Scotland."

To these heroic utterances of devoted youths should be added the noble words of the aged Walter Mill, the last Scot to be burned at the stake. He was over eighty years of age, but, when asked to recant, had the faith and the courage to answer: "I will not recant the truth, for I am corn and not chaff. I will not be blown away by the wind, nor burst by the flail, but will abide both."

There is another aspect of the Scotch character which is strikingly brought out in the long struggle for religious liberty. When we think of the Peasants' war in Germany, the horrors of the Inquisition in Spain, the brutal cruelties whereby Philip II and the Duke of Alva sought to crush Protestantism in the low countries, and of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew in France, we cannot fail to draw the conclusion that so far as religious persecution is concerned Scotland's record is an enviable one. It was only in the awful killing time under James II that anything analogous to these horrors is to be found in Scottish history. Then indeed the country was given over to persecution at the hands of a brutal soldiery, and men and women by hundreds were transported to toil as slaves under the driver's lash in Virginia and the Barbadoes, or left to rot in filthy dungeons; while torture was freely applied to elicit information as to the abiding-places of those that were being hunted. Still, it remains true that the revolution was accomplished with comparatively little bloodshed, and that on the part of the reformers themselves toleration was for the most part practiced. Fanaticism there certainly was, and after the triumph at Preston this showed itself in the ambition to establish the absolute supremacy of Presbyterianism to be of divine appointment, demanded that other systems should be forcibly put down; but these extreme counsels never won the day, and the reformers in the main kept themselves singularly free from religious persecution. This is in no small measure due to the Scot's consciousness of racial solidarity. "In France and in Spain men forgot the ties of blood and country in the blind fury of religious zeal, but in Scotland we do not find town arrayed against town,

and neighbor denouncing neighbor on the ground of a different faith. That this tolerance was not due to indifference the religious history of Scotland amply proves. It was in the convulsions attending the change of the national faith that the Scottish nation first attained to a consciousness of itself, and the characteristics it then displayed have remained its distinctive characteristics ever since. It is precisely the combination of a fervid temper with logical thinking and temperate action that has distinguished the Scottish people in all the great crises of their history."¹

It is often brought forward as a reproach against the religious faith of Scotland that it so emphasizes the wrath of God against sin as to obscure the Father's love. In reference to this, the writer may quote an extract from Whittier regarding the Puritan founders of New England: "The Pilgrims were right in affirming the paramount authority of the law of God. If they erred in seeking that authoritative law, and passed over the Sermon on the Mount for the stern Hebraisms of Moses; if they hesitated in view of the largeness of Christian liberty; if they seemed unwilling to accept the sweetness and light of the good tidings, let us not forget that it was the mistake of men who feared more than they dared to hope, whose estimate of the exceeding awfulness of sin caused them to dwell upon God's vengeance rather than His compassion; and whose dread of evil was so great that, in shutting their hearts against it, they sometimes shut out the good. It is well for us if we have learned to listen to the sweet persuasion of the Beatitudes; but there are crises in all lives which require also the emphatic 'Thou shalt not' of the Decalogue which the founders wrote on the gate-posts of their commonwealth."²

This Scot's love of liberty which we have been tracing throughout his religious struggles finds expression also in events which touch us Americans perhaps even more directly, for it played no small part in the winning of our own independence. The religious persecution by the Episcopal authorities, coupled with the exaction of tithes for the maintenance of a theocracy which the Presbyterians believed to be contrary to the laws of God, led many of the Scotch and the Scotch-Irish to emigrate to America, seeing

that otherwise they were denied the exercise of the rights and liberties so dear to them, and were confronted with the menace of complete loss of citizenship. A few quotations from the historian Froude will make these facts clearer: "And now recommenced the Protestant emigration, which robbed Ireland of the bravest defenders of English interests, and peopled the American seaboard with fresh flights of Puritans. Twenty thousand left Ulster on the destruction of the woolen trade. Many more were driven away by the first passage of the Test Act. . . . The young, the courageous, the energetic, the earnest, those alone among her colonists who, if Ireland was ever to be a Protestant country, could be effective missionaries, were torn up by the roots, flung out, and bid find a home elsewhere; and they found a home to which England fifty years later had to regret that she had allowed them to be driven. . . . Throughout the revolted colonies, and, therefore probably the first to begin the struggle, all evidence shows that the foremost, the most irreconcilable, the most determined in pushing the quarrel to the last extremity were the Scotch-Irish whom the bishops and Lord Donegal and company had been pleased to drive out of Ulster."

These men came to America, bringing with them their love of independence and hatred of oppression, coupled with a tendency to resist constituted authority when it seemed to them (in Knox's words to Queen Mary) "to exceed its bounds." Thus they were not always welcomed in the established communities of the new world. James Logan, secretary of the Province, made allusion in 1724 to the Ulster emigrants to Pennsylvania as "bold and indigent strangers, saying as their excuse, when challenged for titles, that we had solicited for colonists and they had come accordingly." Six years later it appears that the Scotch-Irish had appropriated a choice tract of land which the Penns had reserved for themselves; and that they justified their act by declaring "that it was against the laws of God and nature that so much land should be idle, while so many Christians wanted it to labor on and to raise their bread."

On August 4, 1718, "a parcel of Irish" (i.e., of Scotch-Irish from Ulster) numbering perhaps six or eight hundred

souls, landed in Boston, in the thought and with the hope that they had come to a land of liberty, where they would be allowed to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences. It was not, however, so to be. "On arriving in Massachusetts, they learned that newcomers would not be admitted to citizenship in any of the Puritan communities without first connecting themselves with the state church. This church, it is true, differed in many respects from that of Episcopacy; but the two were alike in that feature which was most abhorrent to a Scotch-Irish Presbyterian, namely, their purpose to make Presbyterians conform, or to 'harry them out of the kingdom.' Accordingly, few of the Scotch-Irish were permitted to remain in Boston. Governor Shute assured them of his willingness to permit them to settle on the frontier, and establish new communities of their own. The province of Massachusetts at that time had suffered from the incursions of the Indians, and its frontier line was in need of defenders. . . . In nearly every case where a Scotch-Irish colony settled in New England, they were persuaded or compelled to locate along the frontiers of that province. Such settlements were encouraged by the civil authorities and the more sagacious of the Puritans, as an effective and economical method of providing for the protection of the older communities from attacks by the Indians and French. Similar defensive cordons were established along the southern frontiers of Carolina and Georgia, to protect them from the invasions of the Spaniards; and also along the western frontiers of New York, Pennsylvania, and Virginia."*

A restless spirit of adventure and a desire to have land on which they could establish themselves impelled these settlers to push ever further on into the wilderness despite the frequent unwillingness of the authorities to give them titles to their holdings, and often in defiance of restraining orders. Thus the Scotch-Irish were the first to cross the Ohio river and establish white settlements in the northwest territory.

The general character of these pioneers is well summed up by Roosevelt:⁴ "The backwoodsmen were American by birth and parentage, and of mixed race; but the dominant

strain in their blood was that of the Presbyterian Irish—the Scotch-Irish, as they are often called. Full credit has been awarded the Roundhead and the Cavalier for their leadership in our history; nor have we been altogether blind to the deeds of the Hollander and the Huguenot; but it is doubtful if we have wholly realized the importance of the part played by that stern and virile people, the Irish, whose preachers taught the creed of Knox and Calvin. These Irish representatives of the Covenanters were in the West almost what the Puritans were in the Northeast, and more than the Cavaliers were in the South. Mingled with the descendants of many other races, they nevertheless formed the kernel of the distinctively and intensely American stock who were the pioneers of our people in their march westward.

“That the Irish Presbyterians were a bold and hardy race is proved by their at once pushing past the settled regions and plunging into the wilderness as the leaders of the white advance. They were the first and last set of immigrants to do this; all others have merely followed in the wake of their predecessors. But indeed, they were fitted to be Americans from the very start; they were kinsfolk of the Covenanters; they deemed it a religious duty to interpret their own Bible, and held for a divine right the election of their own clergy. For generations their whole ecclesiastic and scholastic systems had been fundamentally democratic.”⁴

In possessing themselves even of these remote lands, the Scotch-Irish were at times acting in defiance of constituted authority, and were even led to resist by force those who sought to dispossess them of their lands or to destroy their homes. It was the old, old story of the assertion of individual rights against vested interests; and the experience proved how deep-seated was the instinct for liberty, and how certain it was that when the crisis came the Scotch-Irish would range themselves almost to a man on the side of the colonies and against the crown.

And so indeed it proved. The Scotch Presbyterians of Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, men whose natural love of liberty had been fostered and developed by the fearless

teachings of their minister, Alexander Craighead, and from whom the habit of facing the manifold dangers and hardships of the life on the frontier had banished all sense of fear, declared as early as 1743 their "separation from the crown which had so impiously violated its covenant engagements on both sides of the Atlantic."

Members of Scotch congregations made up the little army which in 1771 (four years before Lexington) defended the cause of liberty against the troops of royal Governor Tryon, whose illegal acts of oppression had driven them to revolt. Hence these Scotch-Irish patriots of North Carolina have the honor of having been the first to die for the cause of American freedom, and of the Presbyterians in that region it is said that not one left his congregation or weakened in his patriotism; while many actually bore arms. And their congregations were of like sort. John Witherspoon, the only clergyman in the Congress of 1776, gave by delegated authority the vote of the Presbyterians in favor of independence, and after the declaration had been issued the Presbytery of Hanover, Virginia, was the first body of the clergy of any denomination in America to endorse that act.

It would be an interesting task to trace in America the lineage of its famous men, and to see how many of them have in their veins the blood of the covenanters. The list would be a long one and would embrace nearly all the signers of the Declaration of Independence; Patrick Henry would be there with Jefferson, Hamilton, Jackson, Madison, Polk, Grant and Lincoln, and a host of others.

Together with the Scot's love of liberty and democracy which his whole civil and religious history so strikingly illustrates, we must emphasize his love of learning, and must point to an interesting difference between his attitude and that of his English neighbors. This is well summed up in Professor Mackie's book⁵: "The Scotsman does not want a certain kind of education for his son because it is proper to his class; he wants his son to receive an education that will make him master of his fate. The Englishman, knowing that the Scottish universities are open to the very poorest scholar, contends that the average Scotsman is educated above his station. The Scotsman, even when he does not

deny that such a thing as social status is worth troubling about, cannot see why it should be mixed up with education, since education will make a poor man rich, or, better still, show him how to live liberally even though he remains poor.”⁵

We need not go back to the earliest period of the schools attached to the monasteries, or to the first establishment of grammar schools in the fourteenth century; but we may well stress the foundation of the great Scottish universities—St. Andrews in 1411, Glasgow in 1450, Aberdeen in 1494. The College of Surgeons in Edinburgh dates from 1505 and has had a notable influence on the progress of medical science, and the University of Edinburgh was founded in 1584. It is interesting also to note the large plan of the reformers. Nearly a sixth part of the First Book of Discipline is devoted to the subject of education. “Every parish was to have its school. The schoolmaster of every burgh and populous village must be qualified to teach the Latin tongue. In every considerable town there was to be a college in which logic, rhetoric, Latin and Greek should be taught. At the end of a six or an eight years’ course in a provincial college, the student might enter the university. . . . There central seats of learning were to afford courses of instruction in the classical tongues and in Hebrew, in mathematics and astronomy, in natural and moral philosophy, in medicine, law, and divinity. Any youth in whom the intellectual impulses manifested themselves, and whose friends were too poor to support him during his education, was to be maintained and educated at the public expense.”⁶ In our own country, Princeton and Dartmouth bear witness to the love of learning which the Scot manifested in the new world as in the old; and it may be added that it has been characteristic of the Scottish universities that they have ever insisted upon a rigid discipline of study; and that in the new birth of Scotland in the eighteenth century, her leaders recognized that education was the only sure foundation of national progress.

Again, it has often been noted that the creed of the Presbyterian church, with its supreme conception of justice and the eternal sanctity of law, tends naturally to promote

legalistic thought among its adherents, so that Presbyterian communities have ever been wont to produce able lawyers. In keeping with this is the fact that among those who were leaders in the discussion of the whole matter of religious rights in the colonies during the decades immediately preceding the Revolution, were to be found lawyers of Scotch ancestry, who conducted the struggle for religious liberty not only for their own communion, but for other Christian bodies as well; and as the strife for civil liberties began it was remarked by Cadwallader Colden, the last colonial governor of New York, that all the popular leaders were both lawyers and Presbyterians. In the Scot intellectual capacity goes hand in hand with the moral earnestness and religious fervor which have been so strikingly illustrated in his history.

In the field of pure scholarship, as in the field of letters, the world's debt to the Scottish race is a large one. The Scotch writers of the eighteenth century might indeed strive to hide their provincialisms of speech by a careful study of the English tongue; but Smollett and Boswell are none the less sons of Scotland, while in Burns and in the best parts of the immortal Sir Walter we have expressions of the Scottish genius in a truly national form. Adam Smith, in his *Wealth of Nations*, laid the foundation for the scientific study of political economy, and, if Hume's *History* is now neglected, his *Treatise of Human Nature* remains one of the great monuments of modern philosophical thought. So, too, Scotland has given us Lang and Carlyle and Stevenson, to note but a few among the moderns, and the priceless treasure of the Scottish ballads, for the preservation of which we owe so much to Walter Scott.

What a world it is into which we are led in the study of this Scottish people! What a glamor of romance surrounds the figures of Wallace, of the Bruce, of Queen Mary, and of "bonnie Prince Charlie!" And, if we turn from the world of romance and that of practical life, it is only to be confronted by the astonishing achievements of Scottish engineers. Many will recall the fact that James Watt's perfection of the steam engine changed it "from a toy to the most important instrument in modern progress"; but few

are aware that almost twenty years before Fulton's Clermont, steam-driven boats had been used in Scottish waters, and had thus given early promise of what the Clyde was to be, and that many thousands of those who go down to the sea in ships were to travel in safety in no small measure because some Scot—dour of aspect, it may be, and laconic of speech—was in charge of the engine-room.

With the changing years have come the increase of trade and prosperity arising out of the union with England, and the growth of industrialism. Glasgow has become a huge center of manufacturing industry; sheep grazing has largely ousted the small farmer-tenant, who of old was a loyal clansman, dwelling, as his fathers had dwelt before him, on lands which the broadswords of those fathers had won for their chief. The old is gone, never to return. "At the present day," writes Mr. Mackie, "no thoughtful man can visit the Highlands and be untouched with sadness. The beauty of the mountains, of the lonely moors, of the brown, swirling rivers is dimmed when one remembers the vanished races, the dying tongue, the legends and beliefs that linger now only in memory of one or two old women, crouched over their fire of peat. It is a land of strange and moving loveliness, but it has lost its soul."

Yet despite the pathos of this striking change, the soul of the Scot is not dead. In every land to which he has gone he has taken with him those qualities which it has been the purpose of this paper in some measure to set forth, and upon those qualities is largely based the world's hope for the maintenance of that freedom in civil and religious life, for which the Scot has ever been ready to suffer, and, if need be, to die, whether in his own Scotland, in his adopted Ulster, or in lands beyond the seas.

¹ Hume Brown, quoted in Macmillan, *Short History of the Scottish People*, p. 271.

² *Prose*. II. 432f.

³ Hanna, *The Scotch-Irish*, II 17 and 25.

⁴ *Winning of the West*, Vol. I, Chapter V.

⁵ p. 550.

⁶ Mackenzie, *History of Scotland*, p. 335f.

⁷ *Scotland*, p. 508.

SCOTLAND

1. IN ANTIQUITY

FROM the time of the Saxon kings the relations between Scotland and England were important. Under early Norman rulers the king of Scotland was sometimes vassal to the English sovereign; sometimes the two kingdoms were engaged in open warfare; even during periods of comparative peace, forays along the borders were of frequent occurrence. When James VI of Scotland succeeded to the throne left vacant by the dying Elizabeth, the union of the two nations began, not to be completed until a hundred years later.

Because negotiations with Scotland occupied no small amount of attention on the part of English rulers in every reign, affecting more than once the peace of Europe, through the alliance of Scotland with France, it is instructive to scan briefly the trend of affairs in the northern realm, from antiquity until the flag of Great Britain embraced within its folds the white cross of St. Andrews.

What we know today as Scotland is the northern extension of the island of Britain. It was mere circumstance of settlement that determined that the south and central portions should develop under one government and the northern portion under another: that is to say, the barriers between the two districts were by no means inevitable.

During Roman occupation of Britain this region was known as Caledonia. In size it nearly approximates the square mileage of the state of Maine. However, there are numerous islands off the deeply indented shore line which belong to Scotland and have had a similar history.

Scholars find much ground for contention when called upon to explain the origin of the Scottish people. It is claimed that one, perhaps two thousand years before our era, a race of Iberians or Basques left northern Africa, traversed Spain and overran Britain. Their obscure beginnings have no place here nor would a settlement of the



THE TROSSACHS, SCOTLAND
Famed in romance and history.

problem be of momentous interest in the development of Scottish history.

Several centuries before the birth of Christ, when the Celts held sway throughout central Europe, they invaded Britain, subdued the earlier inhabitants and intermingled with them. They were men of large stature, strong of limb, and fair.

When Roman legions were sent to subdue Britain in the first century of our era, they found the Caledonians a turbulent, warlike people. Never conquering them, they found it expedient to raise fortifications on the north to restrain them from making expeditions into the regions of Roman occupation and laying them waste. Agricola established a series of garrisons from Forth to Clyde about 80 A. D. He was presently recalled to Rome and the aggressive Caledonians were able to overcome some of the garrisons and inflict injury upon the land. In 120 Hadrian, accompanied by the Sixth Legion, visited Britain. He raised a stone wall across the north, from Solway to the mouth of the Tweed, bringing the frontier forty miles south of the line established by Agricola. Twenty years later, under Antoninus Pius, new fortifications were thrown up along the frontier originally marked out by Agricola; this time a continuous rampart of earth, protected by a moat, traversed the entire thirty-five miles. This is commonly called the Antonine Wall.

Somewhat later than 300 A. D. the Picts are mentioned as disturbing the peace. Who they were and whence they came arouses further dispute. It is said that the Romans called them by this name, from *pictus*, because they painted their bodies. About 400 *Scoti* from Ireland invaded Caledonia and their raids added to the perplexity of the Roman soldiers, resident at the forts along the frontiers. It was these last comers who eventually gave their name to the entire country. Finally, Angles from the South of Britain were pressed north by invading Saxons.

Thus we find the Caledonians—Celtic folk; the Picts, probably Celtic; also the *Scoti* from Ireland and Angles all entered upon a long struggle for supremacy. The population of Scotland today gives evidence of qualities

inherited from the fittest survivors of this age of fierce contest. Persistence, indefatigable industry, reluctance to yield, whether territory or a point in an argument, are characteristics of the nation.

It is interesting to note that the dandies of Rome rode in chariots modelled after those in which Caledonian warriors fought against the Roman legions, while it is said that the ultra fashionable, during the second century, often donned red wigs, having heard of the red hair of these dauntless warriors of the north, who wore plaided tunics and cloaks, and, after the manner of the Celts, displayed shields and ornaments skillfully wrought of metal.

The imprint of Rome upon Scotland was negligible. Nevertheless, excavations carried on in recent years have brought to light remnants of Roman forts, coins and other evidences of occupation.

In all probability, Christianity had reached Scotland before the departure of the legions. The Scots had come under the influence of St. Patrick before migrating to the island. It is contended that missionaries from Rome had penetrated to this region. However this may be, in 563 Columba removed to the isle of Iona, leaving Ireland for the purpose of reviving in the Scoti a faith which was waning; he was also determined to undertake the more difficult task of winning the Picts to Christianity.

The name of this saintly man still retains the lustre shed upon it by his noble service. His self-denial quickly won the respect of those who knew him. His statesmanship likewise stood him in good stead, for he came of a noble line. Little monasteries sprang up here and there, like friendly beacons in a gloomy land. It is said that wherever the prefix *kil* is found, it testifies to the existence at one time, of a monastic settlement—*kil*, meaning *cell*.

Presently the faith of Columba spread to the Celts and at last to the Angles. By the close of the seventh century the entire country known as Scotland had yielded to his teachings or to that of his followers.

The year 597 is important in English history because Augustine was then sent from Rome to carry the ecclesi-

astical system of the Universal Church into the furthest corners of Britain. Augustine established his headquarters at Canterbury and a conflict between the Irish and Roman forms of Christianity was precipitated. Among the differences which made the two opponents were the exact date for celebrating Easter and the tonsure. Finally, in 664, a Synod was convened at Whitby for the purpose of hearing the contentions of Irish and Roman adherents for their respective religious customs. Coleman represented the Irish Church; Wilfrith of York argued for Rome. In the end the Roman system prevailed, one reason being that its administrative system was superior to the other so far as unity was concerned. The organization followed by Columba was tribal and consequently tended to disunion. Nevertheless, it is worthy of remembrance that for purity of life among its teachers, a fine spirit and undying zeal, the Irish Church was never excelled. The part filled by the monastery at Iona, its manifold activities, including its remarkable achievements in the art of illumination, presents one of the most interesting studies for the age.

Vikings appeared presently to harry the coasts; their arrival signaled the dawn of a new era of conflict. The attainment of political unity was a far slower process than the accomplishment of religious unity had been. Yet a common faith proved a potent factor in bringing it about.

It would be a dreary task to thread one's way through the devious course of inter-tribal struggles which occupied several generations. The Picts and Scots were well-nigh invincible enemies. At last, in 844, the crown passed to Kenneth MacAlpine, in whose veins the blood of both Scots and Picts flowed. With his ascension the welding of the various elements of population was well begun. The bitter strife that had so long darkened the land abated. Instead of having to follow the fortunes of separate peoples, we note the beginnings of Scotch nationality. Yet every lover of Scott's novels will recall how deadly were the feuds between those of Highland and Lowland, how endless the frays between clans. Along the border, maintenance of order was impossible, even though the English king com-

manded a strong army. It was one thing to overcome a foe in open fight and quite another to pursue Scotch raiders who fled to their mountain fastnesses.

2. STRUGGLE FOR INDEPENDENCE .

The conquest of England by the Normans in 1066 was bound to bring changes to the little kingdom to the north. In the first place, sturdy Saxons who would not submit to the Conqueror fled thither, to become absorbed in the melting pot of Scotland. Then, as time went on, Normans came into the land, building those stone castles which may still be seen in ruins, to serve as forts as well as baronial halls. Feudalism presently gained its hold here, both to the benefit and disadvantage of the country. It presented later the same menace to the crown that it had demonstrated in France, for only lords took an oath of allegiance to the king, while their vassals were bound to them alone. William I guarded against uprisings of nobles against the crown when he compelled all English subjects to swear allegiance to their sovereign, in addition to taking oaths of fealty to their lords. Yet the immediate result of feudalism in Scotland was beneficial, for it opened the way for outside influences to modify the prevailing life, which so far had been rough and crude. Although society remained simple and unrefined for generations, nevertheless something was achieved in the way of softening the manners, transforming the customs and introducing some elements of culture into a warring land.

Malcolm Canmore was crowned king in 1057, establishing a line of rulers which continued until 1286. He had been educated in England and had married Margaret, sister to Edgar Athling. A close relationship was now established with the southern kingdom, which, although broken by wars, raids and forays, nevertheless prevailed in the main until the aggressions of Edward I forced the Scots to seek an alliance with France.

Of all the kings of this dynasty, David I is regarded as greatest. So sharp was the rivalry between Celtic and Teutonic Scotland that only his foresight, tact and statesman-

like qualities held the kingdom intact. Had it split into warring factions, its survival as an independent region would have been unlikely in the face of ambitious English rulers.

William the Conqueror had compelled the Scottish king to acknowledge him as over-lord, and when William the Lion was captured in battle by Henry II, the English sovereign released him only upon his complete submission to him and the surrender of such important castles as Sterling and Edinburgh. However, under Richard I the Scotch were able to regain by purchase territory so relinquished and thereafter, while the suzerainty of the English sovereign was granted, it was very indefinite until the time of Edward I. The circumstances then arising were that Alexander III, the last male representative of his line, had but one direct heir. His daughter had been given in marriage to Eric, king of Norway and their daughter Margaret was known as the "Maid of Norway." Although a young girl, the lords of Scotland agreed to her succession to the throne left vacant by her grandfather, Alexander III, she to be wedded to the English crown prince. However, she was taken seriously ill en route from Norway and died on the Orkney islands; whereupon no less than thirteen claimants for the Scottish throne appeared.

It was now that Edward I of England announced his intention of taking a directing hand as suzerain in determining the rightful successor and the lords of Scotland permitted him to do so. A commission was appointed by him to look into the rights of each candidate and its decision fell upon John Baliol, who was thereupon crowned. Presently it became plain that Edward intended to treat Scotland thenceforward as a feudal fief; he summoned its king on the slightest provocation until Baliol refused to obey his commands. War followed. The commercial town of Berwick was destroyed by Edward, after which the towns of Scotland opened to him. Baliol was sent a prisoner to the Tower.

Had it rested with the nobility, opposition to the English king would then have largely disappeared, for they looked to him for favors. However, the sturdy common people

would not brook foreign rule and soon found a leader in William Wallace, an outlawed knight. He gathered an army to resist the tyrannies of Edward, suffered defeat and was taken prisoner, to be cruelly executed.

Edward I realized that the interests of all the islanders, whether dwelling in north or south were much the same and that they should be united for the welfare of both regions. He was willing to permit the laws of Scotland to remain in force in so far as they did not conflict with those of his own realm and in various ways was ready to deal generously with the Scotch. Nevertheless, he insisted that the submission given generations before by William the Lion was still binding and gave to the ancient feudal homage greater significance than the Scotch were disposed to concede. The proud Scots, who had so long breathed the air of freedom and held so rich a heritage in their liberty-loving ancestry, took no note whatever of his constitutional arrangements but, when Robert Bruce took up the cause espoused by Wallace, the common folk, looking for no rewards from kings but seeking only the freedom of their fathers, rallied around him.

There is no story in all Scotch history more thrilling than that of Robert Bruce. He was often cruel and some of his acts can be justified only when considered as retaliations for unjust treatment on the part of the English. The age was brutal and those who lived in it must be judged by its standards rather than ours. But, despite all his weaknesses and faults, the sterling worth of the man deserves the veneration in which he has ever since been held by his countrymen.

Upon hearing that Scotland was again revolting, Edward determined to use stern measures, since leniency had failed. Yet, before he was able to set out with an army, death overtook him. He charged his son, Edward II, to put down the uprising and capture Bruce. It proved that Edward II lacked his father's military prowess, as well as other estimable qualities. He marched north with a large army, which is variously estimated to have numbered anywhere from thirty to one hundred thousand men. Bruce was by far the abler leader and inflicted a terrific defeat

upon the English army at Bannockburn. The Scots were fighting for freedom and were victorious. The slaughter of English knights was appalling. Some little time after this battle, which occurred in 1314, the independence of the kingdom of Scotland was acknowledged by the Treaty of Northampton, wherein Robert Bruce was recognized as king and all concessions asked by him were granted. This treaty was regarded as disgraceful by the English, but the attempt of Edward III and his successors to establish an empire in France led to an abatement of hostilities in the north, although forays by border men on either side were intermittent even in times of peace.

Bruce lived only a year after the Treaty of Northampton. He died leaving an eight year old son to succeed. Edward Baliol tried to usurp the throne but David Bruce was succored by France and reestablished on his throne.

“Bruce was the greatest of Scottish kings, and his work was permanent; even the reaction and disgrace of his successor’s reign could not undo it. It survives until the present day. David I, the greatest of his predecessors, consolidated his country, but Bruce as it has been well remarked, saved it. . . . He had many personal charms, and as a knight and leader ranked among the first of his age. He was endowed with prudence and foresight; he shone in adversity even more than in prosperity. In defeat he was undismayed, in victory he was restrained and cautious. . . . He won the admiration and affection of the people and helped to produce that self-consciousness and self-respect, which came to full fruition with Knox and the Reformation. . . . The great houses that he created became a danger to the throne, and the forfeited barons, smarting under their punishment, resolved upon revenge. Nevertheless his achievements and his character raised the nation to a higher level than it had ever reached before, and the spirit of his life so fired the breast of Scotland, that even yet one has only to mention his name to call up the great principle of freedom and of independence, which it regards as its dearest heritage from the past.”¹

3. THE RISE OF THE STUARTS

Robert Bruce had married his daughter Marjory to Robert, fourth in descent from Fitz-Alan, first High Steward of Scotland, the position being hereditary in the family. Their son, known as Robert II, ascended the throne of Scotland in 1371 through the rights of his mother. An Act of Parliament had established this succession half a century before, and Robert II was fifty-five years of age ere opportunity offered for him to assume the crown.

The period intervening between 1371 and 1603, when the death of Elizabeth brought James VI of Scotland to the English throne, was characterized throughout by a struggle between the crown and the unruly nobles, but the strife was strongest in the early years before the flower of Scotch nobility went down on Flodden Field. Moreover, the dawn of the Reformation brought a complete transformation in the northern kingdom and the new problems it inaugurated absorbed all else.

In the fifteenth century border raids were the order of the day and bloody encounters often arose over such trivial matters as that, for example, of Percy of Northampton seeking at Otterbourne to recover a banner which Douglas had taken from him. The ballad of *Chevy Chase* survives from this period and many another once as popular has been lost. The spirit and dash of these border fights that kept alive the feuds of one generation to another are preserved in the stories of Scott and the tales of the Scottish Chiefs.

James I, son of Robert III, with his English wife, was crowned in 1424. His life had been spent largely in captivity in England; yet far from being a disadvantage, this had given opportunity for the acquiring of a broad education. As a child of ten he had been sent to France but was captured en route by the English and restrained in London. The best teachers of the age instructed him and not only did he become a tireless reader but his musical gifts were

second only to his poetical genius. Beyond question he was Scotland's first talented poet.

His brief reign of twelve years proved highly beneficial to his country. Constitutional government was established. Parliament, which had been founded by Robert Bruce, now for the first time became important, setting a curb not only upon ruthless barons but restraining the power of the Crown. The stern measures taken by him to suppress the nobles led to his brutal murder in 1437, when again there occurred that frequent misfortune of Scotland—the crown descended to a child.

James II remained for some time under the guardianship of his mother, being only seven years of age when his father fell before assassins. England at this time was gripped in the Wars of the Roses and when Henry VI and his queen, Margaret of Anjou, found it necessary to flee, they took refuge at his Court. The main event of his reign was the long and bloody war with Douglas, greatest baron of the Lowlands. For many years the power of his house had increased until at length there were none who could stand before him. It had become a question whether the house of Stuart or of Douglas would prevail. Through treachery James overcame him and with his overthrow his throne again became secure.

Henry Tudor was disposed to establish peace with Scotland, but James IV preferred the intermittent outbreaks that had long caused unrest and dissention on both sides of the border. When Perkin Warbeck came to his Court, posing as the dead Duke of York, James received him cordially, gave him a bride and an income and retained him to cause annoyance to the English king who at last negotiated a treaty with him, giving him Margaret, his eldest daughter, for his wife. Because part of her dowry and certain jewels left to her by her father were not delivered, in the time of Henry VIII the Scotch king rashly made war upon him and on the Field of Flodden fell fighting, surrounded by his faithful lords. The bravery of the Scots on this occasion brought them glory but the country long suffered from the great disaster. Yet, as the nobility ex-

perienced fearful loss, the strength of the crown was enhanced.

A minor once more succeeded to the throne. Margaret acted as regent for James V until her second marriage. Thereafter the youth was seized first by one faction of nobles, then by another. Henry VIII wished him to marry Mary Tudor but his policy so antagonized the people that they were forced back into an alliance with France. In 1542 Henry invaded Scotland and James' army was scattered at Solway Moss, where, in spite of having a force three times as great as the English, the Scotch army, being poorly commanded, suffered the most humiliating defeat known in the entire history of the country. As James V lay dying he was informed of the birth of his daughter, the famous Queen of Scots.

The policy adhered to by Somerset during the minority of Edward VI impelled the Scotch to continue their French alliance. The Queen Regent, daughter of the Duke of Guise, had strong French connections. The tiny Queen was taken to Paris in her seventh year and betrothed to the son of the reigning monarch, Henry II. Her story has been told elsewhere.

It was during Mary's absence from Scotland that the Reformation movement fastened its firm hold on her kingdom. The Renaissance scarcely penetrated to this lean north land, but the Reformation crept in among the peasants and soon made rapid strides. The corruption of the Church had already awakened the animosity of this frugal people. Wycliffe's translation of the Bible had opened their eyes to wide discrepancies between the tenets and the practices of the clergy. John Knox returned from a sojourn in Geneva where the teachings of Calvin had profoundly influenced him. He began to denounce the sins of his people in terms as scathing as those long before employed by Savonarola. The democratic spirit of these teachings awakened the common people to their possibilities and they embraced them with a fervor that nothing could diminish.

It was to a country transformed by Protestantism that

the young Queen Mary returned after the death of Francis II. Nineteen years of age, a devout Catholic, high spirited and accustomed to the gayety of the French Court, at no time was there understanding between the beautiful queen and her austere subjects.

The unity of Scotland is sometimes said to have begun with the marriage of Margaret Tudor to James IV. This is true only to the extent that claims to the English throne were thus newly established. James VI stood in direct line and when he was crowned in England as James I it was his earnest wish that his two realms might be merged together. The hatred long engendered between the people on either side of the border, however, stood in the way. Moreover, the English were unwilling to extend to the Scotch equality in trade and equal rights in the colonies.

The attempt of Charles I to set aside the Presbyterian for the Established Church of England opened the contention that precipitated the civil war leading to his execution. Finally, as the Stuart line drew to an end, the union of the two kingdoms was actually consummated, every right of Englishmen being secured to the Scotch.

English history is so involved with that of Scotland and the policy of one country toward the other became so important a matter in each succeeding reign that we are likely to forget what a meagre country it was and how limited its population. When Henry Tudor established himself on the English throne all Scotland did not contain more than 500,000 people. Edinburgh, its largest city, had a population of some twenty thousand. Perth numbered seven thousand; Aberdeen, Dundee and St. Andrews had each about five thousand people and, aside from these, this was a country of villagers and farmers. Agriculture was the leading occupation. The peasants dwelt in primitive huts and even the nobles lived in comparative poverty. Fish and oatmeal cakes furnished food for the simple people. When French troops were dispatched thither to render aid in time of wars with England, they complained not only of the quality but the quantity of the food supplied them. Scotch soldiers flourished where armies of English and French

could not be maintained, for each carried his bag of oaten meal and a griddle whereon to bake his cakes. These, with water from a spring, provided his necessities. The streams abounded with fish. Nothing more was required. The soil was stoney, often scanty. The farmer wrested a bare living from his acreage with difficulty. As a result the nation was frugal and thrifty, characteristics that come to mind whenever the Scotch are mentioned. Isolated not only by their situation but by the mountains that made land communication difficult, the people were not receptive to new ideas; yet, once adopted, they clung to them with tenacity.

The determination to retain that freedom which had been bequeathed them by their liberty-loving ancestors never faltered and resulted finally in their acquiring equality with their English neighbors, who, had they been permitted, would have reduced them to the fate of eighteenth century Ireland. A similar prospect not infrequently confronted them. They had witnessed the result when Saxon was reduced to inferiority by the incoming Normans and the lesson made a lasting impression upon the nation. From generation to generation the iron resolution to perpetuate the liberty they loved sustained them. They were aided by their inaccessible mountains into which no army could pursue them, for discipline can be maintained only where men are held together in orderly ranks.

A detailed study of a thousand years of Scottish history would bring to light repeated examples of bravery, unflinching courage and intense patriotism. It would also show pitiable carnage and reckless waste of life. The depredations of the Lowlanders and the eagerness of the Highland clans to be on the march led to events that were stirring, animated and colorful. Yet, after all, national progress was retarded as long as tribal ties survived.

The people of this little country have spread all over the earth and their sterling qualities have made them desirable citizens in their many adopted homes. Yet, despite the fascination their stoned castles afford, it is doubtful if a detailed acquaintance with them would enable one to grasp

any better Scotland's part in the evolution of our civilization. Old ballads, historical novels—especially those of Walter Scott—and the Chronicles of Froissart are available to every reader, preserving the best that the gory years exemplified.

¹ Macmillan: *Short Hist. of Scottish People*, p. 149.

ENGLISH LITERATURE—Cont.

THE DECLINE OF CLASSICISM

FOR nearly a hundred years the heroic couplet of Dryden and Pope had retained its popularity. By the middle of the eighteenth century there were indications that the rigid hold of classicism was abating. The modern reader is likely to find little in common between the *Seasons* of Thomson and the romantic movement, which wrought such transformations in poetry, painting and music; yet it must be granted that it was this poet from the Scottish border who first led English verse back to nature.

Only genuine lovers of poetry and scholars, engaged in tracing literary movements, spend many moments today with the poems of James Thomson (1700-1748). At the age of twenty-five he came to London and soon after his poem entitled *Winter* was published. For some generations in England pastoral and other varieties of poetry which included allusions to nature had been composed largely in cities: usually in London. There now appeared a poem wherein descriptions of nature were done with direct reference to her moods and expressions. So successful was the first edition that presently the author expanded his plan to include the four quarters into which nature divides the year; this supplied the name the *Seasons*, by which Thomson is now remembered. His plays were not well received.

Many a later poet has incorporated into his verse the homely tasks and joys of country life; spring and harvest festivities, the round of duties which the flitting seasons control; and every aspect of nature has found someone to interpret its influence upon the mood of man. Wordsworth brooded over lakes and Tennyson sang of rivers. Ice-bound peaks and smiling valleys have appealed to poets as to painters. In comparison with modern descriptions of nature, those of Thomson seem faint indeed. The fact remains that his choice of simple themes, familiar to the

untutored as to the learned, his succession of scenes drawn first-hand by observation, pointed the way. Once blazed, the road could easily be trod by others.

Edward Young (1683-1765), under the influence of Milton, was given to introspection. His *Night Thoughts*, which prompted someone to credit him with having "invented melancholy and moonshine," are as little read to-day as the descriptive verse of Thomson.

On the eve of the battle of Quebec, General Wolfe, who had just read Gray's *Elegy*, exclaimed that he would rather have written that poem than to take Quebec on the morrow. He realized that the fine lines of the poem would live in men's hearts after the significance of the battle had passed into the vortex of deeds forgotten. Thomas Gray (1716-1771) was of a retiring nature and spent the latter portion of his years as a recluse. Due to his mother's tenderness and eager sacrifices, he was able to attend Eton and later, to go to Cambridge. Horace Walpole, son of the prime minister, was his schoolmate and close companion. Together the young men travelled through Europe after college days.

The poems of Milton attracted Gray and influenced him deeply. His *Ode to Spring* and another on the *Distant Prospect of Eton* were written before the *Elegy*, which he showed to a friend in 1750. It had long been in preparation.

Our classification of poetry into odes, lyrics, elegies and so on, has come down from the Greeks; it was based upon the form of the poem, or its composition. The elegy had lately been revived in England and many writers, long since forgotten, had produced elegiac poems. Our use of the word *elegy*, with a different significance altogether, causes it to be linked appropriately with cemeteries, and the fact that Gray frequented the yard of an old church, whose dilapidated graves inspired his reflections, has given rise to a mistaken impression in the minds of many who studied the poem in childhood as a school exercise. It is the peculiar stanza of four lines, with alternating rhyme, that marks it as an elegy, regardless of its subject. There are few educated people who cannot repeat at least one

stanza from this familiar poem whose meaning is apparent to every schoolboy, albeit his limited experience does not permit him to enter sympathetically into the poet's mood.

Goldsmith stood on the border and incorporated characteristics of declining classicism and dawning romance. Despite the revolt of such poets as Thomson, Young and Gray from the trammels of classicism, it lingered in this curious Irish writer whose life presents such paradoxes.

Oliver Goldsmith was born in Ireland, in 1728, whither his people had gone long before; his father was a poor curate, stationed in Meath during the poet's boyhood. Goldsmith attended Trinity College but until he was over thirty he was extremely poor. He was regarded as a dullard at school and seems to have improved his opportunities very slightly. He roamed over Europe, playing on his flute and gaining a scant livelihood from alms which were given him at convent gates. Finally he went to dwell in London, where dire necessity drove him to write.

He had been a careless student and proved hardly more orderly as an observer. His genius of expression compensated for many defects. Goldsmith's play *She Stoops to Conquer* is still played occasionally; he also wrote the *Vicar of Wakefield* and his poems, best known of which are the *Traveller* and *The Deserted Village*. It would be difficult to cite another writer of equal note who exhibited such strange and glaring inconsistencies.

Fiction and drama lie outside the scope of our present interest. Suffice it to speak of the poem known to every pupil of secondary schools in our land: *The Deserted Village*. It has often been pointed out that in picturing the prosperous community, with its well known types, Goldsmith was describing an English village; while in describing the utter desolation of an abandoned site, he had Ireland in mind. It is true that the exodus of yeomen toward factory centers in the eighteenth century might easily have left once populated villages empty; but there was at no time in England any such example of entire communities being desolated in a day as the "plantation" measures produced in Ireland.

After his reputation had become established, Goldsmith's fortunes mended but he was ever improvident. An amusing story is recounted by Boswell in his life of Johnson. He relates that Johnson once received word that Goldsmith was in difficulty. He sent a guinea to him and agreed to come directly. Arriving, he found the poet, who was in arrears for his rent, held prisoner by his landlady. The money which Johnson had sent on ahead had already been converted into a bottle of wine and food. Dr. Johnson focused Goldsmith's attention upon the problem at hand: his means of raising funds quickly. Thereupon Goldsmith showed him his manuscript of the *Vicar of Wakefield*. The scholar went out and sold it to a publisher for sixty pounds and so relieved his friend's extremities. This time-honored tale has been assailed recently because of proof discovered that Goldsmith had previously received advance sums from a publisher for this story. Since he was deeply in debt to several publishers at his death for writings that he had not even attempted, there is no reason to doubt Boswell's record.

Goldsmith was one of the nine original members of the little coterie of gifted men who founded the Literary Club, whose membership was later considerably extended. As a conversationalist he was the mark for many satirical comments, made by men otherwise fond of him. He was childishly eager for attention and jealous of homage shown to others. When he wrote he was forced to arrange his thoughts with some order and sequence; such qualities were lacking when he talked. As might be expected, the well disciplined mind of Dr. Johnson had little patience for the chatter of Goldsmith, who was said by one of his friends to "write like an angel and talk like poor Poll." Boswell modified many of the severe comments made by Johnson as he set them down, for he knew the warm affection in which Johnson and his associates held the poet, regardless of his shortcomings.

Among the various studies which Goldsmith had attempted, before he settled down to a literary life, was medicine, which he pursued awhile at Edinburgh. This gave him confidence to prescribe for himself when ill health

overtook him and his treatment is claimed to have cost his life.

The humor, the individual style, the fascination of Goldsmith's writings have won them a place with English classics. In thought they are superficial, the observations are not always true; the poet is frequently inconsistent; such failings, which would condemn more pretentious writings, are overlooked because of virtues peculiar to him.

THE TRAVELLER

Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheldt, or wandering Po
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door;
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste expanding to the skies:
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee;
Still to my brother turns with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend:
Bless'd be that spot, where cheerful guests retire
To pause from toil, and trim their ev'ning fire;
Bless'd that abode, where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair;
Bless'd be those feasts with simple plenty crown'd.
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale,
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good

But me, not destin'd such delights to share,
My prime of life in wand'ring spent and care,
Impell'd, with steps unceasing, to pursue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view;
That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies;
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.

E'en now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend;
And, plac'd on high above the storm's career,
Look downward where a hundred realms appear;
Lakes, forests, cities, plains, extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.

When thus Creation's charms around combine,
Amidst the store, should thankless pride repine?
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
That good, which makes each humbler bosom vain?
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man;
And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.
Ye glitt'ring towns, with wealth and splendour crown'd,
Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round,
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale,
Ye bending swains, that dress with flow'ry vale,
For me your tributary stores combine;
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine!

As some lone miser visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, re-counts it o'er;
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still:
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
Pleas'd with each good that heaven to man supplies:
Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the hoard of human bliss so small;
And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find
Some spot to real happiness consign'd,
Where my worn soul, each wand'ring hope at rest,
May gather bliss to see my fellows bless'd.

But where to find that happiest spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
The shudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own,
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease;
The naked negro, panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,

Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
Such is the patriot's boast, wher'er we roam,
His first, best country ever is, at home.
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind,
As different good, by Art or Nature given,
To different nations makes their blessings even.

Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliss at Labour's earnest call;
With food as well the peasant is supplied
On Idra's cliffs as Arno's shelvy side;
And though the rocky-crested summits frown,
These rocks, by custom, turn to beds of down.
From Art more various are the blessings sent;
Wealth, commerce, honour, liberty, content.
Yet these each other's power so strong contest,
That either seems destructive to the rest.
Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment fails,
And honour sinks where commerce long prevails.
Hence every state to one lov'd blessing prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone.
Each to the favourite happiness attends,
And spurns the plan that aims at other ends;
Till, carried to excess in each domain,
This favourite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us try these truths with closer eyes,
And trace them through the prospect as it lies;
Here for a while my proper cares resign'd,
Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind,
Like yon neglected shrub at random cost,
That shades the steep, and sighs at every blast.

Far to the right where Apennine ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends;
Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride;
While oft some temple's mould'ring tops between
With venerable grandeur mark the scene.

Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely blest.
Whatever fruits in different climes were found,
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year;
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives that blossom but to die;
These here disporting own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil;
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
Contrasted faults through all his manners reign;
Though poor, luxurious; though submissive, vain;
Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue;
And e'en in penance planning sins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind;
For wealth was theirs, not far remov'd the date,
When commerce proudly flourish'd through the state;
At her command the palace learn'd to rise,
Again the long-fall'n column sought the skies;
The canvas glow'd beyond e'en Nature warm,
The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form;
Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
Commerce on other shores display'd her sail;
While nought remain'd of all that riches gave,
But towns unmann'd, and lords without a slave;
And late the nation found, with fruitless skill,
Its former strength was but plethoric ill.

Yet still the loss of wealth is here supplied
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride;
From these the feeble heart and long-fall'n mind
An easy compensation seem to find.
Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp array'd,
The paste-board triumph and the cavalcade;
Processions form'd for piety and love,

A mistress or a saint in every grove.
By sports like these are all their cares beguil'd,
The sports of children satisfy the child;
Each nobler aim, repress'd by long control,
Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul;
While low delights, succeeding fast behind,
In happier meanness occupy the mind:
As in those domes, where Cæsars once bore sway,
Defac'd by time and tottering in decay,
There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed,
And, wond'ring man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

My soul, turn from them; turn we to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display,
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansions tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread;
No product here the barren hills afford,
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword;
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter ling'ring chills the lap of May;
No Zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.

Yet still, e'en here, content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts though small,
He sees his little lot the lot of all;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head
To shame the meanness of his humble shed;
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal
To make him loathe his vegetable meal;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.
Cheerful at morn he wakes from short repose,
Breasts the keen air, and carols as he goes;
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his vent'rous plough-share to the steep;
Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the struggling savage into day.
At night returning, every labour sped,
He sits him down the monarch of a shed;

Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze;
While his lov'd partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays her cleanly platter on the board:
And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus every good his native wilds impart,
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart,
And e'en those ills, that round his mansion rise,
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.

Such are the charms to barren states assign'd;
Their wants but few, their wishes all confin'd.
Yet let them only share the praises due,
If few their wants, their pleasures are but few;
For every want that stimulates the breast,
Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest.
Whence from such lands each pleasing science flies,
That first excites desire, and then supplies;
Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,
To fill the languid pause with finer joy;
Unknown those powers that raise the soul to flame,
Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame.
Their level life is but a smould'ring fire,
Unquench'd by want, unfann'd by strong desire;
Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures cheer
On some high festival of once a year,
In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow:
Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low;
For, as refinement stops, from sire to son
Unalter'd, unimprov'd the manners run;
And love's and friendship's finely pointed dart
Fall blunted from each indurated heart.

Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
May sit, like falcons cowering on the nest;
But all the gentler morals, such as play
Through life's more cultur'd walks, and charm the way,
These far dispers'd, on timorous pinions fly,
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn; and France displays her bright domain.
Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleas'd with thyself, whom all the world can please,
How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire!
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And freshen'd from the wave the Zephyr flew;
And haply, though my harsh touch falt'ring still,
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill;
Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,
And dance, forgetful of the noon-tide hour.
Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze,
And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burthen of threescore.

So bless'd a life these thoughtless realms display,
Thus idly busy rolls their world away:
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
For honour forms the social temper here:
Honour, that praise which real merit gains,
Or e'en imaginary worth obtains,
Here passes current; paid from hand to hand,
It shifts in splendid traffic round the land:
From courts, to camps, to cottages it strays,
And all are taught an avarice of praise;
They please, are pleas'd, they give to get esteem,
Till, seeming bless'd, they grow to what they seem.

But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
It gives their follies also room to rise;
For praise too dearly lov'd, or warmly sought,
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought;
And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.

Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart;
Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robes of frieze with copper lace;
Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boast one splendid banquet once a year;
The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies.
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land,
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
Onward, methinks, and diligently slow,
The firm-connected bulwark seems to grow;
Spreads its long arms amidst the wat'ry roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore;
While the pent ocean rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile;
The slow canal, the yellow-blossom'd vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation rescu'd from his reign.

Thus, while around the wave-subjected soil
Impels the native to repeated toil,
Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
And industry begets a love of gain.
Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
Are here displayed. Their much-lov'd wealth imparts
Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts;
But view them closer, craft and fraud appear,
E'en liberty itself is barter'd here.
At gold's superior charms all freedom flies,
The needy sell it, and the rich man buys;
A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,
Here wretches seek dishonourable graves,
And calmly bent, to servitude conform,
Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.

Heavens! how unlike their Belgic sires of old!
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold;
War in each breast, and freedom on each brow;
How much unlike the sons of Britain now!

Fir'd at the sound, my genius spreads her wing,
And flies where Britain courts the western spring;
Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
And brighter streams than fam'd Hydaspes glide.
There all around the gentlest breezes stray,
There gentle music melts on ev'ry spray;
Creation's mildest charms are there combin'd,
Extremes are only in the master's mind!
Stern o'er each bosom reason holds her state,
With daring aims irregularly great;
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human kind pass by,
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfashion'd, fresh from Nature's hand;
Fierce in their native hardness of soul,
True to imagin'd right, above control,
While e'en the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
And learns to venerate himself as man.

Thine, Freedom, thine the blessings pictur'd here,
Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear;
Too bless'd, indeed, were such without alloy,
But foster'd e'en by Freedom, ills annoy:
That independence Britons prize too high,
Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie;
The self-dependent lordlings stand alone,
All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown;
Here by the bonds of nature feebly held,
Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd.
Ferments arise, imprison'd factions roar,
Repress'd ambition struggles round her shore.
Till over-wrought, the general system feels
Its motions stop, or frenzy fire the wheels.

Nor this the worst. As nature's ties decay,
As duty, love, and honour fail to sway,
Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.

Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown;
Till time may come, when stripp'd of all her charms,
The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms,
Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
Where kings have toil'd, the poets wrote for fame,
One sink of level avarice shall lie,
And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonour'd die.

Yet think not, thus when Freedom's ills I state,
I mean to flatter kings, or court the great;
Ye powers of truth, that bid my soul aspire,
Far from my bosom drive the low desire;
And thou, fair Freedom, taught alike to feel
The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry steel;
Thou transitory flower, alike undone
By proud contempt, or favour's fostering sun,
Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure,
I only would repress them to secure:
For just experience tells, in every soil,
That those who think must govern those that toil;
And all that freedom's highest aims can reach,
Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each.
Hence, should one order disproportion'd grow,
Its double weight must ruin all below.

O then how blind to all that truth requires,
Who think it freedom when a part aspires!
Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
Except when fast-approaching danger warns:
But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
Contracting regal power to stretch their own;
When I behold a factious band agree
To call it freedom when themselves are free;
Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law;
The wealth of climes, where savage nations roam,
Pillag'd from slaves to purchase slaves at home;
Fear, pity, justice, indignation start,
Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart;
Till half a patriot, half a coward grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

Yes, brother, curse with me that baleful hour,
When first ambition struck at regal power;
And thus polluting honour in its source,
Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force.
Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,
Her useful sons exchange'd for useless ore?
Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,
Like flaring tapers bright'ning as they waste;
Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
Lead stern depopulation in her train,
And over fields where scatter'd hamlets rose,
In barren solitary pomp repose?
Have we not seen, at pleasure's lordly call,
The smiling long-frequented village fall?
Beheld the duteous son, the sire decay'd,
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
Fore'd from their homes, a melancholy train,
To traverse climes beyond the western main;
Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
And Niagara stuns with thund'ring sound?

E'en now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays
Through tangled forests, and through dangerous ways;
Where beasts with man divided empire claim,
And the brown Indian marks with murd'rous aim;
There, while above the giddy tempest flies,
And all around distressful yells arise,
The pensive exile, bending with his woe,
To stop too fearful, and too faint to go.
Casts a long look where England's glories shine,
And bids his bosom sympathise with mine.

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
That bliss which only centres in the mind:
Why have I stray'd from pleasure and repose,
To seek a good each government bestows?
In every government, though terrors reign,
Though tyrant kings, or tyrant laws restrain,
How small, of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure.
Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find:
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,

Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
 The lifted axe, the agonising wheel,
 Luke's iron crown, and Damiens' bed of steel,
 To men remote from power but rarely known,
 Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our own.

From THE SEASONS

Ye swains, now hasten to the hazel-bank,
 Where down yon dale the wildly-winding brook
 Falls hoarse from steep to steep. In close array,
 Fit for the thickets and the tangling shrub,
 Ye virgins, come. For you their latest song
 The woodlands raise; the clustering nuts for you
 The lover finds amid the secret shade;
 And, where they burnish on the topmost bough,
 With active vigour crushes down the tree;
 Or shakes them ripe from the resigning husk,
 A glossy shower and of an ardent brown
 As are the ringlets of Melinda's hair—
 Melinda! form'd with every grace complete,
 Yet these neglecting, above beauty wise,
 And far transcending such a vulgar praise.

Hence from the busy joy-resounding fields,
 In cheerful error let us tread the maze
 Of Autumn unconfined; and taste, revived,
 The breath of orchard big with bending fruit.
 Obedient to the breeze and beating ray,
 From the deep-loaded bough a mellow shower
 Incessant melts away. The juicy pear
 Lies in a soft profusion scattered round.
 A various sweetness swells the gentle race,
 By Nature's all-refining hand prepared,
 Of tempered sun, and water, earth, and air,
 In ever-changing composition mixed.
 Such, falling frequent through the chiller night,
 The fragrant stores, the wide-projected heaps
 Of apples, which the lusty-handed year
 Innumerable o'er the blushing orchard shakes.
 A various spirit, fresh, delicious, keen,
 Dwells in their gelid pores, and active points
 The piercing cider for the thirsty tongue—

Thy native theme, and boon inspirer too,
 Phillips, Pomona's bard! the second thou
 Who nobly durst in rhyme-unfettered verse
 With British freedom sing the British song—
 How from Silurian vats high-sparkling wines
 Foam in transparent floods, some strong to cheer
 The wintry revels of the labouring hind,
 And tasteful some to cool the summer hours.

In this glad season, while his sweetest beams
 The Sun sheds equal o'er the meekened day,
 Oh, lose me in the green delightful walks
 Of Dodington, thy seat, serene and plain;
 Where simple Nature reigns; and every view
 Diffusive spreads the pure Dorsetian downs
 In boundless prospect—yonder shagged with wood,
 Here rich with harvest, and there white with flocks!
 Meantime the grandeur of thy lofty dome
 Far-splendid seizes on the ravished eye.
 New beauties rise with each revolving day;
 New columns swell; and still the fresh Spring finds
 New plants to quicken, and new groves to green.
 Full of thy genius all, the Muses' seat!
 Where, in the secret bower and winding walk,
 For virtuous Young and thee they twine the bay.
 Here wandering oft, fired with the restless thirst
 Of thy applause, I solitary court
 The inspiring breeze, and meditate the book
 Of Nature, ever open, aiming thence
 Warm from the heart to learn the moral song.
 And, as I steal along the sunny wall,
 Where Autumn basks, with fruit empurpled deep,
 My pleasing theme continual prompts my thought—
 Presents the downy peach, the shining plum
 With a fine bluish mist of animals
 Clouded, the ruddy nectarine, and dark
 Beneath his ample leaf the luscious fig.
 The vine too here her curling tendrils shoots,
 Hangs out her clusters glowing to the south,
 And scarcely wishes for a warmer sky.

Turn we a moment fancy's rapid flight
 To vigorous soils and climes of fair extent,
 Where, by the potent sun elated high,



GOLDSMITH'S TOMB (at the right) THE TEMPLE, LONDON

A spot where are mingled the associations of old crusading times and the literary history of the eighteenth century.

The vineyard swells refulgent on the day,
Spreads o'er the vale, or up the mountain climbs
Profuse, and drinks amid the sunny rocks,
From cliff to cliff increased, the heightened blaze.
Low bend the weighty boughs. The clusters clear,
Half through the foliage seen, or ardent flame
Or shine transparent; while perfection breathes
White o'er the turgent film the living dew.
As thus they brighten with exalted juice,
Touched into flavour by the mingling ray,
The rural youth and virgins o'er the field,
Each fond for each to cull the autumnal prime,
Exulting rove, and speak the vintage nigh.
Then comes the crushing swain; the country floats,
And foams unbounded with the mashy flood,
That, by degrees fermented, and refined,
Round the raised nations pours the cup of joy—
The claret smooth, red as the lip we press
In sparkling fancy while we drain the bowl,
The mellow-tasted burgundy, and, quick
As is the wit it gives, the gay champagne.

Now, by the cool declining year condensed,
Descend the copious exhalations, checked
As up the middle sky unseen they stole,
And roll the doubling fogs around the hill.
No more the mountain, horrid, vast, sublime,
Who pours a sweep of rivers from his sides,
And high between contending kingdoms rears
The rocky long division, fills the view
With great variety; but, in a night
Of gathering vapour, from the baffled sense
Sinks dark and dreary. Thence expanding far,
The huge dusk gradual swallows up the plain:
Vanish the woods: the dim-seen river seems,
Sullen and slow, to roll the misty wave.
Even in the height of noon oppressed, the sun
Sheds, weak and blunt, its wide-refracted ray;
Whence glaring oft, with many a broadened orb,
He frights the nations. Indistinct on earth,
Seen through the turbid air, beyond the life
Objects appear, and, wildered, o'er the waste
The shepherd stalks gigantic; till at last,

Wreathed dun around, in deeper circles still
Successive closing, sits the general fog
Unbounded o'er the world, and, mingling thick,
A formless grey confusion covers all.
As when of old (so sung the Hebrew bard)
Light, uncollected, through the Chaos urged
Its infant way, nor order yet had drawn
His lovely train from out the dubious gloom.

These roving mists, that constant now begin
To smoke along the hilly country, these,
With weighty rains and melted Alpine snows,
The mountain-cisterns fill—those ample stores
Of water, scooped among the hollow rocks,
Whence gush the streams, the ceaseless fountains play,
And their unfailing wealth the rivers draw.
Some sages say, that, where the numerous wave
For ever lashes the resounding shore,
Drilled through the sandy stratum, every way,
The waters with the sandy stratum rise;
Amid whose angles infinitely strained,
They joyful leave their jaggy salts behind,
And clear and sweeten as they soak along.
Nor stops the restless fluid, mounting still,
Though oft amidst the irriguous vale it springs;
But, to the mountain courted by the sand,
That leads it darkling on in faithful maze,
Far from the parent main, it boils again
Fresh into day, and all the glittering hill
Is bright with spouting rills. But hence this vain
Amusive dream! why should the waters love
To take so far a journey to the hills,
When the sweet valleys offer to their toil
Inviting quiet and a nearer bed?
Or if, by blind ambition led astray,
They must aspire, why should they sudden stop

Among the broken mountain's rushy dells,
And, ere they gain its highest peak, desert
The attractive sand that charmed their course so long?
Besides, the hard agglomerating salts,
The spoil of ages, would impervious choke
Their secret channels, or by slow degrees,

High as the hills, protrude the swelling vales:
Old ocean too, sucked through the porous globe,
Had long ere now forsook his horrid bed,
And brought Deucalion's watery times again. . . .

But see the fading many-coloured woods,
Shade deepening over shade, the country round
Imbrown; a crowded umbrage, dusk and dun,
Of every hue from wan declining green
To sooty dark. These now the lonesome muse,
Low-whispering, lead into their leaf-strown walks,
And give the season in its latest view.

Meantime, light shadowing all, a sober calm
Fleeces unbounded ether; whose least wave
Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn
The gentle current; while, illumined wide,
The dewy-skirted clouds imbibe the sun,
And through their lucid veil his softened force
Shed o'er the peaceful world. Then is the time
For those whom wisdom and whom nature charm
To steal themselves from the degenerate crowd,
And soar above this little scene of things—
To tread low-thoughted vice beneath their feet,
To soothe the throbbing passions into peace,
And woo lone Quiet in their silent walks.

Thus solitary, and in pensive guise,
Oft let me wander o'er the russet mead,
And through the saddened grove, where scarce is heard
One dying strain to cheer the woodman's toil.
Haply some widowed songster pours his plaint
Far in faint warblings through the tawny copse;
While congregated thrushes, linnets, larks,
And each wild throat whose artless strains so late
Swelled all the music of the swarming shades,
Robbed of their tuneful souls, now shivering sit
On the dead tree, a dull despondent flock,
With not a brightness waving o'er their plumes,
And naught save chattering discord in their note.
Oh, let not, aimed from some inhuman eye,
The gun the music of the coming year
Destroy, and harmless, unsuspecting harm,

Lay the weak tribes, a miserable prey!
In mingled murder fluttering on the ground!

The pale descending year, yet pleasing still,
A gentler mood inspires; for now the leaf
Incessant rustles from the mournful grove,
Oft startling such as studious walk below,
And slowly circles through the waving air.
But, should a quicker breeze amid the boughs
Sob, o'er the sky the leafy deluge streams;
Till, choked and matted with the dreary shower,
The forest-walks, at every rising gale,
Roll wide the wither'd waste, and whistle bleak.
Fled is the blasted verdure of the fields;
And, shrunk into their beds, the flowery race
Their sunny robes resign. Even what remained
Of bolder fruits falls from the naked tree;
And—woods, fields, gardens, orchards, all around—
The desolated prospect thrills the soul.

He comes! he comes! in every breeze the Power
Of Philosophic Melancholy comes!
His near approach the sudden-starting tear,
The glowing cheek, the mild dejected air,
The softened feature, and the beating heart,
Pierced deep with many a virtuous pang, declare.
O'er all the soul his sacred influence breathes;
Inflames imagination; through the breast
Infuses every tenderness; and far
Beyond dim earth exalts the swelling thought.
Ten thousand thousand fleet ideas, such
As never mingled with the vulgar dream,
Crowd fast into the mind's creative eye.
As fast the correspondent passions rise,
As varied, and as high—devotion raised
To rapture, and divine astonishment;
The love of nature unconfined, and, chief;
Of human race; the large ambitious wish
To make them blest; the sigh for suffering worth
Lost in obscurity; the noble scorn
Of tyrant pride; the fearless great resolve;
The wonder which the dying patriot draws,
Inspiring glory through remotest time;

The awakened throb for virtue and for fame;
 The sympathies of love and friendship dear,
 With all the social offspring of the heart.

* * * * *

To thy loved haunt return, my happy muse:
 For now, behold! the joyous Winter days,
 Frosty, succeed; and through the blue serene,
 For sight too fine, the ethereal nitre flies,
 Killing infectious damps, and the spent air
 Storing afresh with elemental life.
 Close crowds the shining atmosphere; and binds
 Our strengthened bodies in its cold embrace,
 Constraining; feeds, and animates our blood;
 Refines our spirits, through the new-strung nerves
 In swifter sallies darting to the brain—
 Where sits the soul, intense, collected, cool,
 Bright as the skies, and as the season keen.
 All nature feels the renovating force
 Of Winter—only to the thoughtless eye
 In ruin seen. The frost-concocted glebe
 Draws in abundant vegetable soul,
 And gathers vigour for the coming year;
 A stronger glow sits on the lively cheek
 Of ruddy fire; and luculent along
 The purer rivers flow: their sullen deeps,
 Transparent, open to the shepherd's gaze,
 And murmur hoarser at the fixing frost.

What art thou, frost? and whence are thy keen stores
 Derived, thou secret all-invading power,
 Whom even the illusive fluid cannot fly?
 Is not thy potent energy, unseen,
 Myriads of little salts, or hooked, or shaped
 Like double wedges, and diffused immense
 Through water, earth, and ether? Hence at eve,
 Steamed eager from the red horizon round,
 With the fierce rage of Winter deep suffused,
 An icy gale, oft shifting, o'er the pool
 Breathes a blue film, and in its mid-career
 Arrests the bickering stream. The loosened ice,
 Let down the flood and half dissolved by day,

Rustles no more; but to the sedgy bank
Fast grows, or gathers round the pointed stone,
A crystal pavement, by the breath of heaven
Cemented firm; till, seized from shore to shore,
The whole imprisoned river growls below.
Loud rings the frozen earth, and hard reflects
A double noise; while, at his evening watch,
The village-dog deters the nightly thief;
The heifer lows; the distant waterfall
Swells in the breeze; and with the hasty tread
Of traveller the hollow-sounding plain
Shakes from afar. The full ethereal round,
Infinite worlds disclosing to the view,
Shines out intensely keen, and, all one cope
Of starry glitter, glows from pole to pole.
From pole to pole the rigid influence falls
Through the still night incessant, heavy, strong,
And seizes nature fast. It freezes on,
Till morn, late-rising o'er the drooping world,
Lifts her pale eye unjoyous. Then appears
The various labour of the silent night—
Prone from the dripping eave, and dumb cascade,
Whose idle torrents only seem to roar,
The pendent icicle; the frost-work fair,
Where transient hues and fancied figures rise;
Wide-spouted o'er the hill the frozen brook,
A livid tract, cold-gleaming on the morn;
The forest bent beneath the plummy wave;
And by the frost refined the whiter snow
Incrusted hard, and sounding to the tread
Of early shepherd, as he pensive seeks
His pining flock, or from the mountain top,
Pleased with the slippery surface, swift descends.

On blithesome frolics bent, the youthful swains,
While every work of man is laid at rest,
Fond o'er the river crowd, in various sport
And revelry dissolved; where, mixing glad,
Happiest of all the train! the raptured boy
Lashes the whirling top. Or, where the Rhine
Branched out in many a long canal extends,
From every province swarming, void of care,
Batavia rushes forth; and, as they sweep

On sounding skates a thousand different ways
In circling poise swift as the winds along,
The then gay land is maddened all to joy.
Nor less the northern courts, wide, o'er the snow,
Pour a new pomp. Eager, on rapid sleds,
Their vigorous youth in bold contention wheel
The long-resounding course. Meantime, to raise
The manly strife, with highly blooming charms,
Flushed by the season, Scandinavia's dames
Or Russia's buxom daughters glow around.

Pure, quick, and sportful is the wholesome day;
But soon elapsed. The horizontal sun
Broad o'er the south hangs at his utmost noon;
And ineffectual strikes the gelid cliff.
His azure gloss the mountain still maintains,
Nor feels the feeble touch. Perhaps the vale
Relents a while to the reflected ray;
Or from the forest falls the clustered snow,
Myriads of gems, that in the waving gleam
Gay-twinkle as they scatter. Thick around
Thunders the sport of those who with the gun,
And dog impatient bounding at the shot,
Worse than the season desolate the fields,
And, adding to the ruins of the year,
Distress the footed or the feathered game.

But what is this? Our infant Winter sinks
Divested of his grandeur should our eye
Astonished shoot into the frigid zone,
Where for relentless months continual night
Holds o'er the glittering waste her starry reign.
There, through the prison of unbounded wilds,
Barred by the hand of nature from escape,
Wide roams the Russian exile. Naught around
Strikes his sad eye but deserts lost in snow,
And heavy-loaded groves, and solid floods
That stretch athwart the solitary vast
Their icy horrors to the frozen main,
And cheerless towns far distant—never blessed,
Save when its annual course the caravan
Bends to the golden coast of rich Cathay,
With news of human-kind. Yet there life glows;

Yet, cherished there, beneath the shining waste
The furry nations harbour—tipt with jet,
Fair ermines spotless as the snows they press;
Sables of glossy black; and, dark-embrowned,
Or beauteous freckled with many a mingled hue,
Thousands besides, the costly pride of courts.
There, warm together pressed, the trooping deer
Sleep on the new-fallen snows; and, scarce his head
Raised o'er the heapy wreath, the branching elk
Lies slumbering sullen in the white abyss.
The ruthless hunter wants nor dogs nor toils,
Nor with the dread of sounding bows he drives
The fearful flying race—with ponderous clubs,
As weak against the mountain-heaps they push
Their beating breast in vain, and piteous bray,
He lays them quivering on the ensanguined snows,
And with loud shouts rejoicing bears them home.
There, through the piny forest half-absorpt,
Rough tenant of these shades, the shapeless bear,
With dangling ice all horrid, stalks forlorn;
Slow-paced, and sourer as the storms increase,
He makes his bed beneath the inclement drift,
And, with stern patience, scorning weak complaint,
Hardens his heart against assailing want: . . .

'Tis done! Dread Winter spreads his latest glooms,
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquered year.
How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends
His desolate domain. Behold, fond man!
See here thy pictured life; pass some few years,
Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent strength,
Thy sober Autumn fading into age,
And pale concluding Winter comes at last
And shuts the scene. Ah! whither now are fled
Those dreams of greatness? those unsolid hopes
Of happiness? those longings after fame?
Those restless cares? those busy bustling days?
Those gay-spent festive nights? those veering thoughts,
Lost between good and ill, that shared thy life?
All now are vanished! Virtue sole survives—
Immortal, never-failing friend of man,
His guide to happiness on high. And see!

'Tis come, the glorious morn! the second birth
 Of heaven and earth! awakening nature hears
 The new-creating word, and starts to life
 In every heightened form, from pain and death
 For ever free. The great eternal scheme,
 Involving all, and in a perfect whole
 Uniting, as the prospect wider spreads,
 To reason's eye refined clears up apace.
 Ye vainly wise! ye blind presumptuous! now,
 Confounded in the dust, adore that Power
 And Wisdom—oft arraigned: see now the cause
 Why unassuming worth in secret lived
 And died neglected: why the good man's share
 In life was gall and bitterness of soul:
 Why the lone widow and her orphans pined
 In starving solitude; while luxury
 In palaces lay straining her low thought
 To form unreal wants: why heaven-born truth
 And moderation fair wore the red marks
 Of superstition's scourge; why licensed pain,
 That cruel spoiler, that embosomed foe,
 Embittered all our bliss. Ye good distressed!
 Ye noble few! who here unbending stand
 Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up a while,
 And what your bounded view, which only saw
 A little part, deemed evil is no more:
 The storms of wintry time will quickly pass,
 And one unbounding Spring encircle all.

COLLINS AND COWPER

This period wherein characteristics of classicism lingered and dawning romanticism was felt, produced several poets of lesser ability, in whose verses the student of literature finds much to interest him. Of this group William Collins and William Cowper are probably best known.

William Collins (1721-1759) was born in Chichester. He attended school at Winchester and entered Oxford. However, the dire hereditary tendency to insanity hung over his family and his own mental state forced him to quit college.

In imitation of Pope he wrote his *Persian Eclogues*. His *Odes*, addressed to such abstract subjects as Fear,

Patriotism and the like, are more often read. He is remembered best of all for his beautiful elegy on *How Sleep the Brave*.

William Cowper (1731-1800) was also a morbid character, possessed for a while with a mania to suicide. Two of his poems have found a place in school readers for nearly two centuries: the ballad of *John Gilpin*, written in a light moment, and the verses of solitude, beginning: *I am monarch of all I survey*.

It was once suggested to him that he write a long poem; in all probability as a means of collecting his somewhat scattered abilities. Sofas were new adaptations of furniture and he was asked to attempt a production which should bear the title: *The Sofa*. The result was his most pretentious poem, *The Task*. It is done in blank verse and would be regarded by most as tedious reading were one obliged to read it in entirety. Nevertheless, it contains many a little picture, framed in rambling discourse—scenes of rural life which, occurring now and then, repay one for having endured much that could well be foregone.

From PERSIAN ECLOGUES by Collins

ECLOGUE the SECOND

HASSAN; or, the Camel Driver

SCENE, *the desert*.

TIME, *mid-day*.

In silent Horror o'er the Desert-Waste
The Driver *Hassan* with his Camels past.
One Cruise of Water on his Back he bore,
And his light Scrip contain'd a scanty Store:
A Fan of painted Feathers in his Hand,
To guard his shaded Face from scorching Sand.
The sultry Sun had gain'd the middle Sky,
And not a Tree, and not an Herb was nigh.
The Beasts, with Pain, their dusty Way pursue,
Shrill roar'd the Winds, and dreary was the View!
With desp'rate Sorrow wild th' affrighted Man
Thrice sigh'd, thrice strook his Breast, and thus began:

*Sad was the Hour, and luckless was the Day,
When first from Schiraz' Walls I bent my Way.*

Ah! little thought I of the blasting Wind,
The Thirst or pinching Hunger that I find!
Bethink thee, *Hassan*, where shall Thirst assuage,
When fails this Cruise, his unrelenting Rage?
Soon shall this Scrip its precious Load resign,
Then what but Tears and Hunger shall be thine?

Ye mute Companions of my Toils, that bear
In all my Griefs a more than equal Share!
Here, where no Springs in Murmurs break away,
Or Moss-crown'd Fountains mitigate the Day:
In vain ye hope the green Delights to know,
Which Plains more blest, or verdant Vales bestow.
Here Rocks alone, and tasteless Sands are found,
And faint and sickly Winds for ever howl around.

*Sad was the Hour, and luckless was the Day,
When first from Schiraz' Walls I bent my Way.*

Curst be the Gold and Silver which persuade
Weak Men to follow far-fatiguing Trade.
The Lilly-Peace outshines the silver Store,
And Life is dearer than the golden Ore.
Yet Money tempts us o'er the Desert brown,
To ev'ry distant Mart, and wealthy Town:
Full oft we tempt the Land, and oft, the Sea,
And are we only yet repay'd by Thee?
Ah! why was Ruin so attractive made,
Or why fond Man so easily betray'd?
Why heed we not, whilst mad we haste along,
The gentle Voice of Peace, or Pleasure's Song?
Or wherefore think the flow'ry Mountain's Side,
The Fountain's Murmurs, and the Valley's Pride,
Why think we these less pleasing to behold,
Than dreary Desarts, if they lead to Gold?

*Sad was the Hour, and luckless was the Day,
When first from Schiraz' Walls I bent my Way.*

O cease, my Fears! all frantic as I go,
When Thought creates unnumber'd Scenes of Woe,
What if the Lion in his Rage I meet!

Oft in the Dust I view his printed Feet:
 And fearful! oft, when Day's declining Light
 Yields her pale Empire to the Mourner Night,
 By Hunger rous'd, he scours the groaning Plain,
 Gaunt Wolves and sullen Tygers in his Train:
 Before them Death with Shrieks directs their Way,
 Fills the wild Yell, and leads them to their Prey.

*Sad was the Hour, and luckless was the Day,
 When first from Schiraz' Walls I bent my Way.*

At that dead Hour the silent Asp shall creep,
 If ought of rest I find, upon my Sleep:
 Or some swoln Serpent twist his Scales around,
 And wake to Anguish with a burning Wound.
 Thrice happy they, the wise contented Poor,
 From Lust of Wealth, and Dread of Death secure;
 They tempt no Desarts, and no Griefs they find;
 Peace rules the Day, where Reason rules the Mind.

*Sad was the Hour, and luckless was the Day,
 When first from Schiraz' Walls I bent my Way.*

O hapless Youth! for she thy Love hath won,
 The tender *Zara*, will be most undone!
 Big swell'd my Heart, and own'd the pow'rful Maid,
 When fast she dropt her Tears, as thus she said:
 "Farewel the Youth whom Sighs could not detain,
 Whom *Zara's* breaking Heart implor'd in vain;
 Yet as thou go'st, may ev'ry Blast arise,
 Weak and unfelt as these rejected Sighs!
 Safe o'er the Wild, no Perils mayst thou see,
 No Griefs endure, nor weep, false Youth, like me."
 O let me safely to the Fair return,
 Say with a Kiss, she must not, shall not mourn.
 Go teach my Heart, to lose its painful Fears,
 Recall'd by Wisdom's Voice, and *Zara's* Tears.

He said, and call'd on Heav'n to bless the Day,
 When back to *Schiraz'* Walls he bent his way.

* * * * *

ODE

How sleep the Brave, who sink to Rest,
 By all their Country's Wishes blest!
 When *Spring*, with dewy Fingers cold,

Returns to deck their hallow'd Mold,
 She there shall dress a sweeter Sod,
 Than *Fancy's* Feet have ever trod.

By Fairy Hands their Knell is rung,
 By Forms unseen their Dirge is sung;
 There *Honour* comes, a Pilgrim grey,
 To bless the Turf that wraps their Clay,
 And *Freedom* shall a-while repair,
 To dwell a weeping Hermit there!

Selection from GRAY

ODE

ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE

Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,
 That crown the watry glade,
 Where grateful Science still adores
 Her HENRY'S* holy Shade;
 And ye, that from the stately brow
 Of WINDSOR'S heights th' expanse below
 Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
 Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
 Wanders the hoary Thames along
 His silver-winding way.

Ah happy hills, ah pleasing shade,
 Ah fields below'd in vain,
 Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
 A stranger yet to pain!
 I feel the gales, that from ye blow,
 A momentary bliss bestow,
 As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
 My weary soul they seem to sooth,
 And, redolent of joy and youth,
 To breathe a second spring.

Say, Father THAMES, for thou hast seen
 Full many a sprightly race
 Disporting on thy margent green
 The paths of pleasure trace,
 Who foremost now delight to cleave

* King Henry the Sixth, Founder of the College.

With pliant arm thy glassy wave?
The captive linnet which enthrall?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball?

While some on earnest business bent
Their murm'ring labours ply
'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint
To sweeten liberty:
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare desery:
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possest;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast:
Theirs buxom health of rosy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever-new,
And lively chear of vigour born;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas, regardless of their doom,
The little victims play!
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day:
Yet see how all around 'em wait
The Ministers of human fate,
And black Misfortune's baleful train!
Ah, shew them where in ambush stand
To seize their prey the murth'rous band!
Ah, tell them, they are men!

These shall the fury Passions tear,
The vulturs of the mind,
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
And Shame that sculks behind;

Or pineing Love shall waste their youth,
Or Jealousy with rankling tooth
That inly gnaws the secret heart,
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-visag'd comfortless Despair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,
And grinning Infamy.
The stings of Falshood those shall try,
And hard Unkindness' alter'd eye,
That mocks the tear it forc'd to flow;
And keen Remorse with blood defil'd,
And moody Madness laughing wild
Amidst severest woe.

Lo, in the vale of years beneath
A griesly troop are seen,
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their Queen:
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every labouring sinew strains,
Those in the deeper vitals rage:
Lo, Poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the soul with icy hand,
And slow-consuming Age.

To each his suff'rings: all are men,
Condemn'd alike to groan;
The tender for another's pain,
Th' unfeeling for his own.
Yet ah! why should they know their fate?
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies.
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more; where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.

From THE TASK by Cowper

THE WINTER EVENING

Hark! 'tis the twanging horn o'er yonder bridge,
That with its wearisome but needful length

Bestrides the wintry flood, in which the moon
Sees her unwrinkled face reflected bright;—
He comes, the herald of a noisy world,
With spatter'd boots, strapp'd waist, and frozen locks;
News from all nations lumb'ring at his back.
True to his charge, the close-pack'd load behind,
Yet careless what he brings, his one concern
Is to conduct it to the destin'd inn:
And, having dropp'd th' expected bag, pass on.
He whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch,
Cold and yet cheerful: messenger of grief
Perhaps to thousands, and joy to some;
To him indiff'rent whether grief or joy.
Houses in ashes, and the fall of stocks,
Births, deaths, and marriages, epistles wet
With tears, that trickled down the writer's cheeks
Fast as the periods from his fluent quill,
Or charg'd with am'rous sighs of absent swains,
Or nymphs responsive, equally affect
His horse and him, unconscious of them all.
But oh th' important budget! usher'd in
With such heart-shaking music, who can say
What are its tidings? have our troops awak'd?
Or do they still, as if with opium drugg'd,
Snore to the murmurs of th' Atlantic wave?
Is India free? and does she wear her plum'd
And jewell'd turban with a smile of peace,
Or do we grind her still? The grand debate,
The popular harangue, the tart reply,
The logic, and the wisdom, and the wit,
And the loud laugh—I long to know them all;
I burn to set th' imprison'd wranglers free,
And give them voice and utt'rance once again.
Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And, while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful ev'ning in.
Not such his ev'ning, who with shining face
Sweats in the crowded theatre, and, squeez'd
And bor'd with elbow-points through both his sides,

Out-scolds the ranting actor on the stage:
Nor his, who patient stands till his feet throb,
And his head thumps, to feed upon the breath
Of patriots, bursting with heroic rage,
Or placemen, all tranquillity and smiles.
This folio of four pages, happy work!
Which not ev'n critics criticise; that holds
Inquisitive attention, while I read,
Fast bound in chains of silence, which the fair,
Though eloquent themselves, yet fear to break;
What is it, but a map of busy life,
Its fluctuations, and its vast concerns?
Here runs the mountainous and craggy ridge
That tempts ambition. On the summit see
The seals of office glitter in his eyes;
He climbs, he pants, he grasps them! At his heels,
Close at his heels, a demagogue ascends,
And with a dext'rous jerk soon twists him down,
And wins them, but to lose them in his turn.
Here rills of oily eloquence in soft
Meanders lubricate the course they take;
The modest speaker is asham'd and griev'd
T' engross a moment's notice, and yet begs,
Begs a propitious ear for his poor thoughts,
However trivial all that he conceives.
Sweet bashfulness! it claims at least this praise,
The dearth of information and good sense
That it foretells us always comes to pass.
Cat'racts of declamation thunder here;
There forests of no meaning spread the page,
In which all comprehension wanders, lost;
While fields of pleasantry amuse us there
With merry descants on a nation's woes.
The rest appears a wilderness of strange
But gay confusion; roses for the cheeks,
And lilies for the brows of faded age,
Teeth for the toothless, ringlets for the bald,
Heav'n, earth, and ocean, plunder'd of their sweets,
Nectareous essences, Olympian dews,
Sermons, and city feasts, and fav'rite airs,
Æthereal journies, submarine exploits,
And Katterfelto, with his hair on end
At his own wonders, wond'ring for his bread.

'Tis pleasant through the loop-holes of retreat
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd;
To hear the roar she sends through all her gates
At a safe distance, where the dying sound
Falls a soft murmur on th' uninjur'd ear
Thus sitting, and surveying thus at ease
The globe and its concerns, I seem advanc'd
To some secure and more than mortal height,
That lib'rates and exempts me from them all.
It turns submitted to my view, turns round
With all its generations; I behold
The tumult, and am still. The sound of war
Hast lost its terrors ere it reaches me;
Grieves, but alarms me not. I mourn the pride
And av'rice that make man a wolf to man;
Hear the faint echo of those brazen throats
By which he speaks the language of his heart,
And sigh, but never tremble at the sound.
He travels and expatiates, as the bee
From flow'r to flow'r, so he from land to land;
The manners, customs, policy of all
Pay contribution to the store he gleans;
He sucks intelligence in ev'ry clime,
And spreads the honey of his deep research
At his return—a rich repast for me.
He travels, and I too. I tread his deck,
Ascend his topmast, through his peering eyes
Discover countries, with a kindred heart
Suffer his woes, and share in his escapes;
While fancy, like the finger of a clock,
Runs the great circuit, and is still at home.

Oh Winter, ruler of th' inverted year,
Thy scatter'd hair with sleet like ashes fill'd,
Thy breath congeal'd upon thy lips, thy cheeks
Fring'd with a beard made white with other snows
Than those of age, thy forehead wrapt in clouds,
A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne
A sliding car, indebted to no wheels,
But urg'd by storms along its slipp'ry way,
I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
And dreaded as thou art! Thou hold'st the sun

A pris'ner in the yet undawning east,
Short'ning his journey between morn and noon,
And hurrying him, impatient of his stay,
Down to the rosy west; but kindly still
Compensating his loss with added hours
Of social converse and instructive ease,
And gath'ring, at short notice, in one group
The family dispers'd, and fixing thought,
Not less dispers'd by day-light and its cares.
I crown thee king of intimate delights,
Fire-side enjoyments, home-born happiness,
And all the comforts that the lowly roof
Of undisturb'd retirement, and the hours
Of long uninterrupted ev'ning, know.
No rattling wheels stop short before these gates;
No powder'd pert, proficient in the art
Of sounding an alarm, assaults these doors
Till the street rings; no stationary steeds
Cough their own knell, while, heedless of the sound,
The silent circle fan themselves, and quake:
But here the needle plies its busy task,
The pattern grows, the well-depicted flow'r,
Wrought patiently into the snowy lawn,
Unfolds its bosom; buds, and leaves and sprigs,
And curling tendrils, gracefully dispos'd,
Follow the nimble finger of the fair;
A wreath that cannot fade, of flow'rs that blow
With most success when all besides decay.
The poet's or historian's page, by one
Made vocal for th' amusement of the rest;
The sprightly lyre, whose treasure of sweet sounds
The touch from many a trembling chord shakes out;
And the clear voice symphonious, yet distinct,
And in the charming strife triumphant still;
Beguile the night, and set a keener edge
On female industry: the threaded steel
Flies swiftly, and, unfelt, the task proceeds.
The volume clos'd, the customary rites
Of the last meal commence. A Roman meal;
Such as the mistress of the world once found
Delicious, when her patriots of high note,
Perhaps by moonlight, at their humble doors,
And under an old oak's domestic shade,

Enjoy'd—spare feast!—a radish and an egg!
 Discourse ensues, not trivial, yet not dull,
 Nor such as with a frown forbids the play
 Of fancy, or proscribes the sound of mirth:
 Nor do we madly, like an impious world,
 Who deem religion frenzy, and the God
 That made them an intruder on their joys,
 Start at his awful name, or deem his praise
 A jarring note. Themes of a graver tone,
 Exciting oft our gratitude and love,
 While we retrace with mem'ry's pointing wand,
 That calls the past to our exact review,
 The dangers we have 'scap'd, the broken snare,
 The disappointed foe, deliv'rance found
 Unlook'd for, life preserv'd and peace restor'd—
 Fruits of omnipotent eternal love.
 Oh ev'nings worthy of the gods! exclaim'd
 The Sabine bard. Oh ev'nings, I reply,
 More to be priz'd and coveted than yours,
 As more illumin'd, and with nobler truths,
 That I, and mine, and those we love, enjoy.

Is winter hideous in a garb like this?
 Needs he the tragic fur, the smoke of lamps,
 The pent-up breath of an unsav'ry throng,
 To thaw him into feeling; or the smart
 And snappish dialogue, that flippant wits
 Call comedy, to prompt him with a smile?
 The self-complacent actor, when he views
 (Stealing a side-long glance at a full house)
 The slope of faces, from the floor to th' roof,
 (As if one master-spring controul'd them all)
 Relax'd into an universal grin.
 Sees not a count'nance there that speaks of joy
 Half so refin'd or so sincere as our's.
 Cards were superfluous here, with all the tricks
 That idleness has ever yet contriv'd
 To fill the void of an unfurnish'd brain,
 To palliate dulness, and give time a shove.
 Time, as he passes us, has a dove's wing,
 Unsoil'd, and swift, and of a silken sound;
 But the world's time is time in masquerade!
 Their's, should I paint him, has his pinions fledg'd

With motley plumes; and, where the peacock shows
His azure eyes, is tinctur'd black and red
With spots quadrangular of di'mond form,
Ensanguin'd hearts, clubs typical of strife,
And spades, the emblem of untimely graves.
What should be and what was an hour-glass once,
Becomes a dice-box, and a billiard mast
Well does the work of his destructive scythe.
Thus deck'd, he charms a world whom fashion blinds
To his true worth, most pleas'd when idle most;
Whose only happy are their wasted hours.
Ev'n misses, at whose age their mothers wore
The back-string and the bib, assume the dress
Of womanhood, sit pupils in the school
Of card-devoted time, and, night by night,
Plac'd at some vacant corner of the board
Learn ev'ry trick, and soon play all the game.
But truce with censure. Roving as I rove,
Where shall I find an end, or how proceed?
As he that travels far oft turns aside,
To view some rugged rock or mould'ring tow'r,
Which, seen, delights him not; then, coming home,
Describes and prints it, that the world may know
How far he went for what was nothing worth;
So I, with brush in hand and pallet spread,
With colours mix'd for a far diff'rent use,
Paint cards and dolls, and ev'ry idle thing
That fancy finds in her excursive flights.

Come, Ev'ning, once again, season of peace;
Return, sweet Ev'ning, and continue long!
Methinks I see thee in the streaky west,
With matron-step slow-moving, while the night
Treads on thy sweeping train; one hand employ'd
In letting fall the curtain of repose
On bird and beast, the other charg'd for man
With sweet oblivion of the cares of day:
Not sumptuously adorn'd, nor needing aid,
Like homely featur'd night, of clust'ring gems;
A star or two, just twinkling on thy brow,
Suffices thee; save that the moon is thine
No less than her's, not worn indeed on high
With ostentatious pageantry, but set

With modest grandeur in thy purple zone,
 Resplendent less, but of an ampler round.
 Come then, and thou shalt find thy vot'ry calm,
 Or make me so. Composure is thy gift:
 And, whether I devote thy gentle hours
 To books, to music, or the poet's toil;
 To weaving nets for bird-alluring fruit;
 Or twining silken threads round iv'ry reels,
 When they command whom man was born to please;
 I slight thee not, but make thee welcome still. . . .

VERSES

*Supposed to be Written by Alexander Selkirk, During His
 Solitary Abode in the Island of Juan Fernandez*

I am monarch of all I survey,
 My right there is none to dispute;
 From the centre all round to the sea,
 I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
 Oh, solitude! where are the charms,
 That sages have seen in thy face?
 Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
 Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,
 I must finish my journey alone,
 Never hear the sweet music of speech;
 I start at the sound of my own.
 The beasts, that roam over the plain,
 My form with indifference see;
 They are so unacquainted with man,
 Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love,
 Divinely bestow'd upon man,
 Oh, had I the wings of a dove,
 How soon would I taste you again!
 My sorrows I then might assuage
 In the ways of religion and truth,
 Might learn from the wisdom of age,
 And be cheer'd by the sallies of youth.

Religion! what treasure untold
Resides in that heavenly word!
More precious than silver and gold,
Or all that this earth can afford.
But the sound of the church-going bell
These vallies and rocks never heard,
Ne'er sigh'd at the sound of a knell,
Or smil'd when a sabbath appear'd.

Ye winds, that have made me your sport,
Convey to this desolate shore
Some cordial endearing report
Of a land I shall visit no more.
My friends, do they now and then send
A wish or a thought after me?
O tell me I yet have a friend,
Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is a glance of the mind!
Compar'd with the speed of its flight,
The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift wing'd arrows of light.
When I think of my own native land,
In a moment I seem to be there;
But alas! recollection at hand
Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,
The beast is laid down in his lair,
Ev'n here is a season of rest,
And I to my cabin repair.
There is mercy in every place;
And mercy, encouraging thought!
Gives even affliction a grace,
And reconciles man to his lot.

THE MORNING DREAM

'Twas in the glad season of spring,
Asleep at the dawn of the day,
I dream'd what I cannot but sing,
So pleasant it seem'd as I lay.

I dream'd that on ocean afloat,
Far hence to the westward I sail'd,
While the billows high lifted the boat,
And the fresh-blowing breeze never fail'd.

In the steerage a woman I saw,
Such at least was the form that she wore,
Whose beauty impress'd me with awe,
Ne'er taught me by woman before.
She sat, and a shield at her side
Shed light like a sun on the waves,
And smiling divinely, she cried—
I go to make Freemen of Slaves.—

Then raising her voice to a strain
The sweetest that ear ever heard,
She sang of the slave's broken chain,
Wherever her glory appear'd.
Some clouds which had over us hung
Fled, chas'd by her melody clear,
And methought while she Liberty sung,
'Twas Liberty only to hear.

Thus swiftly dividing the flood,
To a slave-cultur'd island we came,
Where a Demon, her enemy, stood—
Oppression his terrible name.
In his hand, as the sign of his sway,
A scourge hung with lashes he bore,
And stood looking out for his prey
From Africa's sorrowful shore.

But soon as approaching the land
That goddess-like woman he view'd,
The scourge he let fall from his hand,
With blood of his subjects imbrued.
I saw him both sicken and die,
And the moment the monster expir'd
Heard shouts that ascended the sky
From thousands with rapture inspir'd.

Awaking, how could I but muse
At what such a dream should betide?
But soon my ear caught the glad news
Which serv'd my weak thought for a guide—
That Britannia, renown'd o'er the waves
For the hatred she ever has shown
To the black-sceptred rulers of slaves,
Resolves to have none of her own.

ROBERT BURNS

Scotland's supreme poet and one of the most gifted lyricists known to English literature was born in 1759, a short distance from Ayr. His father was a sturdy yeoman who strove to win a livelihood for himself and family from a meager farm in Scotland. Robert Burns and his brother Gilbert were sent to school for a few years, learning to read and write and gaining the rudiments of education. When lads in their teens, their father required their help in the cultivation of the land he leased, and they received only such additional instruction as he was able to give them at home.

Burns was one of those rare beings from whose heart songs ripple forth as easily and carelessly as from birds and brooks. Among the few books accessible to him in his humble home was a volume of lyrics. These he committed to memory and afterwards attributed such knowledge of poetical composition as he possessed largely to this circumstance. When still a boy he began to compose songs as he worked in the fields and in the evening wrote down the lines as he remembered them.

Endowed with physical attractions as well as with poetic genius, Burns became very popular among the simple villagers near by. His fame for writing verses was established in early manhood and made men eager to see one who sang the praises of their beloved country. When he went to Edinburgh, society opened its doors to him and he became the recipient of much attention.

Being oppressed with direst poverty from childhood, Burns tried to succeed on a farm of his own; failing, he

planned to take passage for the West Indies. It so happened that a small collection of poems which he had published began at this time to excite favorable comment and he was deterred from carrying out his plan to quit Scotland.

To review the personal life of the poet means to exhume much that is sordid and unsavory. Poverty and discouragement lashed the Scotch peasants of his day to seek such solace as they might find in their cups. Burns' emotional temperament made him susceptible to every bonny lass, and he never troubled to be off with the old love before he was on with the new. Notwithstanding, his moral lapses were followed by periods of repentance as genuine as those immortalized by King David under conditions somewhat similar. He married Jean Armour, with whom his life had already become entangled, and made a home for her and his children. That he would sink back from time to time into a despondency which sent him back to tavern and carousal might have been expected.

It was an age when Scotland was notorious for hard drinking among its working classes. That one endowed by the gods with gift of song, emotions easily aroused and passionate temperament should follow the usual custom is not surprising. It is charitable to pass over the sorry situation, summed up by the sinner in sentiments born of his own experience:

“Then gently scan your brother man,
 Still gentler sister woman;
 Tho' they may gang a trifle wrang,
 To step aside is human:
 One point must still be greatly dark,
 The moving *Why* they do it;
 And just as lamely can ye mark
 How far, perhaps, they rue it.

Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
 Decidedly can try us,
 He knows each chord—its various tone,
 Each spring—its various bias:

Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it;
What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted."

Burns is loved today for his poetry which merits our attention. The fact that he died at the age of thirty-seven, broken and spent by dissipation, is sufficient evidence of misspent years. In misdoing, others have outdistanced him; in song he outdistanced all his countrymen and compares favorably with some of the finest lyricists of Elizabethan England.

Most of his poems are short, the *Cotter's Saturday Night* being longest. This poem gives the truest picture of the humble home in eighteenth century Scotland, where pride and piety characterized the lowly. Family worship was observed in the dwellings of the poorest peasants and their children were taught principles of rugged honesty and upright character.

Tam o' Shanter was composed by Burns in a single day and has been called the "best day's work done in Scotland since Bannockburn." Songs of patriotism, of love, and of simple things make up the burden of this poet's collection. He extolled the maidens who awakened in him feelings of admiration and love; dignified the faithful companion of men—the dog; and wrote compassionately of the wee field mouse, whose provision for the future might easily prove futile, since

"The best-laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang aft agley,
An' lea'e us naught but grief and pain,
For promised joy."

Burns' poetry, like that of William Cowper, George Crabbe, and William Blake, testified to the fact that the spell of classicism had been broken. Each of these poets in his own way heralded a new epoch wherein form should no longer be exalted above content or spontaneity be repressed.

Because he understood so thoroughly their every thought and feeling, and had shared their poverty, the common people of Scotland adore the name of "Bobby Burns." At a time when his countrymen felt that their national traits, their deep patriotism, their proud past, were becoming engulfed by English civilization, he who sang fervent songs of the greatness of Bruce, the courage of Wallace, the unyielding bravery of Scotchmen, soothed the wounded pride and assuaged the pain. Sharing their frailties, he impressed their virtues upon the indifferent and haughty; their very penury and want became ennobled by the lines: "A man's a man for a' that"; nor was it possible to patronize a people whose chiefest exponent lost no opportunity to remind the arrogant:

"It's no in titles nor in rank,
 It's no in wealth like Lon'on bank,
 To purchase peace and rest:
 It's no in making muckle mair,
 It's no in books; it's no in lear
 To make us truly blest;
 If happiness hae not her seat
 And center in the breast,
 We may be wise or rich or great,
 But never can be blest."

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
 Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
 The short and simple annals of the poor.—*Gray*.

My loved, my honoured, much-respected friend!
 No mercenary bard his homage pays;
 With honest pride I scorn each selfish end—
 My dearest meed a friend's esteem and praise:
 To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,
 The lowly train in life's sequestered scene;

The native feelings strong, the guileless ways;
What Aiken in a cottage would have been;
Ah! though his worth unknown, far happier there, I ween.

November chill blows loud wi' angry sigh;
The shortening winter day is near a close;
The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh,
The blackening trains o' craws to their repose;
The toil-worn cotter frae his labour goes—
This night his weekly moil is at an end—
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
And weary, o'er the moor his course does hameward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
The expectant wee things, toddlin', stacher through
To meet their dad, wi' flichterin' noise an' glee.
His wee bit ingle, blinking bonnily,
His clean hearthstane, his thriftie wifie's smile,
The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,
An' makes him quite forget his labour an' his toil.

Belyve the elder bairns come drapping in,
At service out amang the farmers roun';
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin
A cannie errand to a neebor town:
Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,
In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her ee,
Comes hame, perhaps, to show a braw new gown,
Or deposite her sair-won penny-fee,
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

Wi' joy unfeigned brothers and sisters meet,
An' each for other's weelfare kindly spiers:
The social hours, swift-winged, unnoticed fleet;
Each tells the uncoss that he sees or hears;
The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years;
Anticipation forward points the view.
The mother, wi' her needle an' her shears,
Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new;
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their masters' an' their mistresses' command

The youngers a' are warned to obey,

An' mind their labours wi' an eydent hand,

An' ne'er, though out o' sight, to jauk or play:

"An' oh! be sure to fear the Lord alway.

An' mind your duty duly morn an' night!

Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,

Implore His counsel and assisting might;

They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright!"

But hark! a rap comes gently to the door;

Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,

Tells how a neebor lad cam' o'er the moor,

To do some errands and convoy her hame.

The wily mother sees the conscious flame

Sparkle in Jenny's e'e and flush her cheek;

With heart-struck, anxious care inquires his name,

While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak;

Weel pleased the mother hears it's nae wild, worthless rake.

Wi' kindly welcome Jenny brings him ben—

A strappin' youth, he tak's the mother's eye.

Blithe Jenny sees the visit's no ill ta'en;

The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and kye;

The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,

But blate and laithfu', scarce can weel behave;

The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy

What makes the youth sae bashfu' an' sae grave—

Weel pleased to think her bairn's respected like the lave.

O happy love, where love like this is found!

O heartfelt raptures, bliss beyond compare!

I've paced much this weary mortal round,

And sage experience bids me this declare:

"If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,

One cordial in this melancholy vale,

'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,

In other's arms breathe out the tender tale

Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale."

Is there in human form, that bears a heart,

A wretch, a villain! lost to love and truth!

That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,

Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?
 Curse on his perjured arts! dissembling smooth,
 Are honour, virtue, conscience, all exiled?
 Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
 Points to the parents fondling o'er their child?
 Then paints the ruined maid, and their distraction wild?

But now the supper crowns their simple board—
 The halesome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food,
 The soupe their only hawkie does afford,
 That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cood;
 The dame brings forth in complimental mood,
 To grace the lad, her weel-hained kebbuck fell,
 An' aft he's prest, an' aft he ca's it guid;
 The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell
 How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' lint was i' the bell.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face
 They round the ingle form a circle wide;
 The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
 The big ha' Bible, ance his father's pride:
 His bonnet reverently is laid aside,
 His lyart haffets wearing thin an' bare;
 Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
 He wales a portion with judicious care;
 And "Let us worship God!" he says, with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
 They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim:
 Perhaps "Dundee's" wild warbling measures rise,
 Or plaintive "Martyrs," worthy of the name;
 Or noble "Elgin" beets the heavenward flame,
 The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays.
 Compared with these, Italian trills are tame;
 The tickled ears no heartfelt raptures raise;
 Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
 How Abraham was the friend of God on high;
 Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage
 With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
 Or how the royal bard did groaning lie
 Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;

Or Job's pathetic plaint and wailing cry;
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme—
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
How He who bore in heaven the second name
Had not on earth whereon to lay His head;
How His first followers and servants sped,
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land;
How he, who lone in Patmos banishèd,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand,
And heard great Babylon's doom pronounced by Heaven's
command.

Then kneeling down, to heaven's eternal King
The saint, the father, and the husband prays:
Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"
That thus they all shall meet in future days;
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear;
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compared with this, how poor Religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method and of art,
When men display to congregations wide
Devotion's every grace, except the heart!
The Power, incensed, the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
But haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well pleased, the language of the soul,
And in His book of life the inmates poor enrol.

Then homeward all take off their several way:
The youngling cottagers retire to rest;
The parent pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to Heaven the warm request
That He who stills the raven's clamorous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,
Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best,

For them and for their little ones provide;
But chiefly in their hearts with grace divine preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad;
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
"An honest man's the noblest work of God:"
And certes, in fair virtue's heavenly road,
The cottage leaves the palace far behind;
What is a lordling's pomp?—a cumbrous load,
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined!

O Scotia, my dear, my native soil,
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent!
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!
And oh, may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From Luxury's contagion, weak and vile!
Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-loved isle.

O Thou who poured the patriotic tide
That streamed through Wallace's undaunted heart;
Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part
(The patriot's God peculiarly Thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward),—
O never, never Scotia's realm desert;
But still the patriot, and the patriot bard,
In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard!

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS

"The first half-stanza," says Burns, "of this song is old; the rest is mine."

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,

My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.
 Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
 The birthplace of valour, the country of worth!
 Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
 The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high covered with snow!
 Farewell to the straths and green valleys below!
 Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods!
 Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods!
 My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
 My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer;
 Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
 My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

IS THERE, FOR HONEST POVERTY

Is there, for honest poverty
 That hangs his head, and a' that?
 The coward slave, we pass him by,
 We dare be poor for a' that!
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Our toil's obscure, and a' that;
 The rank is but the guinea-stamp,
 The man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
 Wear hodden gray, and a' that;
 Gi'e fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
 A man's a man for a' that!
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their tinsel show, and a' that;
 The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
 Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
 Wha' struts, and stares, and a' that;
 Though hundreds worship at his word,
 He's but a coof for a' that!
 For a' that, and a' that,
 His riband, star, and a' that;

The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A king can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might—
Guid faith, he maunna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may—
As come it will for a' that—
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
It's comin' yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that!

BLAKE

Contemporary with Burns lived another poet richly endowed by fancy: William Blake (1757-1827). While still a child his artistic temperament sought outlets for expression in art and poetry.

It may be that some future prober into the reasons for mental phenomena will find in the religious teachings of the latter eighteenth century some explanation for the mental terrors and despondency of men like Cowper, and the ecstasy and prophecies of Blake. To the latter, voices were often heard and presences continually felt. Possessing a vivid imagination, he created his own world, peopled with those of whom he thought.

His poetry is embodied in *Poetical Sketches*, *Songs of Innocence* and *Songs of Expression*. They are at once simple and baffling.

His admirers are ardently enthusiastic over his writings. It must be added that they have never been a numerous body. Like other of the mystics, he appeals forcefully to those imbued, at least to some degree, with mystical yearnings.

TO AUTUMN

O Autumn, laden with fruit, and stained
With the blood of the grape, pass not, but sit
Beneath my shady roof; there thou mayst rest,
And tune thy jolly voice to my fresh pipe,
And all the daughters of the year shall dance!
Sing now the lusty song of fruits and flowers.

“The narrow bud opens her beauties to
The sun, and love runs in her thrilling veins;
Blossoms hang round the brows of Morning, and
Flourish down the bright cheek of modest Eve,
Till clustering Summer breaks forth into singing,
And feathered clouds strew flowers round her head.

“The Spirits of the Air live on the smells
Of fruit; and Joy, with pinions light, roves round
The gardens, or sits singing in the trees.”
Thus sang the jolly Autumn as he sat;
Then rose, girded himself, and o’er the bleak
Hills fled from our sight; but left his golden load.

SONG

How sweet I roamed from field to field,
And tasted all the summer’s pride,
Till I the Prince of Love beheld
Who in the sunny beams did glide.

He showed me lilies for my hair,
And blushing roses for my brow;
He led me through his gardens fair
Where all his golden pleasures grow.

With sweet May-dews my wings were wet,
And Phoebus fired my vocal rage;
He caught me in his silken net,
And shut me in his golden cage.

He loves to sit and hear me sing,
Then, laughing, sports and plays with me;

Then stretches out my golden wing,
And mocks my loss of liberty.

INTRODUCTION TO SONGS OF INNOCENCE

Piping down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
And he laughing said to me:

“Pipe a song about a Lamb!”
So I piped with merry cheer.
“Piper, pipe that song again;”
So I piped: he wept to hear.

“Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe;
Sing thy songs of happy cheer!”
So I sang the same again,
While he wept with joy to hear.

“Piper, sit thee down and write
In a book, that all may read.”
So he vanished from my sight;
And I plucked a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen,
And I stained the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs
Every child may joy to hear.

THE LAMB

Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee,
Gave thee life, and bade thee feed
By the stream and o’er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?
Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?

ENGLAND OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

ERA OF NAPOLEONIC WARS

EIGHTEENTH century England had exhibited survivals of mediævalism; England of the nineteenth century was unlike that of today only in so far as new inventions and the advancement of thought and science have bridged distances, added efficiency to industry and furthered social progress. Between the two centuries fell the French Revolution, which was followed by the prolonged attempt of Napoleon to make himself master of the world.

The causes of the French Revolution, whose effects are still visible in Europe and in present-day civilization, are treated elsewhere in connection with the development of France. Suffice it to note that, at its outbreak, neither the people of France nor England were enlightened as to the conditions obtaining in each other's country. Knowing the English to be proud of their freedom, it was assumed by the French that England would join in their attempt to bring liberty to the oppressed of Europe. At the outbreak of the Revolution the watchwords of the French: "Liberty, equality and fraternity!" awakened a quick response in the hearts of many English enthusiasts. Coleridge, Southey and Wordsworth voiced their hearty sympathy with those who aimed to make the world a better place for *all* men by abolishing the privileges of the *few*. William Pitt and Fox were among those who hailed with satisfaction the liberation of the downtrodden across the Channel. Only Edmund Burke from the first distrusted the Revolution. Burke was a firm believer in maintaining the *status quo*, abhorring all radical changes. Although he stood alone in denouncing the action of the French, although he observed with truth that "whenever a separation is made between liberty and justice, neither is safe," his warnings fell on deaf ears. The principles of equality and fraternity which were extolled by the citizens of the new French republic seemed to many to usher in a better day.

However, Anglo-Saxons are not given to such abandonment of practicality as sometimes characterizes the Latin nations. The execution of the royal family and the atrocities which followed brought a revulsion of feeling. Yet Pitt continued to enunciate the strict neutrality of England, believing that it rested with the neighboring country to settle its own internal affairs.

The French nobility did everything conceivable to incite European nations to invade France and restore the Bourbons. French patriots, filled with genuine desire to liberate the common people of other lands who still bowed under the weight of privilege, unjust taxation and absolute monarchs, moved also by alarm lest their borders be overrun with foreigners who would terminate their newly won blessings, determined to be themselves the aggressors and sent armies forth to establish republics throughout Europe.

The career of Napoleon Bonaparte presents many fascinating problems and is still the subject of much discussion. He dominated the affairs of Europe for fifteen years; yet it is difficult to determine the precise moment when he evolved his dream: first, to control the continent, later, to master the world. It is not even possible to decide just when, in his opinion, the military movement to aid the peasants of other lands to become self-governing merged into a scheme of self-aggrandizement. Nevertheless, when Switzerland, the home of the sturdy mountaineers who had valiantly maintained their independence for ages, was transformed into the Helvetic Republic, the discerning began to sense the danger which was presently to confront all Europe. The French president had exclaimed: "All governments are our enemies; all peoples are our allies!" But he was soon replaced by a consulate and in no great length of time the first consul became emperor.

His biographers point out the deep admiration which Napoleon felt for the ancient Romans, emulating especially the example of Julius Cæsar, the study of whose achievements in Gaul had been his delight in boyhood. Something of the scale upon which Rome undertook and executed gigantic plans seems to have laid firm hold of his imagina-

tion, encouraging him to conceive in terms of magnitude. Realizing that the wealth of England was drawn in a large measure from her colonies, early in the war he seized Egypt as essential to the conquest of India; however, in the battle of the Nile the English destroyed the French fleet, cutting off communication between France and Africa. Although Napoleon attributed the failure of his attempt to overrun Western Asia to the loss of Acre, the fact remains that the English victory of the Nile closed his possibilities in the East.

By the treaty of Luneville Napoleon was recognized as the dominant factor in continental affairs. All nations were tired of fighting and the peace of Amiens, made in March, 1802, terminated the early portion of the conflict. By this agreement France was bound to leave the Netherlands alone; Great Britain retained Ceylon and promised to turn the island of Malta over to the Knights of St. John within a specified time. The danger which had confronted several countries seemed averted and there was general belief that the enthusiasm of the French had spent itself—as indeed was the case. Not so that of their great general.

A few months revealed the insincerity of Napoleon, who regarded the treaty of Amiens as a truce rather than a peace. It had become clear to him that his ambition to conquer the world hinged upon his ability to overcome the English. Their little island was the workshop of the world; their ships were the carriers for its commodities. They on their part soon realized that they were face to face with a struggle to the death and England's part in finally checking this self-appointed world conqueror should be graven in the hearts of all well-wishers of humanity, as it is inscribed forever on the pages of world history.

A navy was necessary for the conquest of a sea-faring, sea-girt nation. Having bound the powerful countries of Europe to him by treaties, Napoleon set to work to augment the French fleet—grown strong again—with the fleet of Spain. One hundred thousand men were massed to invade England; it was merely a question of transporting them thither, for no army in England could stand against Napoleon's veterans. And now occurred that momentous

victory of Nelson, which thrills the reader today as it thrilled his countrymen, who were stirred to their utmost for self-preservation. As the French ships emerged from Cadiz, Nelson engaged them in the famous battle of Trafalgar, prior to which his simple slogan: "England expects every man to do his duty" heartened his sailors to supreme exertion. As the magnificent triumph was consummated, the life-blood of the hero ebbed away from a mortal wound: "a smile upon his face and a murmur of 'duty' upon his lips."

After this overwhelming defeat, Napoleon never again attempted the invasion of England nor the creation of another fleet. Instead, he turned once more to Europe, where mere treaties failed to hold restive rulers long subordinate to their conqueror. The French victory at Jena brought northern Germany into his grasp. Russia was soon brought to terms. Joseph Buonaparté was set upon the throne of Spain; Jerome had been given a kingdom along the Rhine.

All being again propitious, the intrepid military leader turned once more to the subjugation of Great Britain, this time directing blows at her commerce. The ports of the continent were declared closed to her trade; her ships were to be spoils for the captor; her goods were to be destroyed wherever found. This meant war to the death and through the unhappy times that followed, years when death took the great Pitt, Fox and other of her long experienced statesmen, England fought a desperate fight and often fought it alone. The words of the dying Pitt, uttered after the battle of Trafalgar, were to be fulfilled: "England has saved herself by her courage and she will save Europe by her example."

Nowhere does the acute insight of true statesmanship so shine forth in the life of Pitt as in his closing years, when, sensing the need of removing all differences among Englishmen, he sought to have Catholic restrictions eliminated and Ireland freed from religious inequality. It was characteristic of George III that he should oppose such liberal measures with all his might.

Alexander, Czar of Russia, realized at length that he

might as well risk everything in war as to have it taken from him by a conqueror whose appetite for territory had become insatiable. This brought about the beginning of the end: the Russian campaign, with its auspicious beginning and its ignominious end. Of the two hundred thousand soldiers that Napoleon led into Russia, only a few thousand emerged after terrible suffering in a relentless Russian winter. The mere sacrifice of soldiers counted for little in the plan of the Corsican, but men were already deciphering the handwriting on the wall. Country after country rose in rebellion; king after king thirsted to regain the power which had been snatched from him. At length the Emperor Napoleon abdicated in favor of his son and accepted the tiny kingdom of Elba, an island not far away from his birthplace, as his portion.

The Peace of Paris, signed in 1814, brought release to a war-wearied world. It was agreed that two months later the terms would be dictated at a Conference of the Nations, at Vienna.

To those who find pleasure in the history of diplomacy, this celebrated Conference presents much of interest. It was in fact no conference at all as the word is ordinarily understood. Instead, rulers and potentates gathered in the old capital of Austria and, amid brilliant festivities, private meetings took place among the representatives of powerful nations. The issue turned on who could manipulate matters in such a way as to gain more than his neighbor. Although Metternich, the astute minister of Austria, forced Europe back to its earlier status *in so far as he was able*, he fully realized that it was impossible to wipe out almost twenty years of revolution and war. Seed was sown for future trouble by linking together countries without regard to the preferences of their inhabitants. For example, Holland and Belgium were bound together as the United Netherlands. One country had Teutonic, the other Latin, origin; one people were Catholic, the other, Protestant. Norway and Sweden were united despite fundamental differences. Russia, Prussia and Austria annexed as much adjoining territory as each would allow the other and war loomed on the horizon when differences seemed to be irrec-

oncilable. Then lo! Napoleon, aware of the jealousies that set European states against one another, eluded his guard and landed in France. Louis XVIII, brother of the executed king, was aged by infirmities and had never captured the loyalty of Frenchmen. Reactionary in temperament and disposition, he hated all that the Revolution had achieved and, while governed by its lessons, tried to ignore in so far as safety permitted, all that had passed since 1789.

Now the old ties which had bound men to Napoleon reasserted themselves. Soldiers sent to arrest him went over to his side and almost before people were aware, Paris was in his hands and Louis XVIII had fled to Belgium. In a few months an army of two hundred thousand and more had been mustered under his banners. Meanwhile the brilliant scenes in Vienna had melted away like a pageant of ice. A hundred disagreements which had bulked so large before a reappearance of the old danger suddenly seemed trivial. Once more England gathered herself to see this menace of world conquest dispelled.

The story of Waterloo is familiar to every school boy; it is called one of the few decisive battles of history. Nevertheless, had Napoleon managed to rout the English ere Blücher's forces came up on that fateful day, he still had fought a lost cause.

The late World-War, exhibiting the spectacle of a would-be world conqueror to the present generation, has somewhat dimmed the lustre which once surrounded the very name of Napoleon. The appalling sufferings, the tremendous cost, the inevitable retardment of progress attendant upon such enterprises lessen the fascination which wars of conquest hold. It is necessary to turn back to the testimony of his contemporaries to understand what a charm Napoleon exercised over the minds of his day and age. Even when exiled to a lonely island, watched by guards, the remote possibility of his escape passed only with his death. It is pointed out today that regardless of such precaution, he might have been given asylum in the very heart of England; for his spell was gone; nothing is so utterly hopeless as a lost cause.

THE RECONSTRUCTION OF EUROPE

Familiarity with the course of events in the nineteenth century, in the domain of political, social and economic reforms, is fundamental for a clear comprehension of world problems now confronting the nations. Political measures which have influenced peoples remote from the land first to accept them; social movements which we see in their advanced stages; humanitarian institutions which hold a conspicuous part in the life of today, many of these had their beginnings in a day but recently disappeared. Steamships, locomotives, and steam-propelled machinery were lacking when the century began, together with all modern facilities for the rapid transit of news. Such a world seems to us now more akin to mediæval than to modern times, and against its inconvenient simplicity, the marvelous achievements of science ere the cycle closed, are thrown in sharp relief. At the beginning of the century, six months were consumed before the government in London could get its instructions into the hands of the Governor-General in India; an equal period must elapse before he could inform the ministry of the existing situation, which might have undergone material transformation in the meantime. Small wonder that the poet, contemplating the tremendous changes that had taken place by the mid-century, deemed fifty years of Europe preferable to a cycle of Cathay.

Intelligent citizens of all civilized lands have followed with close attention the tireless endeavors of statesmen, since the World War, to negotiate a peace which may remain inviolate, notwithstanding complications which are bound to arise in international affairs. In this connection it is instructive to look back one hundred years when a situation not unlike the present confronted Europe. When in 1814-15 statesmen gathered in Vienna to frame treaties concluding the Napoleonic wars, a quarter of a century had already elapsed since the rumble of the French Revolution had sent its first convulsive shock to every throne. For well-nigh twenty years the armies of France had harassed some quarter of Europe, fighting going on much of the time in one direction or another. Finally the nations had

momentarily set aside their jealousies to defeat a conqueror whose military genius so long transcended that of his opponents. When the struggle ended, poverty and exhaustion stalked abroad and the yearning for a permanent peace was general.

On the part of the majority of the representatives to the Congress of Vienna there was a disposition, in so far as possible, to turn back the clock of time to pre-war conditions. The Bourbon line was reinstated on the throne of France, though now limited by a constitution. Yet, no matter how desirable it might be regarded to obliterate all traces of late years, each knew this to be impossible. One illustration will suffice to show how radically the map of Europe had been transformed. Prior to the Napoleonic wars, Germany had been but "a geographical expression" indicating a conglomeration of three hundred little states and duchies; it emerged with thirty-nine. Regardless of the temporary ruin wrought, it was in the line of progress that countless petty rulers had been swept away forever.

Two new factors had arisen to make the rôle of the reactionary statesman doubly hard: the prolonged struggle had given a powerful impetus to the spirit of nationality and the principles promulgated by enthusiasts during the French Revolution had stirred the desire for individual liberty—for the right to express one's opinions and to determine one's religion without state interference. How the yearnings for national freedom and personal liberty were to be met in the future might be debated; that these feelings were strong none denied.

Among the reactionaries, firmest was Metternich, Austrian minister, whose policy of repression was to exert such a relentless influence in Europe for many years. His emperor ruled over a heterogeneous people, Magyars of Hungary, peoples of Slavic as well as of Aryan stock. Were nationality to prevail, which nationality would it be? Manifestly it were best to prevent the spread of such pernicious doctrines at all cost. This held equally true in the case of each powerful state which sought to govern another. The question of individual liberty jeopardized the very survival

of absolute monarchies. The prevailing sentiment of the august assembly was to meet fire with fire and to band together for mutual protection.

With the exception of France, every leading state emerged from the war with additional territory. The next problem was: how to retain it? The obvious solution, to combine for this common end.

It is necessary to glance briefly at the provisions of the treaty of Vienna to understand in the main the foreign policy of Great Britain in the years immediately following. An indemnity was imposed upon France, but happily it was made reasonable. Armies were placed within her borders until it should be discharged. Three years saw this accomplished, the armies withdrawn, and France once more received among the foremost powers.

All agreed on the advisability of creating strong states on her frontier to prevent a recurrence of that undue tendency for expansion which she had so recently exhibited. Austria released Belgium, which was now joined to Holland, the two to be known as the United Kingdom of the Netherlands. A more mismated union can scarcely be imagined; it survived but fifteen years. To compensate Austria, she received Lombardy and Venetia in Italy.

Prussia was given Saxony and territories west of the Rhine, the better to safeguard the good behavior of France. Russia seized both Poland—Napoleon's Duchy of Warsaw—and Finland. The Czar had no intention of restoring Finland to Sweden, from whom it had been wrested. Instead, he insisted that Norway, then under the control of Denmark, should be severed and given to Sweden. Force had to be employed to effect such a result, but it was accomplished.

Thus it becomes plain that, regardless of all talk about perpetuating peace, the seeds of future discord were plentifully sown by the very conference designed to establish harmony. It was transactions such as these that the late President Wilson had in mind when he insisted, after the recent war, that the preferences of small nations should be respected and that no longer should they be bartered about as chattels by stronger powers.

It pleased the Czar of Russia to employ some phrases regarding liberty which had been coined in France in recent years and he posed somewhat as a liberal in foreign affairs—in speech rather than action. Even Castlereagh of England believed in strict conservatism. The horrors of the Revolution were fresh in the minds of men responsible for government; there was a feeling which died hard that any concessions made to the people were likely to open the gates to anarchy.

In 1815, liberty as we now conceive it was little known to the world. To be sure, our own nation had accomplished the unprecedented feat of severing itself from the mother country and establishing a government that assured political equality to its people; but an ocean divided America from Europe. France had enjoyed for a brief period republican government, but the monarchy had seemingly been restored. Future events showed this restoration to have been more apparent than real. Not one of the representatives to the Congress of Vienna would have dared to entrust the masses with political liberty. Even in England only about one man in forty possessed the right to vote.

From the standpoint of territorial aggrandizement, despite the leading rôle that England had played in the Napoleonic wars, she received comparatively little. She retained Malta and had a protectorate over the Ionian Isles. She retained Cape Colony, compensating Holland for it; and in the north, she kept Heligoland. Certain other vantage points were granted her. As a matter of fact, being now supreme upon the seas, these accessions were to prove of great commercial value to her as time went on.

In order to make the peace lasting, each ruler pledged himself to observe it and to compel others to do so. The League of Peace was formed and conferences were to be held from time to time to take measures for the common good. When the first of these assembled in 1818 to receive France back into the fold of foremost nations, the speeches made concerning the reign of peace, which was said already to have begun, call to mind some which have been heard more recently.

The Czar of Russia invited the powers to join a Holy

Alliance, whose object was said to be the observance of the sacred principles of Christianity. England held aloof from anything so indefinite. However, she joined Prussia, Russia, and Austria in the Quadruple Alliance, often confused with the former, for the specified purpose of carrying out the provisions of the treaty.

The true purpose of the Holy Alliance presently became clear to the world: to crush out any and all attempts of any people to shake off hated tyranny and to gain political freedom. This was demonstrated when revolts occurred, first in Italy and later in Spain. The people in both countries tried to wrest constitutions from oppressive rulers. Armies were sent to put down the uprisings and reestablish the absolutism of the kings. A disposition was shown by the Holy Alliance to aid Spain to recover colonies that had revolted in South America. Obviously this would have been impossible without the help of the British fleet. England refused to participate in the matter and Monroe issued the famous doctrine known by his name, which set forth that further exploiting of peoples in the Western Continent would be regarded as the act of an unfriendly nation.

The Congress of Vienna had studiously avoided reference to Turkey, which decadent state bade fair to disintegrate at no far distant time. So eager were Prussia, Austria and Russia to share in the spoils when the end might come that it was thought that any discussion of the subject might convert the peace conference into hostile camps. Nevertheless, when Greece made her memorable strike for freedom, "the sick man of Europe" compelled attention. It will be remembered that Lord Byron espoused the cause of the oppressed Greeks and died of a fever contracted while aiding them. When Turkey called upon the Pasha of Egypt for help to fight the revolting Greeks, England sent a fleet to intercept that of Mehemet Ali. Thus in a few short years the leading powers were once more divided.

In 1830 occurred the "glorious revolution of July." In France, Charles X attempted to rule as though the Revolution of 1789 had never occurred. By royal ordinances he tried to set aside the constitutional rights of the people; whereupon they arose, expelled him and set up Louis

Philippe, Duke of Orleans, belonging to another branch of the Bourbon family, as their king.

Elected by Parliament, it was henceforth impossible for him or any subsequent French sovereign to advance claims of divine right. This revolution was a triumph of the middle class in France. It heralded the downfall of aristocracy in other lands and the rule of the people.

In the kingdom of France this change from one king to another was accomplished with little disturbance and bloodshed. However, once aroused, the spirit of revolution spread like wildfire over Europe. The throne of every absolute monarch trembled and the Holy Alliance hastened to put down the manifestations of democracy which threatened. Belgium threw off the rule of the Dutch, which had proved particularly galling. It was believed in England that if the independence of Belgium were not recognized she would soon become united with France. Consequently, she was permitted to take her place as a neutral state, like Switzerland, whose neutrality the Congress of Vienna had guaranteed, pledging to send no armies through her borders. It was this neutrality, it will be remembered, that the Emperor of Germany violated at the outbreak of the recent war.

On rushed the Revolution of 1830, inspiring the Italians and Poles to strike for the precious boon of liberty. Now came the definite split: England and France espoused the cause of freedom, recognizing the independence of Belgium and compelling the eastern powers to do likewise. In Eastern Europe autocracy triumphed. From this time forward, throughout the nineteenth century, the western powers were set against the eastern. The liberal policy of the west was opposed by the autocratic policy of the east. Russia, Prussia, and Austria held together because their aims were identical and their methods similar.

HOME CONDITIONS IN THE NEW CENTURY

Those who have lived through the years of reconstruction subsequent to the late World War know how grave are the problems inevitably attendant upon such an era, even when the period of disruption, if exhausting, has

not been unduly prolonged. In the struggle with Napoleon, England had borne the brunt of the conflict, frequently being compelled to stand alone. During the latter portion of the war, the great conqueror had closed the ports of Europe to English commerce, in so far as he was able to enforce his decrees. The result had been that a severe strain was put upon England's resources. Her debt had reached 840,000,000 pounds, interest upon which was in itself a serious burden.

However, war inconveniences and privations were but one side of the picture, for, prior to the Revolution, a mighty industrial transformation had been well under way in the kingdom. Manufacturing was fast replacing agriculture as a basis of wealth. In the production of fabrics and commodities, the new was replacing the old, for the inventions of machinery and appliances had lessened the number of workers necessary for their manufacture. In rural districts the abandonment of the open field system and creation of large estates had released much cheap labor which was precipitated into the new factory towns, overcrowding and congesting them. During the latter part of the nineteenth century, the application of steam as a propelling force transformed travel and transportation in an incredibly short time and greatly increased the possibilities of factory production. The manufacture of iron was facilitated by the substitution of coal for charcoal as a fuel.

The policy of *laissez faire*, or non-interference on the part of the government with trade, left grasping employers free to buy labor at the cheapest prices, to subject workers to intolerable conditions of living and to such long hours that their strength was exhausted, at the same time exposing them to needless dangers: in short, free to exploit the poor and unfortunate for personal greed.

Although the demands of war had caused wages to advance, the increase in this direction was out of all proportion to the soaring cost of foodstuffs and rents. Consequently, the poor would have starved had not the injurious custom arisen of making up deficiencies from parish funds. As time went on, it was made possible for

families to receive public funds in proportion to the number of children. Landed proprietors gave preference to paupers rather than to self-supporting workmen, since they could be hired for a lower wage. This placed a premium upon pauperism, which presently assumed alarming proportions.

“Under an Act of 1782, Guardians of the Poor were empowered to find work for unemployed men; and a practice grew up whereby gangs of paupers, men, women and children, were hired out to private employers, who paid a very low wage, the balance necessary for bare subsistence being made up from the rates (taxes). And out of this system, combined with the power of binding pauper children as apprentices, there grew up a practise yet more abominable whereby children were sent in thousands, often at a very tender age, to the factories of the north, there to labor, uncared for, during long hours: pitiful little friendless slaves, torn from their poor homes. . . .

“The workers in town and country alike were progressively being cut off, as the economic change advanced, from that direct and personal concern in the methods and results of their work which their fathers had enjoyed. They were becoming a ‘proletariat,’ earning their livelihood by the sale of their labor and having no interest in its products. Most of them were condemned to live in unwholesome and degrading surroundings; for the farm laborer’s cottage was often an overcrowded hovel which it was nobody’s business to keep in repair, while the mean streets of the ugly new industrial towns had generally been built without supervision, often back to back, lacking the most rudimentary care for sanitation, and without access to even a supply of pure water. . . . Moreover, in all industries the hours of labor were terribly long: not only the men, but their wives and even their little children, were subject to unending drudgery. Amid all the horrors of this black time the worst were the sufferings of children—underclad children working in the fields in all weathers, and often herded together at night in bare barns; children laboring like beasts of burden underground in the mines; children clambering through the suffocating soot

to clean rich men's chimneys; children torn in thousands from their parents, at eight and even five years old, to labor for fourteen or fifteen hours a day in cotton factories, without rest, without attendance and without hope.'"¹

Since the government assumed no supervision over the welfare of the working population it would be reasonable to expect that workers would have organized for their own protection, as indeed they often tried to do. Encouragement was given to the so-called Friendly Societies, for their activities were confined to relief work. But until 1825 it was forbidden by law for men to associate themselves together for the purpose of controlling wages and severe penalties were visited upon those who violated Parliamentary Acts prohibiting "conspiracies directed toward the restriction of trade."

Not only did the laboring classes in the industrial centers lack efficient leaders, but the government itself was in the control of landed proprietors who neither understood nor sought to inform themselves as to the needs of employees of the factories which had so recently sprung up in the land. Face to face with hunger and want, it was a short step to crime. Alarmed at the "wave of crime," to employ an overtaxed phrase of today, penalties became more and more severe for petty offenses. In the early part of the nineteenth century two hundred offenses were punishable by death, purse snatching and sheep stealing being among them. In the country, laborers sought to feed their hungry families with rabbits or other game poached from the hunting preserves. Country gentlemen, who highly valued their hunting privileges, were instrumental in increasing the severity of punishment for such misdoing until merely to be found at night with a rabbit trap was sufficient evidence to condemn a man to be transported to some penal colony where for seven years he could be held at hard labor, which was virtual slavery.

No modifications had been made in the electoral system of England for centuries. Before his death the elder Pitt had urged reform in the manner of electing members to the House of Commons. Prior to the war and while it lasted changes had been discussed, but upon the establishment of

peace the Tories, who continued in power, frowned upon any suggestion for reform, regardless of glaring needs. Fueter says: "Even harmless notions now awakened a kind of panicky fear. The only salvation lay in the principle of legitimacy and conservatism, that is, in conserving what existed simply because it existed. Better to preserve what was incomplete than to introduce what was new; for who knew whether reform would stop with its first success—whether it would not shove aside what had been treasured from the past?" And again: "The idea of a common fight against the spirit of revolution acted as a gigantic brake on the wheels of progress."²

Having none to direct them and incapable of correctly analyzing the situation for themselves, the masses attributed their suffering to inventions that lessened the workers needed in manufacture. In 1811 riots occurred among the weavers, who destroyed machines wherever they could lay hold of them. In 1819 great numbers of workers gathered in Manchester to take some action for their own welfare. So fearful were the city authorities lest their demonstrations would lead to revolution that mounted soldiers charged upon the multitude. This incident is known as the Manchester Massacre and only added to the feeling of hostility which had been growing among the working classes. The wonder is that the very policy pursued by the authorities did not precipitate the social revolution which they so dreaded.

Instead of taking some measures to alleviate the misery that hung like a pall over the poor, Parliament immediately passed the so-called *Six Acts*. These prohibited all meetings unless sanctioned by officials; forbade the printing and circulating of pamphlets designed as propaganda to incite the people; forbade the arming and drilling of the people, and, in short, tightened the screws which held labor to its accustomed place.

It cannot be denied that there was much ground for the prevailing opinion that the lower classes were unprepared to deal with political affairs. Only one man out of three in the realm could write his name; newspapers were few and wielded no particular influence in moulding public opinion.

The sentiment expressed by a high prelate* in the Established Church some years before was shared by the aristocracy: "I do not know what the mass of people in any country have to do with the laws but to obey them." To be reconciled with their lot and to bear their afflictions with patience were continually preached by the clergy to the lower classes.

Confronted with the task of leading the defense against Napoleon, William Pitt had been wise enough to see that all possible grievances should be wiped out at home, thus to remove any discontent Englishmen might have with their own government. To this end he wished to remove the disqualifications that still oppressed the Catholics and non-conformists. To such a liberal and fair-minded measure George III would not consent. The number of Catholics did not bulk large in England, but in Ireland, where nearly seventy-five per cent of the people were Romanists, the disabilities were deeply resented. Such agitation arose over this question in 1828 that the country was threatened by civil war unless religious restrictions were removed. At first parliamentary leaders indignantly refused to pass such an act, but, when the crisis became inevitable, the Catholic Emancipation was carried.

The first factory legislation was enacted in 1819. Its provisions seem astounding to us today, for it ruled that children under the age of nine should not be employed in mines and factories, and it ordained a twelve hour day. Even so, it accomplished little, since no provision was made for its enforcement. It being against the interests of greedy factory owners to exercise humane principles in their plants, the law worked little change.

Despite the attitude of the government toward social reconstruction, a humanitarian spirit, which had been singularly long in asserting itself, began to manifest during these years, due largely to new religious forces. It had seemed as though the Established Church had become an adjunct of government and that form was fast replacing the spirit of Christian worship. Fresh impetus was given to religious consciousness by the evangelical preaching of men like Wesley and his associates, in the late eighteenth

century, and the increasing strength of Quakers and other sects, emphasizing kindness and human sympathy, led to a moral awakening. At first the activities of the new philanthropists, although undertaken with the most generous motives, only added to the pernicious conditions, for they urged the rich to give liberally to the unfortunate, whereas justice rather than charity was really needed. Nevertheless, it was a hopeful sign that some slight portion of the people were directing their attention to the appalling condition of the masses.

The Tories continued in power almost continually from 1792 until 1830. Fearful of the result of change, they set their faces resolutely against readjustments. However, following the example of France, Great Britain prohibited further traffic of slaves in her possessions in 1807. This forbade the further exploitation of Africans, but left the existing system of slavery untouched.

A ray of light dawned in 1827 when Canning became prime minister. Embued with the saving spirit of liberalism, having faith in the people, it was a severe blow to progress when he died four months later, before time permitted the improvement of domestic conditions. The reactionary Duke of Wellington was given his post and, although the most distinguished man in England since his successful campaign against Napoleon, Wellington merely added another proof, were it needed, that an able general often makes an undesirable executive in times of peace. His devotion to his country was undying, but he had spent too many years fighting the enemies of order to look with tolerance upon ideas that savored to him of revolution.

In 1820 George IV succeeded his father George III, whose last years had been darkened with intermittent attacks of insanity. The dissolute son did not even command the respect of his subjects. His influence was not of a character to improve the conditions of the realm in any direction. From the accession of the Hanoverian line until the coronation of Victoria, no sovereign exhibited either sufficient genius or dignity to endear him greatly to the English people. Of them all, George III was most able,

free alike from the gross immorality of his son and the foolish timidity of William IV, who reigned from 1830 until 1837. Almost immediately after the crowning of William IV the July Revolution broke out in France and its effects were felt in England. Although years of unparalleled commercial growth had removed some of the earlier dangers of a social revolution by increasing the general prosperity, the substantial middle class was now heartened by the bourgeois triumph in Paris to strike for representation in Parliament.

AN ERA OF REFORM

The Catholic Emancipation had brought about a division in the Tory party. Consequently the victory of the Whigs in 1830 was the more easily brought about. Two political reforms seemed paramount and further delay threatened to endanger the state. These were, first, a redistribution of the electoral districts wherein representatives were chosen for Parliament, and, secondly, an extension of the franchise.

Not since 1688 had any changes been made in electoral districts. On the other hand, the population had doubled since the middle of the eighteenth century. Moreover, an industrial revolution and the shifting of the country from an agricultural to a manufacturing basis had led to astonishing results. Great enclosures had forced a large country population to seek work in factory towns. Nor this alone. Seaports which had once been busy, thriving places had in some instances decayed as commerce turned elsewhere. At no time had all parts of England possessed what we understand as regularly proportioned representation in the House of Commons.

To trace the growth of Parliament from the meetings of the Norman barons, which in turn paved the way for Simon de Montfort's Parliament of 1265, the Model Parliament of Edward I in 1295, and through the later stages by which it absorbed the powers formerly wielded by monarchs would require more space than can here be accorded the subject. Suffice it to say that in time the shires—or coun-

ties—were allowed to return two members to the Commons; likewise, the boroughs—or towns—sent two members. In early times the rulers had invited certain towns to send representatives; however, if these proved difficult to manage or opposed to the royal plans, no summons would be sent thither when Parliament was next convened. Under the Tudors it was usual for rulers to create new boroughs to insure the success of their undertakings. The same policy had been followed by some of the Stuarts. At length, in the time of Charles II, it was determined that no more boroughs should be created.

When William IV ascended the throne in 1830 the conditions were utterly unlike those of Stuart England. Boroughs once populous had sunk into decay. In one oft-cited instance, a pigsty alone marked the site. Several had shrunk to mere hamlets. Nevertheless, the ancient right to send two members to the Commons remained. Parliamentary seats, the property of these “rotten boroughs,” were often advertised and sold to the highest bidder. On the other hand, Birmingham with its hundred thousand people was wholly without representation; and this was but one example. The population of ten counties comprising southern England was 2,900,000; that of central and northern England, divided into thirty counties, 8,350,000. Southern England sent 237 members to Parliament, only fifteen less than the central and northern portions combined. Cornwall, with a total population of perhaps 250,000, and only one industry to safeguard, returned 44, Scotland but 45.

The mere statement of the situation proves sufficiently that the insistent plea for a redistribution of parliamentary seats which had been heard for half a century was based on plainest justice. That it had been systematically set aside until a social revolution raised its menacing hand was due, first, to genuine fear that clutched at the hearts of those familiar with the excesses accompanying the French Revolution and who believed that once changes began, none could foresee whither they might lead; secondly, the selfishness of landed proprietors, who enjoyed preponderance of power under existing conditions and were loath to part with it, had checked all attempts for political reforms.

The second question, the extension of the franchise, was more perplexing. The method of electing members to Parliament had been as irregular as the electoral districts. In the county, it had long been settled that the right to vote should be allowed to all 40s freeholders, meaning, to land owners whose holdings yielded at least forty shillings per annum above rental value. The value of money had so changed since that decision was made that poor indeed would have been the holding which had not yielded such an amount. Moreover, regardless of how wealthy a leaseholder might be, he was without a vote. Residence in the county was not a requisite and no registration was kept of voters. Consequently every election precipitated disputes that could only be settled by appeal to the Common Law.

Still, in comparison with the boroughs, the problems of the shires were few. Charters had been granted to municipalities at different times and under a variety of circumstances. In some towns only the mayor and corporation could vote. In London the franchise had been given to all free men belonging to the craft guilds. In the nineteenth century guilds had largely ceased to exist and the right to vote was treasured as a heritage from some remote ancestor who had perchance been an ironmonger or a carder of cloth. In general, the theory had been that the householder of the town corresponded to the freeholder of the county. The franchise had belonged to the property rather than the person. To dwellings in ruins still clung the franchise, while great additions that had sprung up without the borders of the ancient boroughs remained without political recognition. Wealthy men often purchased as many of such vote-carrying dwellings as were necessary to insure them a seat in the Commons.

As a matter of fact, the substantial middle class that had prospered in the new industrial towns were largely without the franchise. Their determination to obtain it was now firm. The masses gave their support, believing that the reform would in some way benefit them. In spite of frequent demonstrations and much agitation, a struggle such as England had not seen before nor would soon see again ensued before the reforms were won.

When Parliament met in the autumn of 1829 a motion for the reform of the House of Commons was made. The Duke of Wellington, then Premier, made a speech in which he claimed that the government as it then existed seemed to him not to be susceptible of improvement. He had, as an associate immediately told him, "announced the fall of his own government." Lord Grey was soon made Prime Minister and formed a liberal cabinet. A committee of four—on which Lord Durham and Lord Russell did the major portion of the work—was formed to frame a reform bill. So farreaching were the changes when Lord Russell introduced the bill into the House of Commons that even some of the Whigs were astonished, and failed to pass it. Thereupon the King dismissed Parliament and a new election was held. Leaders of both parties toured the land making speeches. The Whigs carried the country and the Reform Bill quickly passed the Commons. When it reached the Peers, however, there was no disposition manifested to share with others power which had so long rested in their hands. Not daring, in face of public demonstrations, to throw the bill out, they tried to alter it materially; whereupon Lord Grey resigned and the King summoned the Duke of Wellington to the helm. His obstinate refusal to alter affairs as they stood was well known and the masses became highly incensed. Cries were heard to abolish the House of Peers and all hereditary titles. Runs were made on the banks to precipitate a financial panic. Civil war seemed near at hand. This sobered the Tories so greatly that their leaders refused places proffered them in Wellington's cabinet. There being no help for it, King William sent for Lord Grey, who returned to his post only when guaranteed that the King would create enough additional Peers to pass the Reform Bill should it again fail to carry in the Upper House. When this royal promise, made in writing, became known to the Lords, those who remained adamant when the final vote was taken on the bill withdrew from Parliament in a body and the famous Reform Bill of 1832 became a law on June 7.

Some idea of the feeling which this measure had awakened may be inferred from these lines written by Macaulay

to a friend after the second reading of the bill in the House when it carried by a single vote. He wrote: "We had six hundred and eight members present, more by fifty-five than ever were in a division before. The ayes and noes were like two volleys of cannon from opposite sides of a field of battle; . . . you might have heard a pin drop when Duncannon read the numbers. Then again the shouts broke out and many of us shed tears. I could scarcely refrain. The jaw of Peel fell. . . . So ended a scene which will probably never be equalled till the reformed Parliament wants reforming, and that I hope will not be till the days of our grandchildren."

And what was provided by this Reform Bill, which had cost such effort, consumed so much time, and awakened such bitter opposition? It abolished fifty-six "rotten boroughs"; small towns were allowed one instead of two representatives. In these ways 143 seats were obtained for redistribution in those parts of the kingdom where the people were either not at all or inadequately represented. The city of London, which had grown apace since Stuart times, was accorded ten additional members; Scotland received more, and industrial cities, such as Birmingham, were now included. Thus the first hotly contested reform was attained.

As to the second, instead of a wide variety of methods being employed for the election of members to the Commons, a uniform system was established. In the country the new provision enfranchised all freeholders, all copyholders and 60-year leaseholders and tenants having fifty pounds annual income; in the boroughs, all burgesses owning houses worth ten pounds per year. These were given the right to vote for members of Parliament.

The glaring weakness of the reform, from the standpoint of democracy, was that it left the artisans of the towns and the laborers in the country without political rights; the lower classes still lacked direct representation. Again, since voting continued to be openly conducted, the buying of votes was not restricted.

Peel, the great Tory leader, claimed he would have supported a moderate reform but he opposed this bill fiercely.

The conservative element stood aghast at the danger conceived as confronting the land. Prophecies were heard that, with such radical innovations, the monarchy would be swept away at no far distant time. As a matter of fact, the middle class which benefited by the changes proved later to be as reluctant to extend political rights to those beneath them in the social scale as the aristocracy had heretofore been to share privileges with them. The landed interests still continued to dominate and the next reforms enacted were not of a character to raise opposition in the House of Lords. Not until the repeal of the Corn Laws were their interests jeopardized.

In 1834 negro slaves were set free throughout the dominions of Great Britain. Twenty million pounds were appropriated by Parliament to compensate the West Indian planters who would suffer greatest loss by the negro emancipation. The production of sugar and coffee dropped almost one-half thereafter and both industries suffered by legislation which brought freedom to a sorely oppressed people. Unhappily, so sane a solution of an ugly economic condition was not reached in the United States until a civil war had desolated a wide area and bitterness had been engendered that has only lately disappeared.

A Poor Law, destined eventually to bring order out of a chaotic social situation but causing dire suffering for the time, was passed in 1834. Seven million pounds had been expended by parishes in aiding paupers the year previous. This had been handed out in the form of money to make up the difference between mere subsistence and the low wages which the recipients were able to earn. The population of England had doubled since the middle of the previous century and the birth rate among the pauper class was very high, for direct financial return resulted from the birth of each child into these households. A workhouse was now erected in every parish, whither the aged and helpless were expected to go if financial aid were to be received. Able-bodied men were set to work and employers now compelled to pay a living wage. There is no doubt but that the new regulations were harshly administered and the conditions of the workhouses made unnecessarily bleak and aus-

tere. Sympathy which Dickens' *Oliver Twist* roused in the hearts of people generally did something to lessen the severity of administering state aid to indigents. The corrective influence of the new law became apparent after a few years, but none can deny that it worked temporary hardships beyond measure. A gradual change would have served the ultimate purpose as well and would have obviated much of the misery caused by an abrupt reversal of what had long been regarded as an established custom.

Upon the death of William IV, in 1837, his niece, Alexandra Victoria, was called to the throne. She was just eighteen and, although she had grown up in comparative seclusion, her training had prepared her for the duties that now fell to her. The actual business of administering an empire had long since passed from rulers to ministers, royal commissions and Parliament; but the moderation, sound sense and fine character of the young queen brought wholesome influences to a court where a low moral tone had often obtained. Queen Victoria reigned for sixty-four years, the longest period which has been allotted to any English sovereign. Generally speaking, these were years of remarkable industrial progress and development. Victoria married her cousin, Albert of Saxe-Coburg, in 1840 and their children and grandchildren have intermarried with most of the royal families of Europe.

It was not to be expected that the large population unbenefited by the Reform Bill of 1832 would long remain quiet. They presently banded together under leaders who prepared a petition containing six points which was sent to Parliament on more than one occasion. This was called a Charter and the name Chartists was shortly applied to those devoted to its success. The instrument asked that suffrage be universal—for men, of course; that the ballot be secret; that members of the Commons be paid, so that poor men might be able to serve. It requested that England be divided into electoral districts equally populated; that property requirement for eligibility to Parliament be removed; and, finally, that Parliament be convened and adjourned annually.

Modern historians call attention to the fact that had all

these provisions been immediately conceded, yet the working classes would not have experienced the relief they craved. There was an idea current, not wholly unknown today, that human poverty and suffering could be eliminated by legislation. The changes which the workers actually sought were more tolerable conditions of labor, better pay, more comforts of life and a few of its luxuries. But what they asked, held mass meetings, rioted for, and otherwise agitated until they alienated any possible chance of success, was their charter with its six points just enumerated. After the kingdom had been kept in intermittent states of alarm by their rioting and the destructive measures they employed to gain attention, in 1848 they threatened to march in a body to present their petition to Parliament. It was claimed that 200,000 Chartists would parade in London and their sympathizers were expected to add their intimidating demonstrations in other parts of the realm. Private citizens offered their services to preserve order and, when it became plain that there would be no general uprising in such a cause, the petition was quietly sent in to Parliament, where it was given no attention and the movement collapsed.

The two reforms to bring some degree of relief to common labor were the Mines Act of 1842 and the Factory legislation of 1844. Women and children under nine years of age were henceforth excluded from underground work. In factories, the exclusion of young children was accomplished and the working day shortened, first to twelve, and later to ten hours for women and children. The manufacturers of cotton fabrics particularly fought against the shortening of the working day because in some of the processes men could not continue operations advantageously during the absence of women and children. So far as concerned the employment of little children, ignorant parents were even more censurable than employers, for their own poverty led them to set the helpless creatures at work in the mills when they were mere infants. Government inspectors, appointed to see that the law was enforced, reported that "bad parents" were more at fault than "bad employers." They would misrepresent the true ages of their offspring to benefit by the pitiable pay these might earn. A similar

condition has been known in recent times in the cotton manufacturing districts of our land and has not yet been entirely removed.

English commerce was greatly exhilarated by the establishment of virtual free trade in England, by which is meant the removal of import duties. Duties were removed from a wide variety of articles, some seven hundred in number. To make up the deficit which would otherwise have accrued to the treasury an income tax was levied; this has never since been removed.

Ireland is elsewhere considered, so the numerous problems it presented through these years are not noted here. A failure of the potato crop in 1845-6 led to much suffering and loss of life. A duty had been placed upon grain (collectively called corn) to protect English growers from having to compete with cheaper grain from America. This had been done by a Parliament representing the landed proprietors, almost invariably Tories, who were determined to uphold their interests in view of cheaper grain from abroad. Despite the long agitation for a repeal of the Corn Laws, the Tories had been able to prevent such action. However, once reforms had begun, it was more difficult to oppose them. Sir Robert Peel, noted Tory leader, was now Prime Minister of England and the Tories in power. In face of so much suffering, Peel became convinced that the duty should be removed from grain. Consequently, he permitted the Corn Laws to be repealed. His party adherents felt that he had betrayed them. The Whigs returned and, although Peel remained a prominent figure throughout the remainder of his life, he never again held office. Perhaps the reduced cost of bread for the hungry masses was some consolation. The Tories did not recover from the disruption this occasioned until some time later, when a portion of them united under Disraeli.

THE MID-CENTURY

1. IN EUROPE

It has been well observed that the greater portion of the nineteenth century in Europe was spent in escaping from

conditions that the Congress of Vienna had imposed. The reactionary tendencies manifested by each and every one of the states represented and the extreme autocracy advocated by Russia, Prussia and Austria had led to the reëstablishment of despots in lands which the first armies invading their borders from revolutionary France had made republics. To be sure, the subsequent undoing of this work of liberation had left freedom but a recollection; yet, once awakened, the people could never again sink into their earlier state of coma. Poles, Italians, Hungarians, and all who were held down by the iron heel of monarchical power were ready at the slightest signal to break forth into new efforts for independence.

In 1848, Louis Philippe felt secure in his position on the throne of France, to which he had been raised in 1830 by the French Parliament. Having reigned for eighteen years, he was emboldened to oppose the people in their desire for a wider extension of the franchise. This cost him his throne and forced him to flee into England. A republic was once more declared and France was given a president. Within a year, due to restlessness and disorder that prevailed, Louis Napoleon, nephew of Napoleon I, was made president and, by what the French call a *coup d'état*, he presently made himself emperor.

The rumble of the revolution reverberated from the streets of Paris to Poland, Venice and Rome. Little republics came into existence, to have as transitory a life as those of the late eighteenth century. The Magyars of Hungary rose against Austria with Kossuth as their leader. Determined to hold his country intact, the Czar of Russia hurried aid to Emperor Francis Joseph. In Germany the king of Prussia was forced from his throne and obliged to flee for safety.

The English people sympathized with the oppressed in their effort to throw off their shackles, but France helped to crush out the liberal movement in Rome, in behalf of the Papal States, and it was out of the question for England to attempt alone to fight the great autocracies of Eastern Europe. Consequently, the uprisings were quickly put down and severity visited upon the offenders.

It was advantageous for the Czar to have the reactionary powers of Prussia and Austria on his western borders; however he looked with envious eyes on the sprawling territories to the south, which belonged to decrepit Turkey. Having aided Austria in quelling the Hungarians, he felt that his aggressions in Turkish domains would not be resented in that direction. England was the only country from which he anticipated difficulty in his plan, for which he attempted to pave the way by a secret understanding with the Court of St. James. Accordingly, to the English ambassador he presently remarked: "We have on our hands a sick man—a very sick man; it would be a great misfortune if one of these days he should slip away from us, before the necessary arrangements have been made." Thereupon he indicated in the main what these arrangements might well be: he proposed to appropriate Serbia, Roumania, and Bulgaria. England—so far as he was concerned—was welcome to Crete and Egypt; other powers might divide the remainder. When this edifying scheme was disclosed to the English authorities, they received it without enthusiasm, realizing that no partition of Turkey made without the consent of the leading powers could mean other than war; moreover, and this is highly important: England much preferred to have Constantinople remain in the possession of the weak Sultan—the "sick man of Europe"—than have it become the possession of Russia, whose aggressive tendencies were already watched with misgivings.

It happened early in the year 1853 that the Holy Sepulchre and other places dear to the Christians because of their association with the founder of their faith had become the cause—possibly the opportunity—for a quarrel between the monks of the Greek and those of the Roman Catholic churches. Both claimed the right of their custody. After the fall of Constantinople, in 1453, Russia had succeeded to the leadership of the Greek church. Now she took advantage of the monks' dispute to ask Turkey for permission to protect all Greek Christians, not only in the Near East but in European Turkey. France, as a Catholic country, supported the demands of the Roman monks.

England during this period was uniformly opposed to disturbing the peace. Although Lord Palmerston was an aggressive foreign minister, he was disposed to employ a "bluff" on all possible occasions, but reluctant to go farther. Nevertheless, it so happened that the English ambassador to the Porte favored trouble; hence he encouraged the Sultan to refuse the request of the Czar, whereupon Nicholas I dispatched troops into Roumania.

As a result of the officious part taken by the English ambassador, complications grew apace. The Prime Minister—Lord Aberdeen—and Queen Victoria both opposed war. The public generally, resenting the indifference of the Czar to England's attitude, began to agitate open hostilities. Regarding the wild enthusiasm that sometimes lays hold of a nation and precipitates war in spite of the efforts of the more discerning, Oscar Browning says: "One of the most painful things in the outbreak of a war is the madness which seizes upon the populace and makes war inevitable, even before statesmen have determined that it is necessary. . . . Ignorant of the real matters in dispute, careless of the object to be gained, negligent of the means by which it was to be obtained, the people, the Parliament, the Press of the United Kingdom, all demanded war."³

Russia had been slow to recognize Napoleon III—as he was now styled—as emperor of France. This descendant of the Bonaparte line inherited its imperial ambitions and wanted to set himself conspicuously forth in the eyes of Europe. Not to enter into detail as to the stages by which the rupture grew, it presently developed that England and France found themselves upholding the integrity of Turkey and fighting her war with Russia.

The ill-preparedness of Great Britain when she entered this Crimean war, as it is called, because fought out in the peninsula known as the Crimea, is difficult to credit. Not since Waterloo had her forces faced an enemy. Few were alive who had known what it meant to provision and care for an army in the field. When fighting began in the fall of 1854 it was not expected that the struggle would last long. Lord Raglan, who had lost an arm at Waterloo, was put in command of the English forces; he was now sixty-six years

of age and not physically equal to the rigours of active service. Differences of policy arose with the French commander. Delays permitted the Russians heavily to fortify themselves at the Russian base of Sebastopol on the Black Sea. It required eleven months' siege to take the port. Meanwhile the loss of life from cholera, from the dreadful Russian winter, from exposure and starvation on the part of the British soldiery was appalling. When it was disclosed by war correspondents at the front that the boys were dying from want and hunger, from disease and neglect, although England had been pouring out money and supplies for their relief, intense indignation filled the land. Aberdeen was obliged to resign and Palmerston was placed at the helm—his aggressiveness grateful to a conscience-smitten nation.

The brightest spot in the whole miserable affair is the part played by Florence Nightingale, who went to the front to nurse the sick. Accompanied by twenty nurses, the condition of the hospitals greatly improved under her management. This was the first war wherein professional nurses ministered to wounded soldiers and some years later the Red Cross movement developed as a permanent memorial to the heroism of those undaunted women who braved unspeakable conditions to save the lives of wounded and disabled soldiers.

It would be difficult to enumerate the blunders that were made in the conduct of this war. Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade" immortalizes the unflinching courage of a body of light cavalry through error sent to capture Russian guns. Unsupported by the infantry, they were mown down with frightful carnage in fulfilling the command and then left to cut their way back as best they might. The loss of life throughout the war was amazing and nine out of every ten who died were carried off by disease and exposure.

Nicholas I died while the war was in progress, chagrined at the part of his fleet and army, although some of his generals displayed much military skill. His son, Alexander II, succeeded him.

Sardinia now joined England and France against Russia. Cavour, the able Sardinian minister, had the union of

Italy at heart and wanted to win the friendship of the Western European powers to his purpose. At length, in September, 1855, the final bombardment of Sebastopol began. The base being about to fall, the Russians fired the fort and retreated. Napoleon III had now satisfied his ambition for glory and, as Alexander II was eager for peace, the stupid war terminated. It is now agreed that nothing was gained by it that might not have been accomplished without it. Peace was signed in Paris in March of 1856. The important concessions were that the Danube and Black Sea were henceforth to be open to the trade of all nations and to the fleets of none. The Sultan agreed to protect the Christians in his domains and his promise was accepted; future events were to reveal his craft and insincerity. Roumania was divided and placed under the protection of the powers. She later united herself by revolution and established her independence.

So far as England was concerned, she emerged from the war, which she had been unwilling to terminate until successes should redeem her failures, with her prestige somewhat abated. However, many lessons had been taught by the experience. The danger of allowing her army to decline had been convincingly demonstrated. On the other hand, the Eastern powers had learned that England was not formidable in land fighting, although her fleet stood unimpaired.

The worst of all was that the peace of Europe, unbroken by any general war since the defeat of Napoleon, was now ended—for a series of wars soon beset the continent. In 1859 France went to the help of Italy against Austria. In 1864 Prussia warred with Denmark over Schleswig-Holstein. Two years later, Prussia broke into open quarrel over the spoils of this war with Austria, her earlier ally. In 1870 followed the Franco-Prussian War, which paved the way for the World War of 1914. Russia and Turkey fought out differences in 1878 which grew out of the Peace of Paris, negotiated in 1856.

Throughout these stormy years England held to a peaceful policy and such trouble as she faced arose from the necessity of maintaining her supremacy in her colonies—

not because of an aggressive foreign policy. Indeed, during the period of Gladstone's Premiership, as earlier, under Palmerston, the proud Conservatives often felt that the rôle played by Great Britain was humiliating and that honor was often sacrificed to the prosperity of trade. They believed that the predilection of their country to avoid war was thoroughly understood abroad and imposed upon.

The Civil War in the United States was viewed differently by the English aristocracy and by the people. The Conservatives sympathized with the South; the masses, with the North. The settlement of Alabama claims, a question submitted to arbitration, almost precipitated hostilities between the two English speaking nations. Even today English historians censure the ministry that permitted the payment of fifteen million dollars to our country for the depredations of vessels fitted out in English harbors to prey upon northern ships during the war. On the other hand, the industrial workers of Manchester endured much suffering when cotton was no longer forthcoming to supply their factories without complaint because they were committed to the principles of democracy and hoped soon to win political freedom for themselves. John Bright and other leaders of the middle class comprehended the true situation, which Gladstone, on the contrary, did not justly appreciate. Not until later did clearer understanding develop between the two nations that have so much in common, and between whom harmony and fraternalism should be perpetuated.

DEMOCRACY REALIZED

Peel's Tory followers had never forgotten his efforts for Catholic Emancipation. When he consented to the repeal of the Corn Laws he sacrificed party leadership. The Conservatives were so disrupted by this split in 1846 that it was easy for the Liberals to keep a majority in Parliament, with brief interruptions, for many years.

Party lines were by no means so distinctly drawn as before or as they afterwards became. Men passed from one political division to the other with facility. For ex-

ample, Gladstone began as a Conservative, a follower of Peel. During most of his public career he was leader of the Liberals. Lord Derby, on the other hand, began as an extreme Liberal and later became a Conservative leader. So divided were both of the two great parties that in the middle of the century Lord Aberdeen built up a coalition ministry, men of the two parties working together.

The Liberals returned in 1846 with Russell as Premier and Palmerston Secretary of Foreign Affairs. Except for brief intervals, until his death at the age of eighty-one, Palmerston was continually in office. His foreign policy was liberal enough; in fact, his impetuosity and proneness to take the initiative without consulting his colleagues—especially his failure to take the Queen into his confidence—resulted in much embarrassment to the government. He sympathized with the oppressed and wanted to make the power of Great Britain everywhere felt. To this end he often offered advice to nations little disposed to accept it, humiliating the conservative English by his officiousness and indifference to rebukes and slights. At home, on the contrary, he systematically opposed change. Not until after his death was the franchise extended further and democracy won for England.

An illustration of Palmerston's characteristic lack of discretion, which occasioned such antagonism on the part of Queen Victoria and the Crown Prince, was his action in 1852, when, by a *coup d'état* Louis Napoleon had made himself Emperor of France, overthrowing the republic set up by the Revolution of 1848. Much indignation had been felt throughout Europe because of the ruthless way in which this nephew of the great Napoleon had exalted himself by needless slaying of his opponents in cold blood. The Congress of Vienna had stipulated that a Bonaparte line should not be established in France. For this reason the powers were slow to recognize the new Emperor. Palmerston believed, nevertheless, that a strong empire in France was better than a weak republic. Therefore, without taking counsel of the Queen, even without conference with the Premier, he gave recognition to Napoleon III through the English ambassador in Paris. This high-

handed action brought about his dismissal, although, to retaliate, he soon accomplished the defeat of the whole Liberal ministry, so giving Russell what he termed "tit for tat."

After a few months of Conservative government, the coalition ministry came in with Lord Aberdeen at its head and William E. Gladstone as Chancellor of the Exchequer. It was now that his facility with figures and his eloquence established Gladstone's ability to make even an annual budget sufficiently interesting to hold the House attentive for five consecutive hours. Mismanagement of the Crimean war forced the resignation of Aberdeen and Palmerston was made Prime Minister to carry it through.

The Civil War in the United States produced momentous results in England, since the great cotton factories of the kingdom looked to the South to supply their raw material. The landed aristocracy of England sympathized with the plantation owners in the southern states. They minimized the issue of slavery and centered their attention upon the fact that the South was being forced by the North to a union distasteful to it. On the other hand, the great army of laborers whose very livelihood was cut off by the protracted struggle, saw in it the test of democracy and endured much suffering rather than take measures which might prompt their own government to depart from the neutrality which it had formally announced—whether or not it was always adhered to.

During a Conservative régime of one year—from 1858 to 1859—with Lord Derby as Premier, the Jews were freed from political disqualification by which they had long been handicapped. After the repeal of the Test Act in the fore part of the century, although no longer obliged to take an oath of allegiance to the Established Church, members of Parliament were nevertheless required to swear that they were good Christians. Naturally, this closed a parliamentary career to the Jews. It so happened that Baron Rothschild, at the head of gigantic banking operations in England, had been elected to the Commons from London; this religious oath made it impossible for him to take his seat. Other instances similar in character led to a change, by

which all but atheists were left eligible. Some years later this final obstruction was taken away and political advancement set wholly free from religion or lack of it.

After the death of Lord Derby the leadership of the Conservatives fell to Disraeli, a brilliant Jew whose life exemplified numerous incongruities. Proud of his ancient race, he was, notwithstanding, a member of the Established Church. Conspicuous in his youth for a flippancy of speech and dress, he became a penetrating thinker. Having made a merciless attack upon Peel when in 1846 he deserted the platform of his party and repealed the duty on grain, twenty years later he himself did what was accounted far more censurable. Although the Conservative party opposed further extension of suffrage, realizing that this reform was bound to come, Disraeli stole the thunder of the Liberals and put through the Reform Bill of 1867, by which artisans in the towns were enfranchised. It remained for Gladstone in 1884 to secure the vote for rural labor, establishing wellnigh universal suffrage for men in England.

It is interesting to note that when a further extension of the vote was being agitated in 1866-7, John Stuart Mill provoked much merriment and some wrath by proposing the enfranchisement of women. Although held up to ridicule at the time, in little more than half a century it was achieved.

As Disraeli was leader of the Conservatives, so was Gladstone foremost among the Liberals. His first period as Prime Minister extended from 1868 until 1874. During these years elementary education was established throughout England and the attendance of children of school age was made compulsory. Further, all religious restrictions which had held the great English universities closed to students of dissenting views were removed.

A reform operating against political corruption was passed in 1872 when the secret ballot was established. In the year previous the pernicious system whereby young men of wealth and influence could purchase positions in the army was forever swept away. Heretofore those of merit had seen the discouraging spectacle of incompetents passed

over their heads because of money, the efficiency of the army at the same time being impeded.

Gladstone determined to solve the problem of Ireland. He believed that if certain definite reforms were enacted, the loyalty of the Irish people would necessarily follow. To this end he labored for many years. Some of the concessions made during his premiership have since provoked much resentment in England and, as a matter of fact, instead of removing grounds of hostility as he anticipated, his enactments seemed sometimes to stimulate bolder demands. Upon the defeat of the first Home Rule Bill in 1874 the Conservatives returned with Disraeli as Premier. The following year he was able to purchase nearly one-half of the entire Suez Canal stock from Ishmail, Khedive of Egypt, for the sum of five million pounds. Financially this was a fine investment, since it is worth several times its original value today. Politically, the placing of a great amount of stock for this enterprise in England resulted in the occupation of Egypt by England after the insolvency of the Khedive, in order to protect English purchasers. At first a "dual power" with France was set up. Later, the French being unwilling to share the expense of Egyptian occupation, it was left for England to take control. As a midway station to India, this proved so desirable that only in recent times has the government been turned back to the Egyptians. Beyond a doubt the reforms inaugurated in the way of sanitation and economic progress by the English, during their period of occupation, have proved highly beneficial.

Having keen penetration, Disraeli comprehended more clearly than most of his generation to what degree England's future was to depend upon her colonial possessions. As a result of his efforts, the government withdrew largely from European concerns, substituting "a colonial for a foreign policy." It was Disraeli who induced Victoria to assume the new title of Empress of India, grasping the significance such an act would have in the eyes of her Indian subjects.

The Queen's Jubilee was celebrated in 1887, after fifty years of prosperous development at home and abroad. This

was made the occasion of many conferences with representatives from far-away lands, proud of their incorporation in the British Empire. Not long before her death, the famous Diamond Jubilee was observed by faithful subjects throughout British Dominions.

Having labored in vain for Home Rule in Ireland until approaching age made public service a burden, Gladstone died in 1898. His death removed the last of the great statesmen who accomplished the reforms of the latter nineteenth century. The Queen tarried only to see a new cycle succeed the one to which her long reign of nearly sixty-four years belonged. Her life nearly spanned that marvellous hundred years, with its astonishing transformations. She had witnessed the welding together of the vast Empire, with its subjects in every quarter of the globe.

Her eldest son, who took the name of Edward VII when crowned in 1901, was advanced in life when at last called to assume the responsibility of kingship. He inherited his father's fine tact and is warmly remembered for his conciliatory attitude toward foreign nations. Scarcely more than nine years were allotted to him ere death made the English throne once again vacant. In 1910 his son succeeded as George V.

Since the accession of the Hanoverian line, English sovereigns have reigned but not ruled. Their function is described as "to encourage and to warn." Citizens of other lands, knowing the limitations placed upon them in the administration of home and colonial affairs, often fail to appreciate their real importance in the minds of British subjects. To these they not only preserve time-honored traditions but, what is more important, they symbolize a vast Empire, whose people are "bound with ties as light as air and as strong as iron."

NINETEENTH CENTURY PROGRESS

Whether we turn to industry, transformed by the application of steam as a propelling force, to science, medicine, sanitation, or to social conditions, the nineteenth century stands unparalleled in achievements.

In 1820 there were no railroads in England; a line from Manchester to Liverpool was opened in 1830, having been built to relieve the congestion of the canals. However, so unexpected was the heavy passenger traffic that for a while all available engines were required to transport passengers to and fro. The first trains moved at the rate of 34 miles an hour and there was considerable protest when human beings entrusted themselves to such speed. Coach lines, which had hitherto had a monopoly of transporting passengers, found their services no longer in demand as rapidly as new steam lines united parts of the kingdom by iron rails.

The earliest steamboats were equipped with sails, making use of both wind and steam for locomotion.

A modern postal system contributed to the unification of all parts of the kingdom. The early method had been for carriers to convey letters, newspapers and the like from sender to recipient by private arrangement, the tariff being collected upon delivery. Sometimes the recipient would refuse to accept mail; sometimes he would be unable to pay the fee of cartage; almost invariably it would require several minutes at least to transact the matter of surrendering mail and receiving the tariff, which varied according to the distance traversed. Rules were made to prevent a sender carrying his letter part way, thereby lessening the carrier's fee. Many other vexatious conditions attached to the transportation of mail.

Rowland Hill, a teacher, having some facility for figures, brought forth a plan for making uniform the tariff on letters throughout England; however, he stipulated that postage be paid in advance—thus eliminating the delays which had previously handicapped the carriers. He was taken from his position as schoolmaster to serve the government in putting his scheme into operation. He advocated the use of "little bags called envelopes" for the containing of letters; stamps were gradually brought into requisition and the entire postal system established on a satisfactory basis. To the amazement of many, it proved a means of revenue instead of a loss, as had been predicted.

In the early part of the century electricity and its manifold uses were unknown; not even the safety lamp, devised by Davey for use of miners, nor apparatus for divers had been invented. Photography was undreamed.

The oriental story of creation was still accepted literally. Only a few obscure scientists had privately discarded it for the *catastrophe* theory, now possessing only historical interest. According to this, a series of catastrophes had befallen the planet on which we dwell, scarring and marking it with rocks and mountains, as we know them.

The Geological Society of London received its Royal Charter in 1825; its members were determined to learn by investigation the processes through which the earth had passed. Charles Lyell, an Englishman, published his *Principles of Geology* in 1830-3, claiming for his work that it was "an attempt to explain former changes of the earth's surface by reference to causes now in operation." So sensible and sane a proposition was calculated to hush the protest of the clergy at efforts to explain scientifically the earth's processes of formation through countless ages. In 1832 a geological survey of England and Wales was begun; this was afterwards extended to include Ireland.

The theory of transmutation of species, as advanced by Darwin, has been called the "greatest scientific event of the nineteenth century." He travelled far and wide for twenty-one years before writing his book entitled: the *Origin of Species*—an epoch-making treatise.

The hostility of theologians awakened by this publication was similar to that which had previously greeted the uniformitarian theory of the earth's formation and the angry protest aroused by Galileo when he promulgated the notion that the sun did not move around the earth, as the Ptolemaic theory had assumed. Such demonstrations toward scientific advancement call to mind the storm raised in ancient Athens when one of her philosophers declared that the sun was not a god but a body of molten fire, as large as the Peloponnesus. The seer advancing this opinion was obliged to flee from Athens in order to save his life.



"SUNLIGHT"

Painting by John W. Alexander, 1909, illustrating early twentieth century costumes.

A hundred years ago there was no science of medicine, as the term is now understood. The germ theory opened the way to an understanding of disease. A knowledge of drugs at least alleviated many of the dangers formerly attending their employment by men scarcely acquainted with their properties. The stethoscope, invented in France, made it possible for diagnosis to be more accurately conducted. Above all, a knowledge of anatomy was shown to be fundamental for the medical profession, and legislation has compelled those ministering to the physical ills of humanity to subject themselves to a thorough preliminary training.

Surgery was mightily aided by the discovery of anæsthetics: ether and chloroform removing earlier horrors from operations and making it possible for surgeons to perform their work without being impeded by the knowledge that the patient was caused more suffering by every incision of the knife.

The study of disease germs led to the use of serums and antitoxins to neutralize them. By such means fevers that once made the tropics uninhabitable for the white man have been conquered.

Reforms were made in many directions. Not only were labor laws enacted but enforced, so that the pitiable conditions of the first would have been intolerable to the second half of the century; prisons and asylums were reorganized and made less cruel, less inhumane. Sanitation was found a fit subject for public consideration and boards of health came into existence. Pure water was recognized as fundamental to public health. Contagious diseases were isolated and other steps taken to stay the scourges that had formerly wiped out large numbers of the people.

Realizing how difficult it is for old schools to break with long traditions, the University of London was founded to enable instructors, imbued with the new learning, to teach their subjects untrammelled. What were called the Ragged Schools were established for the benefit of the poor. Education took long strides ere the century's close, with specialists to illumine all branches of study, especially the various departments of science.

It is customary to contrast the few miles of railroad in England in 1830 with the many in 1890; to point to the numerous steamship lines of the present time with none a hundred years ago. Statistics are instructive but easily forgotten. It is enough to note that England of the nineties was like the England of today; while in the early part of the century, people travelled by coach, read by oil lamps, and in many respects lived more akin to their mediæval ancestors than to their descendants of the present time.

¹ Muir: *Short Hist. of British Commonwealth*, II, 216, 314.

² Fueter: *World History*, 18.

³ Oscar Browning: *Modern Europe*, p. 379.

* Bishop Horsley.

HOW ENGLAND IS GOVERNED

THE comparative history of existing governments offers a most attractive field of study. An examination of the English system leads back to the days of the Saxon Witenagemot, or Assembly of Wise Men. The thanes composing it not only advised their king but wielded a decisive voice in determining his undertakings. It is doubtful whether at any time he would have attempted to act contrary to their counsel. In remote times probably the common people were also privileged to gather around their chief and listen to the deliberations of the Elders, even as in Homeric Greece the fighting host were allowed to express approval or dissent by shouts of joy or murmurs of discontent. However, in course of time mere numbers made it impossible for other than the powerful thanes to repair to the capital or headquarters of their king; the burden of journeying thither alone placed it beyond the possibility of the commonalty.

After the Norman Conquest, William the Conqueror and his descendants established the King's Council, made up of the great Norman barons. Whatever the theory, in practice the power actually exerted by these nobles was considerably less than that of the Witan. The king frequently acted not only without their support, but in direct opposition to their wishes. The House of Lords in a measure is an outgrowth of this King's Council. The House of Commons is the result of a steadfast endeavor on the part of the people, through long periods of storm and strife, first, to share in the government of their country, and, latterly, to win predominant power.

A comparison of the English system with the government we know best, in our own land, discloses at once a fundamental difference. A written constitution contains the fundamentals of political administration for the United States. For the three branches of control it provides a President, the chief executive; Congress, the legislative

body; and the Supreme Court, the highest judiciary. Care was taken to isolate these three political branches. The decisions of the Supreme Court are accepted as final even when they declare an Act of Congress to be unconstitutional. The President cannot initiate legislation nor Congress appoint judges of the Supreme Court. In other words, each department acts independently of the rest. The duties of each important officer are defined by the Constitution, which enumerates as well the requirements for eligibility. To modify this written foundation of our political system in any way is difficult and involves lengthy procedure.

England, on the other hand, possesses no such instrument, but is said to have an "unwritten Constitution," which is the sum total of Parliamentary Acts, decisions in Common Law, and custom which has existed "since the memory of man runneth not to the contrary." Instead of being rigid like our own, this "unwritten Constitution," is flexible and a Parliamentary Act might inaugurate radical changes. Indeed, resolutions passed by the Commons in 1911 changed the House of Peers from a position corresponding to our Senate to little more than an advisory body.

Both plans of government exhibit advantages and disadvantages, and each appears to be well suited to the nation employing it.

Once the chief executive of his realm, the King of England by no means occupies such a position today. By his own subjects he is said "to reign, but not to rule." Certain prerogatives remain to him from his royal predecessors: he opens Parliament and adjourns or dismisses it; he confers titles and bestows marks of honor upon subjects, although this is usually done at the instigation of the Premier.

Executive power now resides with the Ministry, which includes some forty men, the heads of governmental departments, and their immediate assistants. The Cabinet, which might be described as a Council of the Ministry, comprises about twenty members, the important officers of the empire. The Premier, or Prime Minister, presides at Cab-

inet meetings. As an executive he makes appointments; by framing important bills for submission to Parliament, he and the Cabinet initiate legislation. At his request Parliament may enact that an interpretation of a law made by a judiciary be reversed. Yet, with such a blending of the threefold functions of control, Englishmen enjoy a stable and well-ordered government.

As is the case with Congress, Parliament assembles yearly and is opened in February by the King with a speech corresponding to that made by our President each December to the two Houses of Congress meeting jointly to hear him. As has long been the custom, the king delivers the address in the House of Lords and the Commons crowd into the limited space outside the railing to listen. The address has been prepared by the premier in conference with the Cabinet and outlines in the main the measures which the administration proposes to bring forward during the ensuing session. At its conclusion the King withdraws and the members of Commons seek their own chamber. In our land the President writes his own address and takes the opportunity to summarize outstanding matters to be considered by Congress and to make his recommendations as to how they may well be treated.

Including those sent by Wales, North Ireland and Scotland, there are about six hundred members in the House of Commons. Whereas with us it is imperative that every representative be a resident of the district electing him, such a rule would be regarded in Great Britain as an insupportable handicap. Instead, voters reach out for the ablest man available in the realm, regardless of where he may reside. About half the Commoners come from boroughs, half from counties, and twelve are sent by the Universities. Oxford and Cambridge send two each, and the Universities of London, Wales, and certain others each send one. Since the University vote is taken on another day than that of the general election, alumni may return to their Alma Mater to help choose those who shall represent especially the highly educated element. As a rule these members are Conservatives. Two votes are permissible in England.

The House of Peers has a membership somewhat larger than the Commons. The majority of its members are hereditary lords. The Scotch Peers choose sixteen of their number to sit in Parliament for one session. The Irish nobility select twenty-eight to serve during the remainder of life. The Archbishops of York and of Canterbury, together with twenty-four other bishops of the Established Church, also belong to the House of Lords.

More than one-fourth of the land of England is owned by hereditary lords whose wealth is enormous. It is to be expected that their policy would be strictly conservative. It is claimed that when even a Liberal inherits his father's title, he is bound to shift presently to the ranks of the Conservative party.

Whenever a Peer dies, his eldest son immediately succeeds to his title. Even though he may have been a member of the Commons at the time and in spite of unfinished business, he is no longer eligible to his seat in the lower House.

Ministers may be appointed from either House. Premiers may be Peers, as in the cases of Lord Derby and Lord Rosebery; again, they may be taken from the Commons—as, for example, William E. Gladstone, and, more recently, Lloyd George. However, because no member of the House of Lords may appear on the floor of the lower House, it is inconvenient for a titled Premier to perform his duties to-day and it is likely that the Prime Ministers of the future will generally belong to the people.

The King calls upon the leader of the strongest party in Parliament to form a Cabinet. The Prime Minister so chosen appoints a Foreign Secretary, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and so on, selecting men prominent in his party and suited to make up an efficient and harmonious group. In joint meetings of the Cabinet the annual budget is discussed and the various bills of importance to be brought before Parliament. A ministry serves for no stated time but so long as it commands a majority in the House of Commons and can carry its measures—failing which, one of two procedures is followed: the Ministry may resign and the leader of the opposing party be requested by the

sovereign to form a new Cabinet, or the King may dissolve Parliament and, by means of a new election, ascertain the will of the people on the issues at stake. If the Ministry is supported, it continues in power; otherwise it immediately resigns and another is formed.

The political faction in power is known as "His Majesty's Government"; those of the opposing policy, as "His Majesty's Opposition." A new election may reverse the factions so designated but the terms remain.

After the delivery of the address by the King before Parliament, some member of the lower House, chosen for the honor, moves, in the Commons, after it has resumed its accustomed place, that thanks be extended to His Majesty for his gracious speech. This is the signal for debate to open, for and against the measures advocated in the address. This continues frequently for several days. If the motion carries, indication is thus given that the Cabinet will be able to hold a majority. If the motion be lost, the Ministry resigns or a new election ensues to make clear the disposition of the people.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer must not only prepare the budget—the finance bill—specifying the sums necessary to provide for the annual expenses, but must indicate how these funds shall be raised. In 1909 Lloyd George filled the post and proposed to provide no small part of the amount necessary by a tax on the unearned increment of land, or its enhanced value over its original cost. This created a veritable storm among the Peers, upon whom the proposed tax would fall heaviest. They rejected the Bill. This led to an untenable situation, for it has been acknowledged for centuries to be the privilege of the Commons to provide for the financial requirements of the kingdom.

As a result, in 1911, resolutions were passed in the House of Commons to the end that a financial bill could not be delayed in the House of Lords beyond one month, at the expiration of which it should be sent to the King for signature; secondly, it was decided that any other public bill, if passed by the Commons in three successive sessions, would automatically become a law after the expiration of

two years from the date of its first introduction. In consequence of these resolutions, the House of Lords became an advisory body in so far as major measures are concerned, being able to delay but not prevent legislation. In dealing with private bills, on the other hand, the Lords perform highly important work. The petition of a group of men for a franchise enabling them to construct a railroad or street car system; or the request of an individual for special permission necessary for some enterprise—matters such as these require much time for investigation, and this many of the Peers are situated to expend. By this means freedom of debate is preserved to the lower House instead of it becoming literally choked with bills, as is too often the case in our House of Representatives. Our lower House has sometimes been obliged to listen to several thousand bills during a period corresponding to which not more than two or three hundred would be considered by the lower British House. Thus matters of grave concern receive due attention and debate is not restrained.

After Gladstone secured the vote for the rural labor in 1884 no change was made in the constituency for many years. With the dawn of the twentieth century, agitation concerning the enfranchisement of women, which had been heard before, now became insistent. Having failed to awaken much enthusiasm among men, who alone could grant it, some of the leaders among English women began to advance the argument that, as most reforms in the past had been won by violence, it might be necessary for women to resort to vigorous measures in order to attain their political ambitions. The adoption of such teachings on the part of some gave rise to a decade of noisy demonstrations. Public meetings were often disturbed by shouts of "Votes for women!"; street parades were made, and no occasion was safe from the interruptions of these militants, as they were called. As a king was on his way to be coronated, the bridle of his horse was seized by a zealot for the cause. Pictures were cut from their frames in public galleries and other depredations committed.

The discerning failed to see in such manifestations convincing proof of women's fitness to discharge new respon-

sibilities or of their sound judgment to cope with public questions. So nothing definite was achieved.

Then came the World War with its exacting burdens, and all such demonstrations ceased. Women fell to work, shoulder to shoulder with men in munition factories and wherever their services could be advantageously employed. In recognition of their fine record for war service, a reform bill was passed in 1918, bestowing suffrage upon all women of thirty years who maintain their own home or place of business having a yearly rental value of about twenty-five dollars; upon the wives of men eligible to vote; and, finally, upon the graduates of Universities who qualify as to age requirement. This last was made for the reason that so heavy had been the loss of England's manhood, after the war the vote of the women would have otherwise been predominant. At the same time that the franchise was thus given to women, men who had lacked the ballot, because they were not householders or otherwise able to meet all requirements of the law, received the vote. In these ways two million men and about eight million women were enfranchised. As a result, one out of three in the entire population in England is now qualified to vote for members of Parliament. Nevertheless, agitation has already begun to secure equal suffrage for men and women. Of this we are bound to hear more as time goes on.

THE BRITISH EMPIRE

THE British Empire now occupies one-fourth of the earth's surface and embraces about one-fourth of the world's population. Although foundations for this extensive empire were laid long ago, yet the ambition to complete it and make stable what had been gained in so vast a structure was born only in the nineteenth century, particularly in Victorian England.

Unquestionably, in recent times an aggressive spirit deliberately at work to annex territory coveted for commercial advantage has been manifest. This was evident when the Boer Republics were overrun and converted into British colonies. Such action met the disapproval of many Englishmen, even though it had the firm support of others, —Cecil Rhodes, for instance. Other examples of a jingo policy could be cited. However, to imagine that this gigantic fabric of peoples and states which makes up the British Empire is solely the result of such conscious and calculating planning, adhered to for centuries, would be wide of the mark.

From time immemorial, numerous commodities highly prized in Europe could be procured only in the East—a term used with sweeping generality for centuries. Only the western part of Asia was known to antiquity or prior to the late fifteenth century, despite the travels of Marcò Polo and adventurous mariners. Central and eastern Asia, with countless isles of the seas, were called indiscriminately *the East*, or *the Indies*. Caravans brought spices, gums of Araby, perfumes, rugs, sweet smelling woods, costly silks and jewels from the great unexplored interior; traders distributed them throughout Europe. The menacing Turks threatened to cut off connection with these profitable products and the urge that sent Columbus over an uncharted ocean to seek a new route to “the Indies” was nothing new; it had prompted many a mariner before him, there is strong reason to suppose, whose efforts were less successful or who, perhaps, did not disclose the results of his journeys to

jealous seamen. Cipango—Japan—and Cathay—China—were vaguely known. Marco Polo had written of them. India was also known to exist, but a glance at the maps which were known to Columbus and to other early discoverers indicates utter lack of authentic knowledge as to their location. Especially, those two continents that so long obstructed the way of sailors, eager to reach the fabled East, were wholly undreamed. A century was lost trying to find a waterway which should lead through them—a northwest passage or, perchance, a northeastern channel. It would be impossible to tell how many lives were lost in this vain endeavor

When Alexander VI obligingly divided newly discovered lands to the satisfaction of Spain and Portugal, conferring upon the first all western territories and on the second all those discovered in the East, although more *terra firma* was granted to Spain, Portugal surely reaped the reward of riches, and it was Portugal, tiny in size though magnificent in ambition, that brought into existence the first Eastern Empire won by any European state. From 1500 until the dawn of the seventeenth century, trade with Asia was largely in her control. The following cycle found the Dutch supreme upon the seas, and aggressive sailors of the Netherlands presently drove the Portuguese from their earlier monopoly. Strife began between the Dutch and the English, who came late upon the scene of action both in the eastern and western hemispheres, seeking some share in distant trade. France, also late to enter into rivalry with her neighbors for outlying territory and especially for trade, ran her course in the eighteenth century, whose close saw her driven from a once advantageous position in Asia and America.

With each of these nations the dominating impulse prompting to tireless activity overseas was the hope of securing boundless wealth with which to enrich the homeland, through trade or from the natural resources of the newly found regions. Whether one reads the exploits of Spanish conquistadors in Mexico and Peru; of Portuguese explorers in Africa; of Dutch traders, resorting to wanton cruelties in defending their trading posts; of French or

English explorers, he is impressed with the merciless exploitation of primitive peoples, luckless enough to have been overtaken by these ruthless adventurers, so consumed with their plans for trade and plunder that the rights of the original possessors bulked small indeed. Our own treatment of the American Red Men is part and parcel of the same sad story and it is impossible for any right minded American today to review our early relations with these children of plains and forests without suffering humiliation and shame.

The thought to be held in mind throughout the study of the age of colonization is that the controlling motive was expansion of trade. Territory was not primarily desired, but the privilege of establishing "factories" or trading posts. It gradually became plain that these distant lands might accommodate a surplus population and so, where climate and other conditions proved favorable, desire for territorial expansion developed; this was shown in the planting of colonists along the Atlantic seaboard. However, the directors of the trading company in India raised strong protest when their resident employees expended money to build a fort, although the site for it had been given to them; and repeatedly those at home censured officers who were forced to dominate a region in order to protect their own factories from plundering tribes.

A Portuguese explorer was sent out with royal instructions to preach first, but, if that failed, to use the "determining sword." The age of discovery and exploration, of colonizing, as well, exhibits repeated instances of men so eager for commercial gain that they did not stop to preach at all, but there was rarely any hesitation about using the "determining sword."

The nineteenth century witnessed a reversal of this first attitude toward the "backward peoples," as they have been called. The prohibition of the slave trade ended open attempts, at any rate, to provide slave markets with new stock. The dark men of Africa had hitherto been at the mercy of every slave catcher and frequently one tribe of blacks would be bribed to capture another, in order to supply the ships that appeared from time to time in search of

human cargoes. Those who transport animals from the jungles today, for purposes of exhibition, employ every care and safeguard; but no provision at all was made for the comfort of those unfortunates who were herded like cattle into the ship's hold, only to die in alarming numbers in transit.

The feeling of revulsion to human oppression which had led to freedom of the blacks in territories ruled by France and England, gave birth to a further desire to protect and aid rather than to exploit backward peoples, wherever found. This, together with new conceptions of political economy, resulted in an abandonment of the one-time *mercantile* policy, according to which colonies had existed solely for the benefit of the mother-country.

After the separation of the thirteen original colonies along the Atlantic, and, more particularly, after Canada, having received considerable assistance from England, imposed a duty upon English merchandise, there developed a feeling in the United Kingdom that colonies were not worth the trouble they occasioned and that it would be well to permit them to fall away, since the burden of protecting them from foreign foes involved heavy taxation at home. Public men announced their conviction that the far reaching empire might better be limited. However, in late years this theory has been abandoned and is now little heard.

Sooner or later, almost every conceivable type of colony has been administered by Great Britain. At the Queen's Jubilee, in 1897, representatives of all races and many nationalities marched in the marvelous parade that did homage to the Mother of the British Empire.

The more one studies the intricate system which has arisen to meet needs as unlike as those of islands, coaling stations, provinces and a continent, the less he is disposed to criticise the nation which has been sobered by this Herculean task.

FIVE DOMINIONS

a. CANADA

Due to its proximity and close touch with our own history, Canada has always been bound to the United States

by many ties. It was first discovered by the French, who dreamed of building up a great Inland Empire, hemming in the English colonies scattered along the Atlantic seaboard. Having fortified Quebec, the mouth of the St. Lawrence, and New Orleans, the mouth of the Mississippi, the entire Mississippi basin, the Great Lakes district, and the basin of the St. Lawrence constituted a rich area with its own waterways to the sea. Many are the French names indelibly inscribed in this extensive territory, commemorating the prodigious efforts of the men who planted the French flag far and wide in their patriotic ambition to serve their country. Yet, as in certain other parts of the world, they were destined to give way before the Anglo-Saxons. Quebec fell in 1763 in a battle fought by two brave generals: Wolfe and Montcalm. Napoleon sold the entire tract known as Louisiana—a territory with indefinite westward boundaries—to the young republic in America. So ended that long struggle for supremacy. The activities of the French have been graphically narrated by Parkman in his *Jesuits in America* and other writings.

With the termination of French power in Canada, it devolved upon the English to govern a large French population. The settlers in Montreal, Quebec and vicinity were Catholic; they were accustomed to feudal administration. Naturally, they were hostile to the aliens who had conquered them. The situation, itself sufficiently perplexing, was complicated by the growing hostility of the English colonies to the south, who were struggling against political measures that they deemed tyrannical. To prevent trouble in Canada, the English Parliament passed the Quebec Act in 1774, insuring freedom of religion to the French and a continuance of existing land tenure and civil law.

When the revolting colonies declared their independence, many staunch loyalists chose to leave a land peopled by those who rebelled against their king; indeed, many left upon the outbreak of hostilities. Later the property of loyalists was confiscated. To the number of sixty thousand or more, these British subjects poured into Canada, populating what is now Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. It was manifestly unjust to expect them to be

ruled by French civil law or to dwell where French was the official tongue. Consequently, the Constitutional Act was passed in 1791. This divided Canada into two provinces: Lower Canada, the portion nearest the ocean, called Quebec; and the higher region, farther west, called Ontario. The first was still to be French in custom and tongue; the second was wholly English. Since the British in Ontario were accustomed to participation in the government, a system similar to that which had obtained in the colonies farther south was set up, a governor being sent by the crown while elective assemblies constituted legislative bodies.

It was scarcely to be expected that an English governor and a French assembly would often agree; on the contrary, one antagonized the other, until in 1837 a rebellion began in Lower Canada. This was the signal in Ontario for the dissatisfied to rise up. These demonstrations were soon quelled. However, it was realized in London that the situation must be thoroughly investigated. As a result, Lord Durham was sent out as High Commissioner to examine into Canadian conditions. Believing himself authorized to institute reforms, he initiated changes which the home government would not support; whereupon he resigned and returned to England in deep resentment. He died soon after, but the lasting part of his work was a report which he published before it was given to Parliament. This has become the foundation stone of British colonial administration. The Durham report laid down the principle that all colonies having representative government should follow the home plan and have ministries responsible to their assemblies. He claimed that they should be left free to manage their own affairs, while foreign matters should be left to the English Parliament. As to Canada, he urged that Upper and Lower Canada be united. These sound principles were accepted and, as the French were accorded equal share with the English, they had no ground for complaint. Lord Elgin, son-in-law of Lord Durham, was sent out as Governor to Canada in 1847 and immediately put into practice ministerial responsibility of government.

In 1867 a plan was worked out in Canada for uniting the provinces. The scheme was ratified by a parliamentary act and the *Dominion of Canada* was formed of four provinces: New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Quebec and Ontario. Profiting by the struggle over state's rights in the United States, all powers not specifically delegated to the provinces were left to the federal government. New provinces have since come into existence and have joined the Dominion. The western region is largely agricultural and, among others, includes Manitoba, British Columbia and the territory of Yukon.

In 1878 it was decreed that all British North America, with the exception of Newfoundland, that refused to join, should belong to the Dominion. This added lands once belonging to the Hudson Bay Company, from which sparsely settled regions, in the far north, future provinces may be carved.

The present government of Canada is vested in a Governor-General, who represents the King; a Senate, appointed by him for life, and an elective House of Commons, with a cabinet responsible to it. Real power lies in the House, while the Senate acts as a restraining, counseling body.

The building of the Canadian Pacific Railway in 1886 had a tremendous effect upon the development of the far west, where wheat growing possibilities have proved astounding.

b. AUSTRALIA

As early as 1642 Abel Tasman and other Dutch sailors sighted a land which became vaguely known to geographers as *Australis*; to the Dutch, as *New Holland*; but beyond claiming it for Holland, nothing further was done and it remained a fabled region which was said to reach even to the South Pole.

More than a century later events occurred which determined that this smallest of continents should be British rather than Dutch. It is a curious story, how it came about, involved with astronomers, botanists and other

scientific men. The tale is refreshing after the perusal of trade jealousies and warfare.

It was during the reign of Charles II, it will be remembered, that a charter was issued to the Royal Society, whose object was scientific research. Varied indeed were the first problems this group of scholarly men set themselves to investigate, ranging from peanut culture to the discovery of new stars.

In 1768 King George III was informed that a remarkable eclipse of the sun by the planet Venus would occur the following year and would be visible in the South Seas. The Royal Society urged that a group of scientific men be sent out to make observations and report in detail regarding this astronomical wonder. The project being favorably entertained, a ship, the *Endeavor*, was fitted out for the trip and the most able navigator in the royal service, one James Cook, was put in command. After a long voyage a landing was made on the island of Tahiti and relations between scholars and natives were from the first highly amicable. By the middle of the next year, the observations completed, Cook and his learned passengers departed from the lovely Pacific isle to seek the strange land concerning which Tasman had long before reported. By the middle of August they reached New Zealand, but hostile natives prevented them from disembarking in the first harbor. Nevertheless, farther north, in waters now known as Mercury Bay—because observations were here made regarding an eclipse of the sun by Mercury—a successful landing was effected.

Cook perceived that this was not the country which he sought and the journey was continued. Not until the spring of 1770 did he sight a shore which he called New South Wales, not knowing whether it might prove to be an island or a continent. Botanists ranged far and wide for specimens and the nature of their investigations led them to call the sheet of water where they landed *Botany Bay*. Cook hoisted the English flag and took possession of the region in the name of the King. Thereafter the party turned homeward, having been gone more than two years. Twice afterwards Captain Cook returned to explore the coast of

Australia and neighboring islands. He was killed on his third trip by natives in the Sandwich Islands.

Before the American Revolution it had been the custom of the English to empty their jails and prisons by sending shiploads of convicts to plantation owners of the south as indented slaves. This being longer impossible, the plan was suggested of establishing a penal colony in New South Wales. This was regarded as a humanitarian measure, since misdoers in a new land, after serving at hard labor for the period of sentence, might begin life anew. When it is remembered that the laws of England were very severe at this time and petty thieving might even lead to protracted imprisonment, it is plain that all those held in custody were by no means hardened criminals, although not a few answered to that description. Ships carrying these unfortunate creatures were equipped with doctors, and other provisions were made for their comfort. Yet, in view of the fact that the first penal fleet to leave London for Botany Bay sailed in May, 1787, and arrived at its destination the following January, it is evident that the hardships of the voyage alone may easily have seemed out of all proportion to offenses committed.

In course of time the opportunities afforded by this new land attracted thither many settlers and one Macarthur, who came at first in a military capacity, realized how favorable were the conditions for sheep raising. Accordingly, he imported a flock of sheep and began an industry which has since brought untold wealth to Australia.

It was natural that self-respecting Britishers who located in this continent should strenuously object to having the land of their choice known abroad as a great penal station; consequently, steps were taken to prevent further importation of criminals. But in England the fight was almost as strong to continue the convenient custom of deporting miscreants. Australians hoped that after 1850 no more shiploads of such doubtful stock for the upbuilding of a continent would appear; yet for some years after prisoners were sometimes sent thither.

The sturdy English, in view of the concessions made to

the provinces of Canada, asked the privilege of self-government. A parliamentary act of 1850 allowed them to choose their own form of administration and in 1856 the first Australian Parliament met in New South Wales.

The quiet abode of farmers and sheep growers experienced sudden changes when in 1850 gold was discovered in Victoria. Towns sprang up overnight, as it were, and a rapid increase of population followed—in some cases scarcely more desirable than those previously brought out by the penal fleets.

Queensland and Victoria were carved out of the great tract known at first as New South Wales. Three other provinces have since been formed. Considerable strife waged among these separate states until the commonwealth of Australia was formed in 1901, with six provinces and a territory: the island of Tasmania, close by, whose present name records its early Dutch discovery.*

The present government of this comparatively new commonwealth is now vested in a Governor-General and Executive Council of seven, and a Parliament composed of a senate and elective house. Whereas Canada reserved to the federal government all rights not specified for the separate states, the reverse is true in Australia: to the states are reserved all rights not definitely bestowed upon the commonwealth.

The Australians have attracted much attention in other lands for the experiments they have made along social and political lines, putting into practice various theories advanced by the socialists in modern times for state ownership of public utilities.

C. NEW ZEALAND

New Zealand, like Australia, has been spared those unfortunate wars of trade and territorial rivalry which Canada and India suffered. The name New Zealand denotes two large and several small islands. Judging from the map, it would appear as though these islands were located near Australia but, as a matter of fact, they are distant twelve hundred and eighty miles and a four days' voyage by fast steamer.

A native population of some fifty thousand Maories has created a different situation in these islands from that obtaining in Australia; this, as well as the intervening distance, has made union with the continent seem ill-advised.

The New Zealanders received their first charter and governor in 1840; twelve years later they were accorded self-government and in 1907 they were given rank with Canada and Australia.

The progressive measures inaugurated since 1890 in New Zealand have made it of especial interest to students of government. Railroads and telegraphs have been operated by the commonwealth in the interest of its citizens. It was the first country in the world to enfranchise women, the ballot being given them in 1893.

Whereas Australia suffers from lack of sufficient rivers and means of irrigation, numerous streams find their way down the mountainsides in New Zealand, whose beautiful scenery attracts the tourist. Capital is needed to develop the natural resources of the country, which is said to possess enough water power, still going to waste, to propel all the wheels of commerce.

d. SOUTH AFRICA

Cape Colony was settled by the Dutch in the seventeenth century. Thither came also French Huguenots, driven out of their own land by harsh persecution. For two centuries the Boers—as the Dutch settlers were called—continued to preserve the stern, cantankerous attitude engendered by the traditions of religious oppression and by inflexible Calvinistic teachings. They dwelt apart and sought isolation for perpetuating their faith, even as did the Pilgrim Fathers.

The Congress of Vienna awarded Cape Colony to the English, and as soon as British law was set up in their midst, friction began with the Boers. Especially were they antagonized by the abolition of slavery throughout British possessions, for they had hitherto exploited native labor to their own advantage. At last, exasperated by this measure, which vitally affected their industry, ten thou-

sand of these Boers took family and movable possessions and began the great trek, or migration beyond British jurisdiction. They journeyed into the Orange Free State and into the Transvaal. Here they organized their own governments and, in 1852, the independence of the South African Republic was declared; two years later, that of the Orange Free State.

In 1877, the English complained that the treatment which the Boers were according the natives was endangering all white settlements in South Africa. An attempt was made to overrun their states with soldiery, but the British were defeated. Gladstone pursued a conciliatory policy and in 1884 recognized the Boer republics, at the same time stipulating that all white people should be allowed to trade or to settle in them and not to be oppressively taxed.

In the year 1855 gold was discovered in the Transvaal and the rush thither of the adventurous began. Many of the newcomers were English. The little town of Johannesburg swelled to a population of 100,000 in a brief time. Cecil Rhodes had long wanted the British government to assert sovereignty over this region and other English settlers shared the same desire.

Determined to exclude the aliens who threatened to overthrow their power in the government, the Boers of the Transvaal disobeyed those provisions made by Gladstone ensuring all white people equal consideration. England protested and presently war broke out. It was expected that it would be over quickly, but, on the contrary, the rugged Boers fought valiantly for three years and the most experienced English generals, Roberts and Kitchener, had to be sent against them before fighting in the Transvaal came to its inevitable end, with the Boer republics converted into British colonies.

Because of considerable opposition at home to the conquest of these sturdy Dutchmen, whose ancestors had gone out into the world and carved a home for themselves out of a wild land, great consideration has been shown the Boers since peace was made in 1902. Representative government was accorded South Africa in 1906, the Boers being granted equal rights with the English.

The Union of South Africa was completed in 1910, four provinces being thus joined together: Cape Colony, Natal, Orange Free State and the Transvaal. The present government is vested in a Governor-General and a Parliament made up of a Senate and elective Representatives. When the first Parliament of the Union of South Africa convened in 1910, Louis Botha, a Boer and efficient general in the late war, served as prime minister. Both Dutch and English have been made official tongues and the old animosities of the two peoples seem to have largely disappeared.

Rivalry with Germany exerted a strong influence in precipitating the Boer War. It was realized that if the Dutch and Germans should unite, the English possessions in northern and southern Africa might be held permanently apart. As it is, a Cape to Cairo railway and the telegraph now bind them together.

e. THE IRISH FREE STATE

No open minded Englishman today denies that grievous wrongs have been inflicted upon Ireland in the past through ignorance, greed and animosity. However, during the last twenty-five years there has been a disposition on the part of British statesmen and public to adjust the Irish question in a way wholly satisfying to the people of Ireland. That it would be dangerous to England were all connection with the island severed was demonstrated during the late war. Other nations, sooner or later, would be sure to gain a dominating influence, which would react unhappily against the United Kingdom.

After Lloyd George frankly asked the Irish people what form of government would satisfy them and their internal disputes continued to disrupt unified action, the remark was let fall that "Ireland does not know what she wants and she won't be happy till she gets it." Readers of the great dailies, which herald wide the world's news, found some solace in the comment, since the situation in the Emerald Isle appeared to be too baffling for any outsider to attempt to fathom.

Modern difficulties have arisen from the fact that the southern and central portions of the island are predomi-

nantly Catholic and agricultural, while the north is Protestant and engaged in manufacturing. The Protestants of Ulster have absolutely refused to entrust their future to the legislation of a Catholic majority; for old scores and the bitterness of generations have been productive of constant friction.

The World War interrupted a movement designed to provide self-government for Ireland; but the Irish Free State was finally established in December, 1922. Provisions of all modern constitutions are to be found in the one which defines the new Irish government, which opens with the statement that "the Irish Free State is a co-equal member of the community of nations forming the British Commonwealth of Nations."

Government is centered in a Parliament of two Houses: a Senate of sixty members, elected by the people from a list of candidates submitted by the lower House, and a *Dail Eireann*, or Chamber of Deputies for Ireland, made up of representatives chosen by the people. They serve for four years unless dissolved meantime. The members of the upper house serve for twelve years and one-fourth of the number is chosen every three years.

Parliament laid a special prohibition upon the Irish that no religious favoritism would be permitted nor any restrictions regarding religion. So long as religion continued to be a political issue, any hope of unity in the island was idle.

Ulster still sends her representatives to the English Parliament; this the Irish Free State is no longer permitted to do, since her government is like that of Canada or Australia. However, she still sends peers to the House of Lords.

After eight years no amendment may be made to the Irish Constitution without being voted upon by the people. Initiative and referendum have a prominent place in the legislation of the Irish Free State. Bills of finance originate with the *Dail*, as with all lower Houses in the British Dominions; responsible ministerial government is likewise provided.

Thus, at last, it is hoped that peace and prosperity are

to settle down over the beautiful seagirt land, too long torn by human strife and desolated by human suffering.

THE INDIAN EMPIRE

Along the southern boundary of Asia, as from Europe, three peninsulas project into the sea. On the west is Arabia; on the east the Malay Peninsula; between them lies India. This vast country has been compared in shape to a kite, and whether measured from extreme north to south, or from east to west, has a like distance of approximately nineteen hundred miles, or about twice the length of California. Its area is that of Europe without Russia or two-thirds that of the United States.

At no time since authentic records begin has this wide area been the home of a united people; rather, it has contained willnigh countless states, large and small, strong and weak, peaceful and warlike. Even today, after much has been done to unify the peninsula, one hundred and forty vernaculars are said to be spoken by the component peoples.

With the remote history of this portion of Asia we have no concern here; but it is interesting to note that on several occasions it was overrun by Mohammedans, who swept down through the passes that give access through the Himalayas, subjecting helpless tribes with their fierce onslaught.

In the sixteenth century, before Queen Elizabeth ascended the English throne, one of these conquerors from the north made the peninsula tributary to him and established his dynasty. Most able of the line was Akbar, whose reign coincided with that of the great English Queen. Even today the reader is amazed at the administrative skill of Akbar and the progressive measures which he inaugurated for his empire. The capital was established at Delhi, and emperors of this house were known as the Great Moguls, the word Mogul being a form of Mongol, denoting their race. The last efficient emperor of the dynasty, Aurangzeb, died in 1707. With his death the actual control over the peoples of India terminated, although his descendants con-

tinued to occupy the Peacock Throne for some generations and to receive tribute from such districts as could be induced to render it.

On the last day of the year 1600 the English Queen, then advanced in years, signed the charter that gave a monopoly of the East India trade to the company destined to survive other mercantile corporations that flourished in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. So profitable were the first voyages conducted by the East India Company and so rich the returns to the stockholders that James I was moved to grant them rights "forever," when their original sixteen years elapsed, qualifying this only in case their enterprise should cease to be "profitable to the realm."

For half a century this mercantile corporation confined its operations to trade. Trading posts were established in India, a yearly sum being paid to the Great Mogul for the privilege. In 1661 the island of Bombay was ceded to Charles II as part of the dowry brought by his Portuguese bride. This he turned over to the East India Company for a slight yearly stipend.

Not to enter into detail as to the growth of these English trading stations, by the opening of the eighteenth century, branches of the company had been built up at Madras, Bombay and Calcutta. The French, likewise, had been active in establishing themselves. They, too, had formed an East India Company and had two stations: Pondicherry, under the direction of one Dupleix, and Chandernagore, commanded by La Bourdonnais.

When the war of Austrian Succession set England and France fighting one another, the struggle was carried into their colonies. In 1746 La Bourdonnais descended upon Madras without warning and it was weakly surrendered to him without a blow. This incident made a lasting impression upon a young clerk, Robert Clive, who escaped with some associates to Fort St. David. The treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle restored Madras to the English, but the prestige of the French remained unimpaired in the eyes of the natives. Clive went back to his ledgers, but he determined that never again should English possessions be handed

over to a rival in his presence without some defense being offered.

Dupleix was a remarkable executive. Realizing the tremendous wealth of India, he longed to see his country firmly established there. He understood the craftiness and guile of the native princes and resolved to ally them against the British. Accordingly, upon the death of the dominant prince in the Carnatic—the eastern lowlands—he espoused the cause of one claimant who pledged to aid him. In self protection the English were forced to support another. With a mere handful of soldiers Clive made a rapid march to the capital of the region, at Arcot, which he captured, putting a large army of natives to flight. This victory resounded to England, won Clive an Irish peerage and everlasting fame.

In 1756 the throne in Bengal was left vacant and a native prince but nineteen years of age became ruler. He resented foreigners in the country and on some pretext made a descent upon the trading station at Calcutta. It was with his acquiescence that 146 English subjects were cast into the "Black Hole" of Calcutta, where all but 23 died before morning. Clive went to the relief of the prisoners and peace obtained for a while. However, it presently became plain that there could be no safety for the English so long as Suraja Dowlah ruled in Bengal. As a result, the struggle between French and English was fought out at the battle of Plassey, where three thousand English and native troops defeated a great army of natives and their French leaders. After this defeat, the whole of Bengal came into the possession of the East India Company.

Clive was sent out from England in 1765 as Governor of Bengal. He is known today as the "Father of the Indian Empire," but due to the lack of knowledge in London as to the true situation in India, he was strongly censured for his conduct of affairs during his term of office. The directors of the company and English sentiment generally opposed the acquisition of territory; they were interested in trade alone and felt that much danger was likely to result from territorial expansion in a country so unlike their

own. On the other hand, in order to maintain their "factories," or trading posts, it proved to be unavoidable for those resident in India to take sides in peninsular affairs. After alliances were made with native tribes, it was imperative to stand by them or lose prestige. The inhabitants of Bengal were naturally peaceful; their unwarlike temperament exposed them to attack from fierce and jealous neighbors. Six months was needed to carry messages from London to those dwelling in India and by the time orders reached them, the entire situation had often changed. Thus it became vital that the one in authority in India determine questions and policies of expediency. The alternative would have been to quit the peninsula altogether. Future governors were obliged to return to Clive's methods in order to preserve English holdings. Nevertheless, years passed before this came to be understood at home. When the stock of the East India Company dropped to 60% and fresh disturbances were requiring the expenditure of funds which otherwise might have been paid to stockholders, a parliamentary investigation was made and Clive was so unbalanced by the charges of misrule against him that he took his own life.

It gradually became plain that it was unwise to repudiate promises made to native princes, and a regulating act was passed in parliament in 1773. The Governor of Bengal was made Governor-General and given a Council of four members chosen by Parliament. Warren Hastings, who, like Clive, went out as a clerk in the employ of the East India Company when a youth, had been the first Governor of Bengal. He was now made Governor-General and returned to India.

Hastings proved to be an efficient organizer of territories already won. He put into operation many needed reforms. He improved the system of taxation, put down plunderers and otherwise improved conditions. However, he often employed high-handed methods, such as renting out his army to native princes and laying heavy penalties upon such of those who incurred his displeasure. These actions led to his impeachment upon his return to England in 1783. The proceedings dragged through a considerable

period and Burke used his Irish eloquence in favor of the prosecution. In the end, Hastings was acquitted, but the disclosures of the trial proved that it was highly dangerous to entrust the government of a foreign people to a trading company.

It would be tedious to enter into the various steps by which the home authorities awakened to the true situation in India; meanwhile a vacillating policy hampered those sent to take charge of the government. Agreements made by one governor-general were rendered void by the "non-interference" of the next. The aggressive policy of an able officer would be neutralized by the weakness of his successor. Such a state of affairs lowered the prestige of the English in the eyes of the natives. Despite other theories to the contrary, it proved that subsidiary treaties, so long opposed in London, had to be made in order to preserve regions acquired almost unintentionally at the start; nor could marauding tribes be left to plunder neighboring states.

Pitt secured a compromising measure in 1784 which left the East India Company in control of its trade while political power became vested in a Board of Control, appointed by the Crown. The Governor-General was left "despotic in the East where despotism was understood and needed, yet subordinate to the British Cabinet at home."

Hastings had initiated reforms that were later proved to be imperative. Disgraceful fleecing of the natives had gone on prior to his administration, those in the Company's employ seeking to augment their scanty pay by extortion. He wisely ruled that no employees could engage privately in trade nor accept presents from the native princes, although officers threatened to mutiny when this regulation was announced.

The Marquis of Wellesley, who served as Governor-General from 1798 until 1806, is often called the "Second Father of the Indian Empire." Regardless of the reluctance of those at home to permit additional territory to be annexed, a considerable part of the peninsula came under English protection during his term of office. The decrepit

Mogul was taken under guardianship and kept on his throne until the Indian mutiny. Wellesley pursued the aggressive policy begun by Hastings; it may be added that this has been followed in the main by all able successors. Even Lord Moira, better known as the Marquis of Hastings, who before his appointment as Governor-General to India had opposed all extension of territory, saw more than one-third added during the period of his own term—1813 to 1823.

During the administration of Lord Amherst (1823-1828) the first war was fought with Burma.

Several reforms were accomplished under Lord William Bentinck (1828-1835). The Suttee, or religious custom in accordance with which widows cast themselves upon the funeral pyre of their husbands, was abolished by the government. It was prophesied that this would provoke an uprising, and even Bentinck was apprehensive of so drastic a measure; yet no disturbance occurred at the time. The *Thagi* or Thugs, a secret society of murderers, who had long infested the land, were crushed out. English was made the official language—a ruling of great significance for the future.

The rivalry of England and Russia brought anxiety to Indian officials because of danger which might develop from aggressions of Russia along the northwestern borders of the peninsula. As Russia spread farther into Asia, only Afghanistan separated English and Russian territory. Because it was surmised that Russia was making overtures to the ruler of Afghanistan, Lord Auckland, who served as Governor-General from 1835 to 1841, made an unfortunate attack on Dost Muhammad, the Afghan ruler, in favor of an aspirant to the throne. His army, made up of English and native troops, and numbering about fifteen thousand strong, was defeated and slain. This catastrophe indicated to the Hindus that the English could be overcome and this fact was stored up, to work future havoc.

During the governorship of Dalhousie (1848-1856) territorial expansion went on apace. A second war with Burma resulted in Lower Burma being added to English territory; the Sikhs were conquered and, finally, Oudh was annexed.

This was in violation of a treaty assuring independence of its prince.

The rapidity with which innovations were made had aroused the antagonism of the people of India, unused to western civilization. They viewed the telegraph, the railroad, machinery and inventions which the British hurried into their midst as just so many fetters to bind them down. Alert and enterprising Englishmen came thither more intent upon making creditable records at home than upon analyzing the temperament of the natives. The Sepoys made up the major portion of the army and had been initiated into the mysteries of the artillery. Due to the Crimean War, all available English troops had been sent thither. Some Hindu historian may some day set down all the grievances of his people at this time. Calm investigation of late years has not wholly cleared up the causes of the Indian mutiny of 1856, although in the main they are known or surmised.

For every war, revolt, or mutiny there are usually many indirect causes and one immediate grievance that ignites fire already smoldering. A new rifle had been introduced into India for which greased cartridges were used. Paper caps had to be torn off by the teeth. Natives employed in the munition factories spread the report that the grease used contained the fat of the cow—an animal sacred to the Hindus—and of the pig—an abomination to the Mahomedans. This has since been verified and is admitted to have shown incomprehensible folly on the part of those in control. In any event, it supplied a match to the magazine, and the army mutinied.

It is a revolting story, both the outrages perpetrated by the Sepoys and the revenge taken by the British. The rebelling soldiers rushed to Delhi and proclaimed the Mogul to be emperor, massacring the English wherever met. At Cawnpore, an old general, seventy-four years of age, commanded the fort. Realizing his inability to hold out under siege, he obtained safe conduct as condition of surrender to the rebels, who promptly shot down the men, took the women and children prisoners and finally butchered them, throwing into a well the dead, dying and

living in one promiscuous heap. At Lucknow one thousand English sustained a siege of some months against sixty thousand attacking natives. Southern India was not involved in the uprising, nor did it begin as a civilian movement. When it was at last put down, the East India Company was abolished and India became a part of the British Empire to be administered under the supervision of Parliament with a system especially adapted to existing conditions.

The population of the Indian Empire is now 315,000,000. Some idea of the problems this heavy population presents may be inferred from the fact that while 218,000,000 are Hindus, 67,000,000 are Mahomedans, brought thither in the first place by six successive Mahomedan invasions from the north. Approximately 11,000,000 are Buddhists; about the same number, Animists; perhaps 4,000,000 are Christians; 3,000,000 Sikhs, while numerous sects and other religions are represented in the remaining million.

To keep the peace, a standing army of 230,000 is maintained, two-thirds of the soldiers being natives.

The present government of this vast empire consists of a Secretary of State for India, resident in London; he is advised by a Council of eight or ten members, whom he appoints; a Viceroy, or Governor-General, appointed by the Crown for five years, takes up his residence in India. He represents the British sovereign in the peninsula, and is aided by a Council of eight members, appointed by the Secretary of State for India; three of these members must be natives.

During the last few years there has been continual agitation for self-government in India on the part of the more highly educated natives, although it is understood that the bulk of the population is still unfit for participation in political affairs, torn by superstition and religious hatreds. In 1919 an Act of Parliament provided for further participation of the natives in their government by the establishment of a National Assembly, made up of two houses: the Council of State and the Legislative Assembly. Members of the upper House are chosen for five years.

Sixty in number, thirty-four are elected and twenty-six appointed by the Governor-General. The membership of the lower house is one hundred and forty-four, forty being appointed by the Governor-General and the remainder elected by those qualified to vote. The veto of the Governor-General is absolute.

Because the Asiatic temperament is so utterly unlike that of the westerner, it has been frankly acknowledged that only those who have had long experience in India are qualified to legislate for the people. Parliament hears reports from the Indian Empire and offers suggestions but rarely interferes in the administration of government. In recent times the British capital has been removed from Calcutta to Delhi, whither King George V and Queen Mary journeyed for the ceremony that made them Emperor and Empress of the Indian Empire.

That the more enlightened of the natives are restless under foreign domination is denied by none, but it is at the same time believed that chaos would result were the government turned over to them before they are prepared to handle it.

In addition to British territory, several hundred petty princes still rule over their ancestral kingdoms, although a British resident is sent to advise with each, nor could a native prince act in opposition to the will of the British government.

Many of the natives are peace-loving. Were the strong restraining hand of the English withdrawn, warlike elements would be released. If sufficient havoc were not assured by the religious enthusiasts of widely different faiths, who hold one another in scorn, it would be quickly supplied by the uncivilized tribes that dwell in the Himalayas, who have never been touched by modern progress, save in the adoption of modern guns. It is no slight task to guard the passes which give access to the caravan routes, harassed as they often are by these enemies who can mow down travelers, although themselves unseen.

The prevention in the main of those terrible famines that once swept the land is but one of the blessings that British rule has brought to India, millions of acres of

arable land having been recovered by means of modern irrigation projects.

CROWN COLONIES

The Crown colonies fall into three general groups: those where in the main the people are self governing, with the advisory assistance of a Governor, appointed by the British Ministry. They possess a legislative Assembly, the lower House being elected by the people, members of the upper House appointed. The Bermuda Islands afford an illustration of this class. Secondly, there are colonies where the power of the people is slight in administering public affairs. Yet, to advise with the Governor, appointed by the Crown, by the Ministry in reality, a Council, made up of representatives of the people and appointees, is provided. Finally, there are colonies, such as the islands of the sea, where a Governor directs affairs, guided only by suggestions from the Colonial Department at home. Gibraltar is illustrative of this type.

Many of the West Indies belong to the British Empire, as do solitary islands and groups of them in the Pacific Ocean. Since it must be possible for Great Britain to rush her fleet to the protection of a "far-flung" empire, the seas must remain open to her. Consequently the Mediterranean is guarded at the western portals by Gibraltar, by Malta in its midst, and by Suez. Similarly, it is possible for ships to put in for repairs or to take on coal here and there in the Atlantic, in the Indian Ocean and in numerous seas. Hong Kong is a distant coaling station.

Again, it has fallen to Britain at different times to administer territory nominally the possession of another country—as, for example, Cyprus, long the property of Turkey, yet administered by the British Empire. Egypt until recently afforded a still more conspicuous illustration.

Finally, the late war left certain mandates to the British government: Palestine, for example, and Mesopotamia.

In his able discussion of imperial Britain, Lavell em-

phasizes three reasons for British success in empire-building. He says: "One is the empire's elasticity, its refusal to force human nature into a rigid mold, its abandonment of the policy of centralization, repression, uniformity,—in other words, its steadily increasing comprehension of the meaning and power of liberty. Another is an inborn capacity for administration,—a capacity of which India and Egypt are sufficient proofs. The third is the application of a principle that may yet result in the dawn of a new era of peace and good-will on earth,—the discovery that political boundaries, political forms, systems of law, are none of them of final and sacred consequence, that an infinite variety of institutions may be consistent with unity of spirit and harmony of action, that sympathy and good fellowship matter more than any external form. When the world shall have discovered this, it will be a new world. The union of the nations that make up what the world calls the British Empire is a prophecy of a wider union, not bound by rigid forms but by a common humanity, which is already more than a dream."¹

Seeing how fragile appear to be the ties that bind mother country and colonies, it was believed in central Europe in 1914 that the empire would fall apart at the first opportunity. Nothing proved more deceptive. Nothing better illustrated the words spoken so long before by Burke when he pleaded for a reconciliation of the estranged colonies in America. He opposed the use of force and spoke of ties that would prove "light as air and strong as iron." These were demonstrated to exist when, in reply to a call for help, Canada responded during the late war: "When England is at war, Canada is at war"; and again when from Australia came promise of help "to the last man and the last dollar." So was the British empire vindicated.

¹ *Imperial England*: Lavell and Payne, 386.

* It was originally known as Van Dieman's Land.

IRELAND

ONLY since the World War has the establishment of the Irish Free State terminated, or at least for the time silenced, what was known to the century preceding as the "Irish Question," by no means always the same, but always insistent and often critical.

The student of English history finds Ireland bulking large in the minds of the Tudors, the Stuarts and early Hanoverians. The Act of 1800, that was expected to end an unhappy situation, proved merely the beginning of another scene in the long drama. National prejudices, hatreds and retaliations have so characterized the inter-relations of England and Ireland that the reader sometimes despairs of understanding the political tangle. Books are not lacking on the subject but too often they carry with them convincing proof of bias and one-sidedness.

Were it possible to take such a bird's-eye view of the historical situation as the pilot of the skies is today able to take of the earth beneath him—could we gaze upon an unfolded panorama of Irish development through the ages, these last few centuries would find their proper place, no longer obstructing a glorious past. The gloom of desolation and famine, of plantation and deportation, would be relieved by the glow of early churches, monastic schools and the untiring zeal of missionaries; by the triumphs of Celtic culture, as expressed in fine metal work, and above all, in hand illuminated books. Describing the *Book of Kells*, a recent writer says: "It is not the language of exaggeration to say that it is the most beautiful book in existence."

The sons of Erin are now scattered over the wide world. The conditions that resulted in a loss of one-half its population and made the solution of its government the perplexity of astute statesmen, can be elucidated only by reviewing Ireland's story. Volumes would be required to set it forth

in detail but it is possible to take a cursory view of its successive stages, in Celtic, Norman and modern times. Upon such a general outline one may build for years, growing more and more familiar with its dramatic history. Its great chieftains offer as inviting a field to the biographer as those of any other mediæval land, not excepting Scotland. Its early schools and education gained such reputation on the continent in the sixth and seventh centuries that students flocked thither from all parts of western Europe. The architect finds interest in its mediæval churches; the artist discovers originality and vitality in its early crafts. The historical student, eager to learn more of the Celts, so little known to us, can but wish that in Ireland, their last important stronghold, they might have been left free to work out their own salvation.

An Irish historian has said: "But the conquerors have often been absorbed by the conquered; and in the vast majority of the Irish of the present day we can still trace the faults and the virtues of the original Celtic race. The want of initiative in the mass of the people, their utter helplessness without capable leadership, their reluctance to combine for any purpose, their want of foresight, their inability to take pains, their instability and infirmness of purpose—have not these characteristics appeared in the twentieth century as well as the twelfth? . . . It would be well for Irishmen to ask is there not something amiss with themselves; it is a healthy sign for a nation to discover its faults and to set right what is wrong."¹

It is easy to condemn the Norman barons who robbed the Irish of their freedom in the last years of the twelfth century; to censure the English—and their public men in late years have not hesitated to concede that grievous wrongs were perpetrated against Ireland—yet the fact remains that in all cases the aliens who sought to establish their rule were fewer in number, their armies small in comparison with those they overthrew. In the end the stern law of the survival of the fittest confronts us and will not be set aside. The failure of the Irish people to repulse their enemies has been due throughout to inherent weakness in the people themselves: failure to unite in face of a com-

mon foe, inability to forget petty jealousies and to rise above personal grievances.

Year by year, century by century, nations work out their destiny. It is the part of the student neither to censure nor commend but to revive the historical drama, seeking to understand cause and effect.

Even a brief summary of Irish progress proves its pages to be teeming with human interest.

1. CELTIC IRELAND

This beautiful seagirt land, dear to its people, how ever far away, lies adjacent to England. It is oblong in shape and has a maximum length of some three hundred, a width, from east to west, of less than two hundred miles. Mountains rim the coasts save on the east, where the shores are sometimes low and flat. Within the encompassing mountains the interior is a basin containing some lakes and marshy bogs. The southern portion is especially fertile and would be well suited to purposes of agriculture were it not for an excessive rainfall. At one time the surrounding slopes were well wooded but the trees were cut down long ago for fuel, building and other uses.

In antiquity the island was even more beautiful than now, the great forests contributing their masses of somber green. The rain, which falls wellnigh two-thirds of the year, insures bounteous pastures for great herds of cattle. So luxuriant is the vegetation that Ireland is known as the "Emerald Isle."

In all probability people of Mediterranean origin penetrated to Ireland long before our era—perhaps a thousand years earlier. Later, folk of Teutonic stock may have come thither. By the fourth, certainly not later than the third century before Christ, Celts came to the island and gradually conquered and absorbed the native population.

It will be remembered that the Celtic race dominated Europe before Rome became a great political force in the continent. They extended throughout central Europe, from east to west. They were known to the Romans as

Gauls and were regarded as fierce fighters. Giving way before the irresistible pressure of the Teutons, the Celts sought more isolated regions: Spain, northern France, Britain and Ireland. The Brythonic branch pushed into the island which became known, from their name, as Britain. Thence some of their number crossed into France, settling the province of Brittany.

The Gaelic Celts of Ireland were conquered by invaders before they evolved from tribal organization. They had not developed a national sense, but fidelity to clan constituted a kind of patriotism. Their country was the land belonging to the clan. The island contained a confederation of clans, each under its own chieftain.

The unit of society was the family; the *fine* was the family inclusion of three generations; the *sept*, all those derived from a common ancestor; the clan was composed of a number of septs. As the *flaith* was the head of the *sept*, so was the chieftain the leader of the clan. The territory of the clan was the *tuatha*, its country. Chief of the various province chieftains or kings was the *Ardri*, or King of Ireland. For five centuries the *Ardri* was chosen from one line, whose seat was originally at Tara. After Brian defeated the last ruler of this line and the capital shifted from one center to another, the strength of the Gael declined. Never again did they pay homage to one overlord for many years in succession.

Next to the kings, the Gaelic teachers were revered: these were the Druids. Coming years are bound to clear up many historical problems. At present there is a disposition to emphasize Phœnician influence in Celtic Ireland and to find in the Phœnicians a branch of the Cretan stock. However this may prove, the Druids taught the immortality of the soul and its transmigration; the oak tree was held sacred and the stain of dark rites is closely associated with their faith. They studied the stars and foretold the future from the position and movements of the heavenly bodies.

Another class to hold a conspicuous rôle were the Brehons, or judges. In remote times Ireland had no written law; rather, the decisions of past judges constituted the

law of the land. In time these rulings were compiled and made up Brehon law, the law of Celtic Ireland.

Finally, among the privileged classes were the bards, who not only entertained by their songs but instilled patriotism and preserved the daring deeds of illustrious chieftains.

At stated intervals the *Feis* was held at Tara. This was an assembly presided over by the Ardri, to whom honor was paid. The Feis enacted such new laws as were regarded expedient. However, there was no way to enforce their rulings unless the chieftains of the clans saw fit to abide by them.

Training for the position of Brehon extended over twenty years, such a period being thought necessary to memorize all the laws and past decisions. Every clan had its official Brehon; others served privately. Each free man had the privilege of choosing the Brehon who should hear his case; even after a decision was rendered it was not always accepted as final. The sword was ever at hand to atone for injury.

About 388 A. D. Niall of the Nine Hostages made a raid into Britain, carrying away as captive one who later became known as St. Patrick. Being Ardri or King of Ireland, Niall founded a line whose descendants inherited the overlordship of the island for five centuries. Under his leadership his followers raided Scotland and even pushed into Gaul, since Rome was unable longer to protect her frontiers.

Of all the territory once dominated by the Celts, Ireland alone remained free from Roman rule. Agricola contemplated an invasion of the island, but his early recall prevented him from carrying it into effect. The Celts of Ireland were known to the Romans as *Scoti*, or raiders; in course of time some of them crossed into Caledonia, which was later to be called, from their name, Scotland.

It is generally regarded as a misfortune that Roman order was never impressed upon Ireland. According to tradition, when the Britons were being conquered by Roman legions, fearing a like fate for his countrymen, Cormac MacArt, the great third century king, organized an army

known as the Fenian Militia, which was commanded by his son-in-law, Finn. The deeds of Finn were sung by Ossian, whose very existence has sometimes been dismissed as a myth but who, there is strong reason to believe, not only lived but composed some poetry, although by no means all that has been attributed to him. The Fenians guarded the coast of Erin and became so emboldened by their successes that in due time they, rather than foes from outside the island, had to be put down.

In his history of Ireland, Murray attributes the persistent dissensions that prevented the Irish from developing a sense of unity to the fact that they never knew the order which Rome established wherever her eagles penetrated. He says: "Had the Romans come to our shores, as they came to those of England, they would assuredly have given us a sense of unity. The hammer of the great imperial race would have moulded us and would have obliged us to accept that sense of law and order which it was the mission of Rome to preach to the Western World in general and to England in particular. . . . Under Rome the wild anarchy of our chiefs would have been stayed, the elements of law and order would have found time to gain strength, and the grandeur and greatness of the Empire would have been stamped upon us. But it was not to be. The bridge between barbarism and feudal life was not thus to be built. The consequence was that it was long, too long, in getting the foundation laid."

2. CHRISTIANITY AND EDUCATION

The exact year of St. Patrick's birth is unknown. Some claim that he was born in 389; others hold that a year earlier than this he was carried away as one of a band of captives taken in Britain by Niall of the Nine Hostages. In any event, he was born near the close of the fourth century and while still a lad was sold as a slave to a Celtic chief by the name of Milchu. His real name appears to have been Succat, Patricius being a name he chose for himself. His father was a minor official in Britain under the provincial administration of Rome. Accustomed to the comforts of

life, he found the privations of a shepherd almost unbearable. After seven years he managed to escape to the sea-coast, where he concealed himself in a ship and reached his native land.

During his long vigils in Erin he had felt the call to preach and, despite the opposition of family and friends, he determined to prepare himself for a life of hardship. He studied in France, although, being past his youth, he never became possessed of great learning. He made up for this deficiency by his religious fervor.

In the year 432, or within a few years of that time, he returned to Ireland, accompanied by friends who had become interested in the cause which consumed him. He landed in the northern part of Ireland and sought out the chieftain whose sheep he had formerly watched. Tradition says that this sturdy pagan scornfully refused spiritual advice from his erstwhile slave.

Patrick well knew that the protection and favor of the Ardri would be invaluable to him in converting the people; consequently he sought him out. Niall of the Nine Hostages was now dead and his son, Laeghaire, ruled at Tara. It so happened that at this particular time when Patrick and his pious band were about to celebrate Easter, Laeghaire was holding a pagan festival at Tara, where his tributary chieftains were assembled. It was forbidden to kindle any fire during this festival save the fire of the Druids. Notwithstanding, Patrick lighted his fire for Easter offering. The Druids apprehended the danger to their prestige which his coming omened and tried in vain to have the king summarily dispatch one who had disregarded the sacred law. However, although the king held firm to the faith of his fathers, he permitted Patrick to pursue his mission, and his earnestness was presently rewarded by the conversion of some of Ardri's followers.

Christianity had previously been brought to Ireland but had gained no following. It was the work of St. Patrick, his associates and successors to carry it throughout the length and breadth of the island. Armagh became the ecclesiastical see; here it was that Patrick began to train native priests for Christian ministry. Other schools with

a like purpose were established, notably the one at Kildare.

The work St. Patrick had so ably begun was carried on for several generations by zealous monks who founded numerous monastic schools. Many of these arose in the sixth century. In 541 Columba founded one at Derry; in 553 he established another at Durrow. Exiled for strife which he had stirred up, and which resulted in the battle of Cuildevne, he went to the little lonely isle of Iona, off the shores of Scotland. Here he built the monastery that thereafter served as the center for the Columban system.

The most famous monastic school was Clonard, founded at the beginning of the sixth century. This was at one time the home of three thousand students, who dwelt in wattled huts, grouped about their zealous teachers, Finian being most renowned. He had studied in Wales and his learning attracted students from various parts of Europe and Britain. The best university of the age was located at Clonmacnoise, Alcuin destined to become its most celebrated pupil. Clonfert was founded in 556. Columbanus, whose fame still lives, was educated at Bangor, whence he journeyed into Burgundy and established a long line of monasteries on the continent, where his companions were stationed as teachers.

Retreats for women were also established, the oldest and most famous being the one founded by St. Bridget.

Speaking of these religious schools which dotted the island, fostering the torch of learning during an age when the continent of Europe was being ravaged by Teutonic tribes, who overran the old Roman Empire and threatened to obliterate the culture of the past, D'Alton says: "At the opening of the seventh century almost all traces of paganism had disappeared in Ireland. There were, no doubt, a few pagans still, but their number was so small, their influence so insignificant, that they may be altogether disregarded; the nation was now fully Christian, and the Church had attained a degree of strength and splendour unequalled in any country of western Europe. Scattered over the land were a great many monasteries with a population equal to that of an ordinary-size town. In these mon-

asteries the most famous of her children first learned and then taught, and, acquiring for themselves the fame of sanctity and learning, conferred it on the monastic schools in which they were trained and in which they taught. Nor was it only Irish students with whom the Irish monasteries were filled. From the kindred Scots of Caledonia, from the Saxons and Britons, and from Gaul many students came, attracted by the fame of the Irish schools, and desirous to obtain in these schools the knowledge which they found it impossible to obtain at home. Among the hospitable Irish these foreign students were treated well. 'The Irish,' says Bede, 'willingly received them all and took care to supply them with food and also to furnish them with books to read and gave them their teaching gratis.' ''²

Gaelic skill in metal work and proficiency in music antedate the introduction of Christianity, but the art of illuminating manuscripts dated from Christian times. Indeed, before the establishment of monastic schools, writing was little practised in Ireland. Books were necessary to the teacher and the Scriptoriums were busy places where manuscripts were copied and adorned by the skill of those inspired to do their best work for the glory of God. Brought into Ireland from Europe, illumination there took on peculiarities which distinguished it from the numerous schools of the art which flourished elsewhere. It has been suggested that in Ireland the illuminators were influenced by the art of their metal craftsmen. The colors they employed have not yielded to time but retain their brilliancy. Yet it is for perfection of line that their illumination is especially noted.

"The Irish scribe had a firm hand and a well-trained eye, and in lines and curves which are so numerous there is no trace of a swerve, nothing to denote but that these circles and lines had been drawn by the most accurate modern instruments of mathematics. As we look at one of these illumined pages, the variety of lines and curves, of spirals and interlacements, an animal in one place, the head of a fish in another, a human head in yet a third place, our curiosity is excited and baffled as to where the artist began and where he ended; figures, lines, circles, spirals

and interlacements all are before us with such a completeness, an accuracy, a minuteness, lit up by a blaze of colours, blending skilfully with those figures and with each other that even the trained artist is amazed at the skill displayed.”³

The Book of Kells, a copy of the gospel done elaborately for the monastery of Kells, and the *Book of Burrow* survive as specimens of the best Christian art of Gaelic times. Both are now treasured in Trinity College, Dublin.

The monks instructed the people in the arts of husbandry, setting examples by their own unflagging industry in reclaiming the land. Wherever they went, the wilderness gave way before them. Their influence was powerful and, as a result of their teachings, Celtic culture reached its culmination.

3. DANISH INVASIONS

About the middle of the eighth century the progress of Gaelic culture was rudely interrupted by the arrival of Vikings from Norway and Denmark. The Norwegians were fair haired; the Danes were a dark people. It will be remembered that much of Europe was jeopardized at this time by these fierce Norsemen who ravaged the coasts and slipped into navigable rivers, pillaging and destroying as they went. The Saxons in Britain were at their mercy for years and Alfred, their king, was more than once a fugitive before them.

The Irish were not situated to withstand the onslaught of these bold invaders. It is true that the Celtic chieftains were usually in contention and forever carrying on forays; however, they were not sufficiently equipped with weapons nor were they longer such fierce fighters as the Danes, who endangered the survival of peoples far better able to cope with them than the Gael. Not for a thousand years had invaders set foot in the island when the Norse swept down upon its defenseless shores; only for a period of forty years did they cease to devastate Erin during the next two centuries. In this brief respite they consolidated against the Saxons in Britain, where they gained a permanent foothold. Great was the misery which they wrought in

Ireland. Worse still, ambitious native chiefs made the era of confusion an opportunity to increase their territories at the expense of their rivals. This only increased the chaos which beset the land.

Tara, the ancient capital, had been so distinctly the center of pagan Ireland that it declined after the sixth century. Unfortunately, no other capital became fixed but later kings ruled, each from the seat of his province. Not until Brian defeated the last king of the descent of Niall of the Nine Hostages was the succession which had endured five hundred years destroyed. The spell seemed thereafter to be broken. Since the sword now won supremacy, the contest was to be open to every chief to see how far his own trusty blade could carry him. Small wonder that the people harked back to the days of ancient valor, when the harp was heard through Tara's halls.

The Danes singled out churches, monasteries and schools for their special slaughter. Hundreds of monks were massacred in attempting to protect their holdings. The golden cups, candle-sticks and appurtenances of worship yielded treasure that these fierce Vikings quickly learned to value, causing them to seek out sacred fanes for their depredations. Holding firmly to the religion of their forefathers, worshipping Woden and the other Norse deities, they exulted in destroying the centers of Christian worship. They rejoiced in "drowning" manuscripts, these doubtless being regarded as attributes of demons. There immediately began an exodus of scholars and monks from Erin to places of greater safety on the continent. Fortunately, some of their precious manuscripts were taken with them and so escaped the general havoc.

"Of their various attacks on the several monasteries the records are necessarily incomplete, for in that age of turmoil the machinery of scholarship was disorganized. Yet in the native Annulus, incomplete though they be, we find that Armagh was plundered six times in the ninth century and three times in the tenth, and that during the same time Clonmacnoise was plundered four times, . . . and Kildare five times. What took place at Bangor and Armagh will illustrate the injury done, for these are types of the

ruin effected elsewhere. In Bangor (824) the monastery was plundered, the oratory broken into bits . . . and the shrine itself carried away. Armagh was plundered (932) three times in one month; a few years later (839) its oratory and cathedral were burned; it was again plundered and burned (867) with its oratories—all its property and wealth that could be utilized was carried away, and one thousand persons were killed by the sword or driven into burning buildings where they suffocated. . . .

“In the monasteries the monks toiled and prayed; there were the churches, there lived the priests who administered to the people outside, and there also was the bishop. . . . When these monasteries were violently invaded, their schools destroyed, their books torn or drowned, their scholars and teachers gone, their altars overthrown or desecrated, their chalices turned into pagan drinking-cups, their priests murdered, or at least dispersed, and hiding in the woods and caves, the work of conserving and propagating the Christian religion became well-nigh impossible, and the danger seemed not remote that the light of the gospel, which had burned so brilliantly and so long, was about to be finally extinguished. . . . But mere material damage was not the greatest injury done to the Irish Church. In the corruption of manners, the neglect of religion, and the general demoralization of the people, her wounds were deeper still. The whole energies of the people were turned to war, the fatal clan system, so faithful of discord, still flourished, and the weapons which should have turned against the invader were as often turned against each other.”⁴

Gradually the spirit of plunder and rapine exhausted itself. Those who came to pillage stayed to settle along the coast. Dublin, Waterford, Wexford and other seaports were settled by the Danes who presently abandoned war for trade; in course of time it came about that the natives and the invaders sometimes intermarried and dwelt together in peace. The Celtic tongue prevailed, and, above all, the newcomers took on the religion of those around them, although their Christianity was strangely intermingled with earlier beliefs, as was to be expected. Yet,

in a land divided into countless factions, some sense of unity resulted from a common language, religion and customs.

The depredations of the Danes were forever checked in the battle of Clontraf, fought on Good Friday, in the year 1014. Nevertheless, this victory was mitigated by the loss of Brian, the great chieftain who had vowed to rid his country of the plunderers. Henceforth the Danes dwelt in their walled ports, forsaking pillage for the greater possibilities of trade.

Although hostility gave way to toleration between Celt and Dane in some places, it survived in others. The Danes accepted the leadership of Rome through Britain in religion, while the old Celtic Church had long guarded itself against outside interference. To be sure, the Celtic prelates had always agreed that in matters which they could not decide, appeal should be made to Rome; but they long saw to it that such emergencies rarely arose.

Two differences long survived between the Celtic and Roman churches: the first concerned the exact date for the celebration of Easter; the second, the style of the tonsure. Even the celebrated Synod of Whitby did not conclude the agitation in Ireland. It was rather when relations were established with the continent and Gaelic churchmen began to journey back and forth to Rome that the peculiarities of the Celtic Church began to disappear.

A friendship that sprang up between Malachy, usually called St. Malachy, and Bernard of Clairvaux resulted in the establishment of the Cistercian Order in Ireland. As in most mediæval countries, the morality of the masses left much to be desired, even for that rude period. Malachy, who had been educated at Armagh, was filled with the zeal of the reformer. Such a spirit ever awakened a responsive chord in the heart of St. Bernard. Curtis attributes the Bull of Adrian IV, authorizing King Henry of England to conquer Ireland and reform the vices of its people, largely to impressions which reached Rome from Bernard, who in turn had heard Malachy tell of the habits of his countrymen. As to what were these evil customs and vices which these saintly men deplored, in his *Mediæval Ireland* Curtis

says: "They were survivals of pagan or early Christian custom; uncanonical marriage, illegitimacy among the laity, marriage and simony among the clergy, no giving of tithes or first-fruits; evils no worse than are recorded in the wholesale indictments against Germany, Scandinavia and Anglo-Saxon England by the zealots of the Cluniac movement."⁵ As he observes, "Ireland certainly had to pay dearly for the pious exaggerations of her spiritual chiefs."

The accomplishments of Brian were sufficient to assure to his posterity for a hundred years the position of Ardri, or the kingship of Ireland. Then came the "kings with opposition," as they are quaintly called. Any chieftain, who believed himself strong enough, might attempt to win this coveted place, demand hostages and tribute from the province chiefs. To enforce such claims, recourse to the sword was continually made and no sooner was one established than another sought to overcome him. Small wonder was it that the bards sang of the vanished days when Tara had witnessed the willing submission of many chiefs to one revered Ardri.

"Perished is every law concerning high fortune;
 Crumbled to clay is every ordinance;
 Tara, though she is desolate today,
 Was once the habitation of heroes."

Although the days of Danish robberies were past and these late comers had taken on the ways of civilization, peace did not return to Erin. Instead, the island was torn by contending clans, each chieftain seeking to widen his boundaries and impose his tribute upon the rest. The ease with which the invaders of the twelfth century forced their way into the land and appropriated it to themselves and their followers to be explained, not in their strength but in the weakness and dissensions of the Irish.

¹ D'Alton: *History of Ireland*. Intro.

² *Ibid.*, 68.

³ *Ibid.*, 196.

⁴ *Ibid.*, 174.

⁵ Curtis: *History of Mediæval Ireland*, 9.

THE COMING OF THE NORMANS

Theoretically, there were five kingdoms in Ireland, corresponding in the main to the provinces of Ulster, Munster, Meath, Leinster and Connaught. We have seen that for five centuries the descendants of Niall were nearly always able to make good their hereditary claims to the kingship of Ireland, compelling the province kings to pay tribute upon their accession and to supply hostages to them as guarantee of submission. After Brian broke the ancient custom and proved that the kingship might be made dependent upon the strongest sword, the position of chief king was never again so secure. For nearly a hundred years before the coming of the Normans in 1167 the islands were repeatedly filled with strife and inter-clan wars were waged to satisfy personal ambitions. Indeed, even before the time of Brian the succession had often been fiercely contested by the various branches of Niall's descendants. Regarding this usual assumption of five petty kings and one supreme king in Celtic Ireland, Orpen pertinently observes that it "did not square with the facts." He continues: "This is perhaps the theory and, when there was a strong king in any particular province, may have been the fact in that province during the period of his strength; but it was seldom, if ever literally true of them all. . . . If we wish to get a truer idea of political forces in Ireland . . . we must regard the country as split up into about 185 tribes, of which some were grouped together in comparative permanence, and some were generally subordinate to the principal groups. But we must be prepared to find these tribes and groups of tribes ever and again forming new combinations of a more or less temporary nature, either by way of alliance or of conquest."¹

It was this tribal condition and this fatal tendency to form leagues, split and re-form, that made organized resistance to foreign foes impossible.

The story of the Norman invasion of Ireland in the twelfth century is interwoven with the exploits of Dermot,* king of Leinster, and his turbulent life became the theme of a mediæval epic, known as the *Song of Dermot and the Earl*

In order to understand aright the beginnings of this invasion, which was destined to have such far-reaching effects upon Ireland, linking it inseparably with England, it is necessary to take a cursory survey of the activities of this Celtic chief.

Dermot was born in 1110—some say a few years later; he was the son of Donough MacMurrough, king of Leinster. After the death of his father until Dermot was seventeen, relatives assumed control of the province. Thenceforward, until he was forced out of his kingdom in 1166, he occupied himself in attempts to regain the power that his ancestors had wielded. Because of his many lawless and unwarranted acts, and especially because he was instrumental in bringing in foreigners who later subdued his land, the name of Dermot has been covered with odium. In his scholarly treatment of the mediæval period in Erin, Curtis probably divines the true cause of the chieftain's aggressions. He says: "Dermot was educated at Tir-da-glas in Ormond by Aedh mac Criffan the abbot, a lover of the great pagan epics. The instruction of Irish princes, based as it was on the great national sagas and on the national records, was well-fitted to stimulate both national and provincial patriotism. . . . Steeped in Leinster history, he undertook to restore her greatness, to win back from Meath the Plain of Tara lost in the sixth century, and finally, when his Norman allies gave him the victory over every foe, he claimed no less than the high kingship which his ancestor, Cathair Mor, had enjoyed.

"The education imparted by the *flidh* fed the imagination rather than the mind, and made warriors rather than statesmen."² And elsewhere Curtis observes: "All through mediæval times the Gaelic leaders were rather battle-leaders than statesmen. and romanticists than realists."³

Ugly crimes stain the life of Dermot, such, for example, as dragging the abbess of a convent from the shelter of her retreat and forcing her to marry one of his soldiers—such as carrying off the wife of a neighboring chief. Yet the explanation of his loss of the kingdom seems rather to be in his failure to bind followers to him by personal

qualities, deeds of violence being easily condoned at the time.

Cruel, passionate, and prone to fits of anger, men feared Dermot but did not feel the warmth of attachment for him.

Becoming king of Leinster, Dermot paid tribute to Turlock O'Connor of Connaught, sending him hostages. Later, he renounced his allegiance to the Ardri. Turlock invaded his province and later Dermot was found in alliance with the king. Roderick filled the place of his father, Turlock, when O'Rorke sought help in recovering his wife, whom Dermot had stolen. Roderick made war upon Dermot, whose followers fell away until he took his daughter and fled over the seas to enlist if possible the help of the English king in recovering his lost territory.

It is said that William the Conqueror once expressed an intention of invading Ireland but died ere his plan was consummated. About the time Henry II became king of England, Adrian IV, the only Briton ever raised to the Chair of St. Peter, became pope. The English sovereign sent John of Salisbury to Rome to extend his greetings to the new pope and requested that he be allowed to recover Ireland for Rome, since the abated religious fervor of the island was generally recognized. It appears that Pope Adrian gave his permission to this ambition on the part of his countryman, the more easily won to concede the privilege, it is surmised, because of rumors which had reached Rome regarding the evil customs and immorality of the Celtic nation. This "privilege" is said to have contained the following provision:

"Verily, as your Excellency doth acknowledge, there is no doubt that Ireland and all islands on which Christ the sun of righteousness has shone, and which have accepted the doctrine of the Christian faith, belong to the jurisdiction of the blessed Peter and the holy Roman Church; . . .

"Whereas then, well-beloved son in Christ, you have expressed to us your desire to enter the island of Ireland in order to subject its people to law and to root out from them the weeds of vice, and your willingness to pay an annual tribute to the blessed Peter of one penny from every house, and to maintain the rights of the churches of

that land whole and inviolate. We therefore . . . do hereby declare our will and pleasure that, with a view to enlarging the boundaries of the church, restraining the downward course of vice, correcting evil customs, and planting virtue, and for the increase of Christian religion, you shall enter that island and execute whatsoever may tend to the honor of God and the welfare of the land."⁴

It is thought probable that Dermot was aware of this permission which Pope Adrian had extended to King Henry and that this knowledge led him to believe that the English sovereign would harken to his plan of taking Ireland and reinstating him on his ancestral throne as a royal vassal. However this may have been, when Dermot reached Bristol, he learned that Henry II was away in France, attempting to organize Aquitaine, which was in a state of revolt, determined if possible to throw off the rule of England. Moreover, Adrian IV was now dead and the new pope, Alexander III, was highly incensed with the king of England because of his supposed complicity in the murder of Thomas à Becket.

In his detailed account of the Norman conquest of Ireland, upon which this brief summary is largely based, Orpen quotes from the *Song of Dermot* lines supposed to be addressed by the Celt to Henry II when he located him at last in France.

May God who dwells on high
Ward and save you, King Henry,
And likewise give you
Heart and courage and inclination
To avenge my shame and my misfortune
That my own people have brought upon me!
Hear, noble King Henry,
Whence I was born, of what country.
Of Ireland I was born a lord,
In Ireland acknowledged king;
But wrongfully my own people
Have cast me out of my kingdom.
To you I come to make plaint, good sire,
In the presence of the barons of your empire.
Your liegeman I shall become

Henceforth all the days of my life.
On condition that you be my helper,
So that I lose not everything,
You shall I acknowledge as sire and lord,
In the presence of your barons and earls.”

Henry II was not situated to undertake personally a campaign into Ireland, but he gave to Dermot a letter assuring such Norman barons as might be disposed to engage in the adventure his royal approval.

Returning to Bristol, whither he had first set foot in England, Dermot found the citizens of this thrifty commercial port far too busy with the trade to lend a ready ear to chance adventure. It was in Wales, rather, where various Norman nobles were attempting to make the most of the king's permission to carve estates for themselves out of lands belonging to rebellious Celts, that attention was accorded to Dermot's plea.

It so happened that Richard de Clare was descended from a family which had been favored by William the Conqueror by numerous grants. Gilbert de Clare, Richard's father, had been Earl of Pembroke but the son had squandered his fortunes until the possible chance of winning new domains appealed to him. Gilbert had won the county of Pembroke, in Wales, by his lusty sword; also the nickname Strongbow. The name descended to Richard although he had so far done it slight credit.

Dermot now promised Richard de Clare, Earl of Pembroke, the hand of his daughter and succession to the kingship of Leinster upon his death provided the baron would bring his followers and recover his lost province. To be sure, Dermot knew well that it was beyond his power to bestow the kingship of Leinster upon anyone, least of all a foreigner; however, as Orpen has suggested, Strongbow doubtless understood that might made right in Ireland and accepted the risks of the adventure. Everything we know of Gilbert de Clare leads us to believe that he would have embarked immediately upon the enterprise; but Richard dallied to obtain permission of Henry II, absent in France. It was agreed that Fitz Stephen and a few companions and

followers should join Dermot in Ireland, whereupon the Celtic chief returned to await their arrival.

When Maurice FitzGerald, Fitz Stephen and other Normans set out, they sailed for the towns along the coast, held by descendants of the Danes who had invaded the island more than two centuries before.

Wexford was captured and became a base for Norman operations in Ireland. The Danes were now no match for the armored Normans, wielding strong lances and employing long bows. In 1170 Strongbow arrived with reinforcements. Waterford, another walled town, gave way. Dermot bestowed his daughter Aeife, or Eva, as she is more often called, upon Strongbow. He had already given Wexford—which did not belong to him—to Fitz Stephen. Of this marriage between Celtic princess and Norman robber knight, Orpen says: "No marriage like it had ever taken place in Ireland before. Irish ladies of the highest rank had indeed wedded with Norman knights. . . . But these ladies had gone to live on their lords' lands and followed their lords' fortunes, while Eva was to endow her lord with a broad fifth of Ireland. . . . This union of Strongbow and Eva was the symbol of that union between the two islands which for better or worse, has lasted ever since."⁵

While Dermot and his Norman allies were winning back Leinster, Roderick O'Connor of Connaught, king of Ireland, appears to have been unaware of the significance of events which were taking place almost under his very eyes. When he remonstrated with Dermot, he was peremptorily informed that Dermot intended to recover the position of Ardri, held by his ancestor, for himself. However, he died before such a contest ensued between them.

According to the original agreement, Strongbow indicated his intention of becoming Dermot's successor in Leinster. The people revolted and Celts of neighboring districts joined them. Nevertheless, Strongbow was able to win the seacoast towns of Dublin, Wexford and Waterford and to establish his claims in Leinster.

More threatening than Celtic chieftains was the rumored anger of Henry II, who had no desire to see one of his erstwhile vassals set up a rival kingdom so near to

his own. Learning of the king's order that no more men or supplies were to leave England for Ireland and that the Normans already in the island would forfeit their English possessions unless they came home at once, Strongbow went to meet his sovereign, surrendering all his conquests as a dutiful vassal. Henry's suspicions being allayed and his indignation appeased, he presently came in person to Ireland to receive the homage of the native chiefs as well as to endow Strongbow with Leinster. The late murder of Thomas à Becket had precipitated strained relationship with the Vatican and Henry hoped by showing deep interest in winning back Ireland for Rome to appease the wrath of the pope. The English king retained the coast towns as royal domain, granting Strongbow the fief of Leinster and Hugh de Lacy that of Meath. Many chiefs hastened to do homage to the foreign king, who came ostentatiously in behalf of the Irish. However, as quickly as he was gone, they were to prove how lightly they regarded such pledges. The northern chiefs refused homage of any kind.

Henry II spent the winter in Dublin, which was made the administrative center of English government in Ireland. Due to the siege which had been carried on to capture the town, it had become largely depopulated. The king now gave the city to Bristol, conferring upon it like privileges. Courts were established for the English subjects who had already come and those were expected soon to migrate to the island. Having accomplished these changes, Henry was summoned home by matters of serious import.

From time immemorial, land in Ireland had belonged to the clans. Even the king could not make disposition of it other than as custom had established. Clan and tribal ownership lay at the basis of all law and government. So the spectacle of a foreign king parcelling out portions of the country, regardless of prior claims, was unlikely to win the favor of the people.

Five years later, Strongbow died. His strength was not especially military, although he was a good soldier. However he had the faculty of organizing territory and reducing it to order. Such ability was too seldom evinced.

His early death has been regarded as a misfortune for Ireland. It opened the way for renewal of struggle and for protracted periods of conquest, followed by years wherein little attention was paid to Ireland, since Norman warriors were often needed to aid their king in France.

So did the strife between England and Ireland begin; under such conditions did England open her conquest of the neighboring island. However, we may feel sure, as has been observed, that had Dermot never been ousted from Leinster and had Strongbow never lived, some such a struggle was inevitable. Tribal Ireland invited the invader, for her sons could never long unite for any given project, so intense were the jealousies that beset them.

"The hostility between Irish and feudal ideas of land ownership, affecting, as it did, the very basis of social and political life, lay at the root of the future struggle between the two races. The conflict between the two ideas, begun by grants of Henry of Anjou, continues to the present day."⁶

¹ Orpen: *Ireland under the Normans*, Vol. I, 21, 25.

² Curtis: *History of Medieval Ireland*, 33.

³ *Ibid.*, 4.

⁴ Quoted by Orpen, 296.

⁵ Orpen: *Ireland under the Normans*.

⁶ Hayden: *Short History of the Irish People*, 120.

* Spelled Diarmid, Dermot and several other ways.

UNDER FEUDAL BARONS

Isabel, five year old daughter of Strongbow and Eva, was the sole heir of her father's extensive possessions. As over-lord, King Henry II took possession of the castles of Leinster and sent his trusted steward, Fitz Audelin, to act as his representative. Years after, Isabel was wed to William the Marshal, who in a measure succeeded to Strongbow's dominions in Leinster. However, he was usually absent in England, giving loyal service to the miscreant John, utterly unworthy of his untiring loyalty. Henry I had made one Gilbert his marshal; the office became hereditary and by the third generation, supplied a surname to its bearer.

Of the Norman barons who accompanied Fitz Audelin to England after Strongbow's death, none had a more re-

markable career than John de Courcy, who, dissatisfied with the policy inaugurated and seeing no chance of enhancing his own fortune by supporting it, broke away, with other discontents, and carved a dominion for himself out of Ulster, defeating the Celtic chieftain and making himself virtually supreme.

In 1177 Henry II held the famous council of Oxford; here he made his favorite son John, then ten years of age, Lord of Ireland. He renewed his earlier grant of Meath to Hugh De Lacy, who was henceforth to furnish him the service of one hundred knights, and, since Prince John was too young to take charge of his Irish possessions, he made de Lacy procurator. Robert Fitz Stephen and his friend, Miles de Cogan, were given the kingdom of Cork; Philip de Braose received Limerick. To be sure, such grants carried with them the assumption that the recipient would be able to dislodge the native kings who held the districts.

It was in the early spring of 1185 that Prince John set out to take control of his Irish possessions. He had just been knighted and sailed away with his favorites. It were difficult to imagine one less qualified for the task that lay before him. When the Irish chiefs came to greet the son of their sovereign, his courtiers in derision pulled their long beards. John antagonized not only the natives but awakened the hostility of the Normans who had come to the island some time before because he re-distributed parcels of land to his companions, regardless of disposals which had previously been made of them. It is interesting to note that his butler, Theowald Walter, received a large estate. This office gave its name to that family of Butlers, of whom much was to be heard later.

Having spent several months in mismanaging his new island, John at length returned to England. Many of the native chiefs had paid him no homage whatsoever, having learned that he was but a fickle youth whose counsellors were as inexperienced and powerless as he. As a matter of fact, had it been possible for the Celtic kings to band together, it is plain that, with the aid of the dispossessed Normans, they might have thrown off foreign rule at this time. But the baneful dissensions were forever at work.

"It was the clan-system and the weakness and irresolution inherent in it rather than lack of courage and determination in any individual, that rendered continuous and united opposition to the foreigners impossible. There was no national sense of country—only a 'tribal patriotism' and consequent anarchy."¹

John came again to Ireland, some years later, when King of England, shorn of his French possessions and handicapped by an interdict that the Papacy had laid upon his kingdom. Under such conditions his island loomed more important in his eyes. On this occasion he tarried only a few weeks but proved himself to be most unkingly by confiscating lands that he had previously bestowed upon his barons. Hugh de Lacy had been murdered in 1186. King John now took back territories in Meath which De Lacy's son had inherited; he crushed William de Braose, whom he had once honored. Maud, William's wife, had boldly commented upon John's treatment of Arthur, the king's nephew and was later to pay with her life for her frank reference to a murder that John preferred to forget. Twenty petty kings did homage to the sovereign, doubtless moved to take no risks after observing the undoing of De Lacy, Braose, and others.

Speaking in general of John's policy in Ireland, Orpen says: "His action seems to have been swayed by capricious favoritism or by vindictive personal animosity, without any regard for the general weal of his Irish dominion. For the native Irish themselves, in common with too many of his contemporaries, he had no sort of regard. But while always ready to grant away their territories (for a consideration) to his favorites, he gave the latter no assistance in making his grants effective, and no support in establishing their rule. On the contrary, with or without pretext, he again and again overrode his own grants in the most capricious manner. . . . John, in a word, was the same man in Ireland as in England: capricious, vindictive, tyrannical, only that in his tyranny he was even less under control."²

Half a century of Norman occupation of Ireland showed surprising results. While little had been accomplished in

the conquest of the north and northwest two-thirds of the island had come, to some extent, under the feudal administration, which the invaders brought with them. It was to the interest of the barons that the native laborers should remain on their estates and by their industry contribute to their prosperity. Indeed, without tillers of the soil and laborers generally, it would have been impossible for the Normans to remain. Intermarriages occurred and both conquerors and conquered became modified by contact.

"Improved methods of agriculture were introduced on the home farms. The manorial courts in their several degrees administered justice and settled disputes. Villas sprang up under the protection of the castles and grew to be towns where new industries were carried on, and where no doubt the foreign element predominated. . . . Navigable rivers were now used for commerce, and not for raids, and were bridged in places for the same purpose. . . . New monastic establishments were founded and endowed with indeed reckless profusion. . . . The seaport towns in particular, most of which owed their origin and small beginnings to the Norsemen, rapidly expanded and became centers of a growing foreign trade."

The grievances which a conquered people must endure during generations in which they are becoming assimilated by those who rule them are bound to be numerous. After the Norman conquest of 1066, the Saxons in England were long regarded as inferior and despised subjects. However, the king was resident in England and exercised a restraining hand against unjust aggression of the barons. In Ireland, on the contrary, the Crown was absent and the administration of royal domain was often in the hands of Norman barons, while in counties granted to the feudal lords, they reigned virtually as kings. The Irish continued to be judged by the Brehon law, the English, by the law of England. To murder an Irishman was not accounted as murder. This discrimination between conquerors and conquered gave birth to innumerable ills.

Nor was this all. From the beginning the policy of the Crown was irregular. In 1206, for example, Cathal, chief-

tain of Connaught, assigned two-thirds of his realm to the king of England for royal assurance that he should be left in undisputed control of the remaining third. Nevertheless, at his death John granted the whole of Connaught to William Fitz Aldelm. As soon as this grant became known, the entire tract became overrun by adventurers who, learning now that the province had never been conquered by the Normans, were eager for spoils.

A period of indulgence toward the natives would be followed by another of severity. If one representative of the king proved to be just and impartial, the next was sure to revoke his judgments.

The nobles were often required by the English sovereign to aid him in waging wars in France, Wales and Scotland; some of them held official positions in England. Their daughters often married Englishmen and thenceforth their holdings in Ireland were valued merely for the income which could be derived from them. The act which declared land forfeited unless owners returned to administer it put an end to this grievance for the time. Nevertheless, the lack of central control and unstable policy of the king caused a decline of English prestige.

It so happened that in 1314 the English army suffered defeat at Bannockburn. Robert Bruce was at this time leader of the Scotch Independents, who were determined to free themselves from England. The relations between Ireland and Scotland were naturally close. Emigrants from Erin had long before settled in Caledonia and communication between the descendants of the ancient Scoti was constant. Irish chieftains who had been roused by the injustices visited upon them by the nobles were encouraged by the English defeat at Bannockburn to revolt. Edward, brother of Robert Bruce, was invited to come to Ireland as Ardri. It seemed as though some outside and disinterested person might bring an element of solidarity to a people disrupted by all kinds of dissensions and discord. A remonstrance against English abuses was prepared by the Irish and sent to the pope, who replied by excommunicating both Edward Bruce and his brother Robert.

Landing in 1314, Bruce was welcomed by many and

crowned king of Ireland the following spring. Under more able leadership something permanent might have been accomplished. As it was, famine soon beset the land and in the face of starvation all calamities were presently attributed to the Scottish invasion, even by those who had once invited Bruce thither. When he fell fighting in 1318, his death was hailed on every side as a blessing.

During these four years of confusion, the English settlers and the Anglo-Irish, as the Norman barons are generally called, suffered greatly at the hands of the natives. In vain did they call for aid; the English ruler was too occupied elsewhere to give them any material assistance. This made an uneffaceable impression. Henceforth the Normans determined to become Irish themselves. Many of them adopted Irish names: Williams became McWilliams; David became McDavid and so on. They affected Irish customs, dress and language.

So diminished was the prestige of the Crown and so reduced its territories in Ireland that in 1366 Edward III sent his son Lionel, later Duke of Clarence, to take such action as might prevent further losses. His visit is remembered for the enactment of the statute of Kilkenny, forced through a parliament of his own calling. This was aimed to set the native Irish and the English colonists in open hostility, one with the other. It forbade the English in the towns from having intercourse with the Irish, imposing heavy penalties for intermarriage, the adoption of the Irish tongue, manner of dress and expressly prohibited the sale of horses to the Irish—who, if equally equipped for war, might prove more formidable soldiers. The English were no longer allowed to entertain the Irish bards, since it was surmised that, under guise of entertainers, they might serve as spies.

“Since the days of Strongbow the scourge of the native Irish was the rapacity and insolence of the Anglo-Irish lords. They seized their land, they hunted them into bogs and mountains, they harassed them with continued war, they denied them justice or law, and in every case frustrated the designs of the English government to admit them to the status of English subjects. These lords acted osten-

sibly in the interests of England, but in reality in their own interests; much of what they did was unknown in England, and much of what they did when it was known was condemned. And the Irish, or at least some of them, entertained the belief that if the English king knew the exact state of affairs in Ireland, he would restrain these lords from perpetrating so much injustice and would protect the native Irish from their rapacity. To such as these the statute of Kilkenny, and the circumstances in which it was passed into law, must have come as a painful surprise. For the parliament of Kilkenny was called together by the son of Edward III, acting in his father's name and armed with his father's power, and its enactments were stamped with his approval. And even the blindest could not but see that towards the native Irish the spirit of that famous statute was one of hatred and contempt. When they were described by an act of parliament as aliens and enemies, outcasts in their own land, with whom it was high treason even to associate, it was time for the Irish chiefs to take alarm and to lay aside their mutual rivalries and jealousies—that is, if they wished to save themselves and their people from extermination.”³

As a matter of fact, from its inception the law was scarcely more than a dead letter; it revealed the precarious situation of the English and stirred up much hatred on the part of the older inhabitants. It showed them that, despite the claim of the first English sovereign, who said he came thither as their protector, they could not expect him to look after their rights; nor were they drawn to a people who defined them in a law as “Irish enemies.” That the legislation was ill-conceived is beyond doubt. Yet it was apparent to the inexperienced prince that the conditions as he found them were ominous for the future. The Celtic language possessed certain musical qualities that charmed the ear and the Norman settlers easily adopted it. Just as the Celts and Norse had amalgamated to some extent before, so now the Irish and the Normans threatened to become assimilated. The young people of the two races were intermarrying. It seemed as though the country might be forever lost were this to continue. He conceived that hos-

tility between the races would operate for the quicker subjection in the island.'

The possessions of the English were dwindling. The great lords, to whom large grants had once been made, died out in course of time, all four finally left without male heirs.

When Richard II ascended the throne, the regions in Ireland where the king's writ was observed had been gradually contracted until they included little more than the Pale—Dublin and the region approximate to it.* Since the time of John, no English king had set foot in it. Taking with him the largest force ever employed in the conquest of the island, some thirty-four thousand men, Richard II landed at Waterford and proceeded to Dublin. He received the homage of the native chiefs and Norman barons and by a conciliatory manner sought to restore the power of the Crown. He had not been gone from Dublin very long before the submission made to him was demonstrated to have been a blind; the Pale was invaded and the representative, left by the king to uphold English administration, was murdered. Vowing to reduce the Irish chieftains to order, Richard II went again to the island; however, word reached him in due time that Bolingsbroke had marched to seize the government at home and he was obliged to return without accomplishing his purpose. Indeed, by his attempt to hold Ireland, he had lost his crown and was soon to lose his life.

The fifteenth century was filled with disorder and chaos in Erin. Only the student is willing to wade through the annals of years when chief struggled against chief and native against colonist. "There was war everywhere, north and south and west, on the borders of the Pale, and within it—wars between rival candidates for the chieftaincy of their clans, wars between neighboring chiefs and combinations of these, wars between the Anglo-Irish lords themselves, wars of aggression and of spoliation, wars of retaliation and revenge. But in all these wars we would seek in vain for any national or patriotic object, any unity of purpose or design. . . . Peace and order and settled government were unknown; law was known, but only to be

despised, for it was the law of the stronger, and that only, which prevailed.”⁴

It is interesting to note that after the death of the four great families aggrandized by the grants of Henry II, three Norman lines of lesser original importance gained pre-eminence. These were two branches of the so-called Geraldines, descendants of Maurice Fitz Gerald, who had been among the first of the Norman knights to leave Wales for Ireland, and the Butlers, descendants of Theobald Walter, chief butler or cup-bearer to Henry II. The Fitz Gerald of Leinster and of Munster were often to be heard from in Tudor days, the heads of their lines being known as the Earls of Kildare and Desmond; the head of the Butlers, as the Earl of Ormonde. Of the three, most powerful was the Earl of Kildare, who served several years as viceroy. There was slight effort made to curb the authority of these men, who ruled as petty kings.

When the Wars of the Roses broke out in England, the Butlers espoused the cause of the red, the more powerful Geraldines, of the white rose. During this period the lot of settlers within the Pale was most to be pitied, for while free from the burdens which the great feudal lords placed upon their subjects, they were deprived, at the same time, of having lords to withstand the attacks of the Irish chiefs. Legislation designed to aid them injured more than it helped because it was instigated with the intention of widening the gulf between native and English. Occasional attempts to enforce the statute of Kilkenny caused enmity between the races to become fiercer than before.

¹ Orpen, *Ireland under the Normans*, II, 182.

² *Ibid.*, 320.

³ D'Alton, *History of Ireland*, 388.

⁴ *Ibid.*, 412.

* So-called from the paling or embankment surrounding the region.

UNDER THE TUDORS

During the Wars of the Roses the Geraldines had supported the Yorkist party; so it was to them that the pretender, Perkin Warbeck, looked for favor when he played for awhile the rôle of Richard, Duke of York, who had long before perished in the tower. In 1494 Sir Edward Poynings

was sent to Ireland by Henry VII to bring some order out of chaos. The Earl of Kildare, who had served as lord deputy was called to England and temporarily restrained in the Tower. The chief accomplishment of Poyning during his stay in Ireland was the passing of legislation whereby the Irish Parliament was prohibited from considering any measures which had not previously been submitted to the English king and his council for approval; nor could parliament be longer convened at all without express consent of the king. Kildare succeeded in convincing Henry VII of his loyalty and was presently restored to his former office, which he filled for the remainder of his life. During the reign of Henry VIII the Geraldines raised a revolt and were overthrown.

In 1531 Henry VIII summoned the Irish Parliament to acknowledge the supremacy of the English sovereign in church as well as state. At no time had the Irish Parliament been representative of the country and it was a simple matter to gain passage of whatever legislation the Crown desired. The mass of people, devout Catholics, had no conception whatever of the significance of the Act of Supremacy and indeed no attempt was made to enforce it except in the Pale. When the monasteries were confiscated, somewhat later, greater opposition was made, because those flagrant abuses in the monastic system which demonstrated to the common people of England the danger of self-indulgent orders were lacking in Ireland. However, portions of the confiscated lands were bestowed upon some of the native chiefs who received English titles and seats in the Irish Parliament. This went far to lessen the resentment awakened by the dissolution of the monasteries. In 1541 Henry VIII declared himself King of Ireland, the title of *Lord of Ireland* having been the earlier designation.

Queen Mary spent her five years in a vain effort to undo the work of her father. Being a staunch Catholic, it might have been expected that the devotion of the northern island to Rome would have drawn forth some expression of appreciation from a ruler so religious. Instead, it was during her reign that the detested Plantation Policy was begun to increase the misery of a long-suffering land. It meant

the systematic expulsion of the people from wide tracts and the planting of English colonists upon them. It is true that settlers had come to Ireland in the wake of the Norman invasions, vassals of powerful barons or as direct subjects of the Crown in the Pale. However, the new policy was something far more definite and inexorable than that. It was begun in a methodical manner, centering upon a definite area, from which the natives were regularly expelled, to seek new homes in less advantageous parts of Ireland, more sparsely populated. It is needless to say that such a procedure inaugurated an era of bloodshed appalling even in that bloody land. Both sides employed the most shameful treachery and deceit. In the end, having put down one rebellion after another instigated by the dispossessed Irish chiefs, these were invited by the English to a parley and slain in cold blood.

The conquest of Ireland, begun in a desultory way under Henry II, was finally accomplished during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, but not without a long struggle and the expenditure of more than three million pounds; a considerable sum in that age.

Elizabeth ascended the throne of England in 1558 and the Irish Parliament was presently convened to pass two laws of much importance to the order-loving queen: the first acknowledged the English sovereign to be head of the English church; the second required uniformity of all subjects in religious worship. Elizabeth was wise enough to restrain her officers from too rigorous an enforcement of attendance at public worship, thinking it best to allow a new generation to grow up, less wedded to the old and more lenient to the new order. When it became generally understood that the purpose of this legislation was to separate Ireland from the papacy, the result was that the Reformed church and English rule became identified, both being regarded as insupportable. All benefices occupied by non-conforming bishops were declared vacant and English clergymen were appointed to them. So meagre was the income and so many the disadvantages of dwelling among a hostile people that it often happened the least desirable representatives of the Reformed church went to Ireland,

their example being a reproach rather than blessing. Again the pope did not recognize appointments made by England to Irish ecclesiastical posts and others were made from Rome. Many Catholic prelates were thereafter systematically concealed by a devout people, for imprisonment awaited all who were apprehended by the government.

It was near the end of Queen Elizabeth's long reign that the indomitable chieftains of the north made their final effort to throw off foreign rule. The story of Shane O'Neill, of Hugh O'Neill and Hugh O'Donnell form thrilling pages in the history of Celtic Ireland and its long struggle for liberty.

The great misfortune, from the standpoint of the Crown, was the vicious changing of viceroys every two or three years. As quickly as one had learned to understand the local conditions obtaining throughout the island, he was almost invariably recalled, to be replaced by another as unfamiliar with affairs as he had originally been. Moreover, some deputies felt it best to pursue a conciliatory policy; almost invariably their successors would inaugurate an arbitrary course, frequently marked by repudiations of former promises. It is hard to say which side displayed more perfidy, worse treachery or revolting cruelty.

The Earl of Essex was dispatched with twenty thousand soldiers to put down the uprising of Hugh O'Neill and his adherents, after the Deputy had been defeated by his forces at Yellow Ford. He left England with strict orders to march directly against the Earl of Tyrone, as O'Neill was called; but instead of doing so, he loitered in the south and suffered two retreats; then, without permission from the realm, he suddenly quit Ireland and came into the presence of the queen. For his insubordination he was committed to the Tower and later, whether justly or unjustly, was executed.

Lord Mountjoy now took command of the English army in Ireland to restore peace and order. Meantime O'Neill had obtained aid from Spain against the English and three thousand of Phillip's soldiers were landed to help the insurgents. In the end, Mountjoy prevailed upon the queen

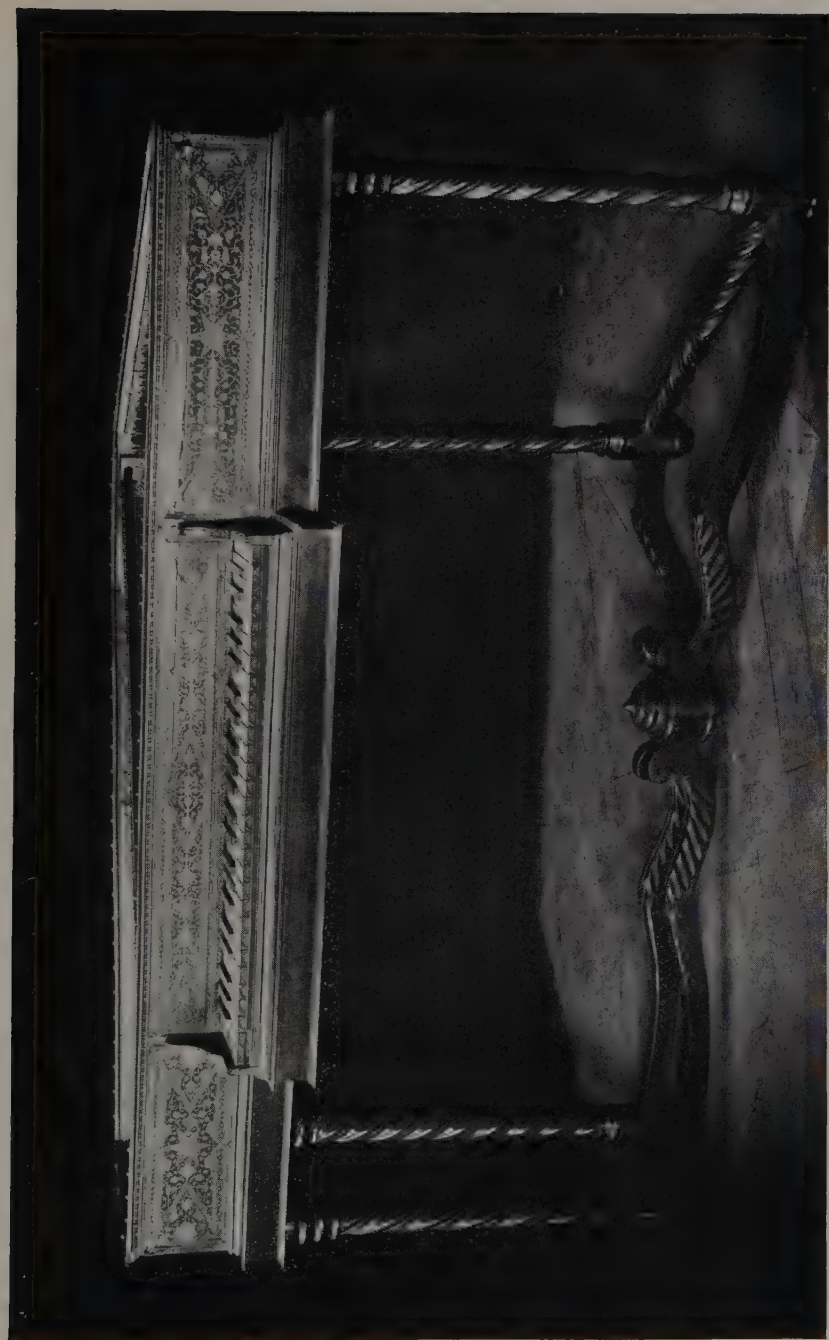
to come to terms with O'Neill, to which she reluctantly consented, dying before the negotiations were completed.

Years before this final blaze of independence on the part of the Celtic chiefs, the Earl of Desmond, head of the sixteenth generation of Fitz Gerald's who had received domains in Munster, because of personal difficulties with Butler, Earl of Ormonde, incurred the displeasure of the Crown. The recital of his activities may be found in extended narratives of Irish rebellions; but in the end he was defeated and his lands confiscated. The British government now proclaimed 500,000 acres of land open for colonization, in blocks of from four to twelve thousand acres. In dearth of English laborers to till the soil, nobles who might have availed themselves of this opportunity were deterred from doing so. As time went on it was the Irish who actually settled the territory, although the original plan had been to exclude them save as laborers. Like colonization schemes that had been tried before, this prodigious undertaking of Elizabeth's age proved unsuccessful.

It will be remembered that it was lands confiscated from the Desmond estate that Sir Walter Raleigh and the poet Spenser obtained during the latter's period as secretary to Lord Grey; and the uprising of the Irish, during which his castle at Kilcolman was destroyed, was a part of the widespread insurrection set afoot at the instigation of Hugh O'Neill.

IRELAND IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

Curiosity regarding Ireland's story soon reveals the scant attention it receives in the shorter English histories. Further investigation raises a question as to how far this may be due to the restrictions that are necessarily placed upon brief narratives. For the story of English subjection of the Irish people has been as discrediting and revolting as the despoliation of American Indians by the first white settlers and their further mistreatment in later times. To peruse the annals of either unfortunate is to become convinced that humanity must improve with the flight of the ages, for it is inconceivable that any of the



A SIXTEENTH CENTURY SPINET FROM VENICE, SHOWING MARQUETRY WORK OF THE PERIOD
These costly importations were highly prized both in France and England.

so-called Christian nations today could with impunity pursue such a heartless policy toward any people as was meted out to the Celtic Irish in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

Irish hopes were high when James VI of Scotland ascended the English throne. His mother had been a devout Catholic and it was imagined that her son would look with an indulgent eye upon those of her faith. Moreover, it was said that the king himself was descended from the *Scoti* who had gone from Ireland into Scotland in early centuries. Sentiment is strong with those of Celtic blood and it was fancied that this remote kinship would predispose James to favor the Irish. Such notions were short lived.

O'Neill and O'Donnell, the intrepid chiefs, who had waged war so doggedly against their oppressors, had been left in possession of their estates as a matter of policy, the aged queen dying before peace was entirely negotiated. Those who had expected to profit by their loss of ancestral lands soon circulated a rumor that the earls were making ready for a new revolt. Despite its falsity, these leaders felt it would be impossible to satisfactorily establish their loyalty and, not feeling equal to another struggle, since they were advanced in years, they secretly departed for the continent. Immediately their vast holdings were declared confiscated, and, with no consideration whatever for those who would be deprived of their homes, 750,000 acres in Ulster were thrown open for new occupants. Blocks of two thousand acres were apportioned to "undertakers," whose undertaking was to plant settlers upon them. These were to be English Protestants. A second area was divided into portions of fifteen hundred acres, to be disposed of to Irish Catholics. Ten thousand acres were bestowed upon Trinity College, Dublin, founded in 1593 by Queen Elizabeth in order to remove further necessity for Irish youths to be sent out of the island to obtain higher education. This enterprise had won much approval until it developed that adherents of the Reformed church alone would be tolerated; thereafter Catholics provided as they were able for the training of their sons.

Before the time of King James the laws of Ireland had

protected English subjects alone; it had been idle to seek justice in the courts for injury to the Irish. Now, however, the law was declared to include the whole population and representatives of various parts of the island were given seats in the Irish Parliament; forty new boroughs were nevertheless created to insure a predominance of English.

In gratitude for what they believed omened well for the future, the Parliament of 1613 granted James a generous subsidy, but their optimism gave way to dismay when courts were established to contest land titles. In a country of primitive custom it goes without saying that for the great majority to bring forward written titles to territories which their ancestors had occupied for centuries would be next to impossible. Yet they were now obliged either to pay heavy bribes for fictitious titles or lose their holdings. Leinster fairly swarmed with adventurers who attacked land titles, more eager for bribes than for proof of ownership.

When James I was succeeded by his son Charles, in 1625, the Irish were determined to obtain two concessions: the first, a confirmation of land titles to those who occupied the estate of their ancestors in time-honored right; the second, relief from the obnoxious fines which were imposed upon them arbitrarily and intermittently for non-attendance at public worship in the Established church. Charles I agreed to grant the "Fifty-one Graces" provided the Irish would give him 120,000 pounds. This was willingly raised in a meagre land for the coveted rights. It is shameful to relate that as quickly as the money was in his possession, the king straightway forgot the "Graces." Nor is it strange that when this was known the "restless Irish gave trouble again," whereupon Sir Thomas Wentworth was sent thither as deputy in 1633. He believed in a very forceful administration. First he collected twenty thousand pounds from the Catholics for freedom of worship which he failed to give and for confirmed land titles. He secured the grant of 240,000 pounds for the Crown in 1634 and connived to have the sanction to the "Graces" done illegally. He himself instituted further confiscations of

lands where title could not be proved: and it was impossible in corrupt courts to prove anything out of favor with the administration. Wentworth gathered together an army which he drilled to aid Charles and it was for this that the English Parliament impeached him when he was recalled to the capital.

He deserves to be remembered for one benefit: believing that Irish trade in wool would prove injurious to English traffic in the same commodity, he determined to discourage this and to substitute the manufacture of linen. He was largely instrumental in introducing the culture of flax which had proved so profitable in Ulster, the only province climatically suited to it. As a matter of fact, he was summoned home before he had time to destroy the wool trade; that task was left to his successors.

It is not strange that 1641 found Ireland in a state of rebellion. Owen O'Neill, nephew of Hugh O'Neill, was invited from the Netherlands to conduct a war against the English. The leaders earnestly tried at first to prevent needless pillage but in a short time the whole country was in a state of anarchy, Protestants and Catholics killing one another with equal ferocity. The habitual inability to join together in one consolidated movement prevented the war from succeeding. The ancient Celtic stock wanted to drive the English out of Ireland entirely; those of Norman descent wanted religious freedom but political union with the English; the Presbyterians and Puritans were hostile to the Catholics and the latter shared their enmity; the Royalists stood for their king. Thus it came about that several armies were put in the field and were soon fighting each other. The confederacy of Kilkenny was formed for the administration of the country but unity was not forthcoming.

The defeat of the Scotch army sent under Munro to quell the disturbance brought Oliver Cromwell to Ireland. He proved that exterminating a population invariably paves the way for peace. It is doubtful if the warmest supporter of English policy in Ireland could review his wanton massacres of women and children without revulsion. Thousands were loaded on ships and sent at slaves to the

West Indies. It is said that forty thousand Irish soldiers quit the country to enlist with continental armies.

To reward his soldiers who had enabled him to win such a glorious victory Cromwell seized lands in Ulster, Leinster and Munster, all who had taken arms against the English government being accounted traitors. Some ten million acres of land, or about one-half of the island, were confiscated as a result of this rebellion. All Irish Catholics of the south who could not prove their "innocence" in a war that had been waged throughout the entire country before its close, were ordered to move into Connacht; those too poor to be a menace were allowed to remain on condition of speaking the English tongue and becoming Protestants. Altogether, 50,000 are computed to have been forced from their homes to seek dwellings on the barren soil of austere Connacht.

One-third of the whole population had died of famine or war. Those who before the rebellion had owned at least half of the island now found themselves possessing less than one-tenth of it. The power of the Irish nation was crushed.

Upon the return of the Stuarts to England those who had lost their all in furthering the cause of Charles I expected to be rewarded by his brother. Undoubtedly he would have preferred to have restored their lands and it was frankly acknowledged that soldiers had no just title to them. A court was established to hear the complaints of those who had been wrongfully impoverished but so numerous were those who came forward to plead that the court was abolished before half the cases had been argued.

The misery of Ireland had been so great that it seems difficult to believe it was still to become the scene of worse conditions. These were brought upon it when James II, driven from his throne, secured French aid for establishing himself in Ireland. With the irony of fate, the cause of tolerance in Ireland became joined with the absolutism of Louis XIV; for the promises that James made to the downtrodden Catholics, within whom a flicker of hope still remained, brought them immediately to his support, while his invasion of Ireland was facilitated by a French

monarch disposed to help absolutism in its struggle with democracy.

James II was neither a capable general nor a brave man. When it was plain that the odds were against him in his war with William of Orange, who now shared the English throne with Mary—James' daughter by a former marriage—he thought only of his own safety, nor for a moment considered those who had risked everything to aid his cause.

The sieges and battles of the Williamite wars fill many pages in the detailed history of this little land. The Irish fought with a vain hope of winning religious freedom. Bravery was manifested by Protestants, who stood firmly with Queen Mary and the English government, as well as by the Catholics, who had nothing to lose and everything to gain.

When it was over the country was prostrated. Sickness and famine were added to the havoc wrought by war.

“So the history of the seventeenth century limps to a close. It began in a lurid, bloody dawn. A gray morning followed, which was almost steady. But clouds gathered storm for the fierce noonday outbursts of 1641. For eleven years thereafter the skies were torn, the earth deluged, the country convulsed and desolated. After Cromwell, whose bloodshot eye saw the Irish as papist monsters, the afternoon was livid. With the restoration of the Stuarts, there came a quiver of watery sunlight, a thin flush of rose—for a few years of attempted and apprehensive reconstruction. Then James II brought Ireland his lost cause, and drew on her the ugly wrenching tornado of the Williamite wars. Night at last descends. It is a night of such blackness, cold, and horror that it reminds one only of a no-man's land in which two bands of crouching men are at work in the blackness: one to kill the wounded, the other to rob the dead. . . .

“From 1550 to 1700, as the English viewed it, the Irish had shown a diabolical spirit. . . . Henry VIII had tried to solve their ‘problem’ (the problem, that is, of conquering them) by making their chiefs into earls and giving them a parchment title to the land which their kinsmen had always held. . . . From the age of Elizabeth we derive the

authorized version of Irish character. By the time the war was over it was already clear to the English that the Irish were barbarous, lawless, treacherous and malicious. In other words, the enemy. . . . Cromwell saw the Irish as hardly human; he massacred them with a complete conviction of outraged Puritan ideals, half hoping his use of force might drive out the devil. . . . What resulted, according to Green, was a hundred years of 'the most terrible legal tyranny under which a nation has ever groaned.'"¹

¹ Hackett: *Story of the Irish Nation*, 160; 163.

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

1. LEGISLATIVE OPPRESSION

The prostration of Erin was so complete at the end of the Williamite war that it seemed as if the outlook could never be darker. The opposing armies had desolated the land, each in its turn having forced the poor farmer to replenish supplies, so that everything available had been taken from him. It had been impossible to cultivate the fields and the cattle had been destroyed. Lacking crops and herds, people of rural communities were on the verge of starvation. In towns the conditions were little better, for finances had been demoralized by worthless coin issued by James. Moreover, all foreign trade had been interrupted and merchant ships had become the prey for raiding fleets.

Notwithstanding, conditions were doomed to become far worse before they mended and the Catholics, making up two-thirds of the population, were to be oppressed by the remaining third for another century.

The Treaty of Limerick, signed at the close of 1691, had contained two important clauses: the first gave permission to those so desiring to take movable possessions and depart for France or elsewhere. This was vital to those who wished to have their children educated in accordance with the Roman Catholic faith. This provision was faithfully carried out. The second insured to Catholics remaining the privileges they had enjoyed under Charles II. William III negotiated the treaty and it was not due to perfidy on his part that the provision guaranteeing religious toleration was violated.

About one-third of Ireland's population were Protestants; somewhat more than half of these being dissenters, mostly Presbyterians; the others belonged to the Irish or Established church. The Protestants of the Established church now determined to deny civil rights to dissenters as well as to Catholics.

Ratification by the Irish Parliament was essential to the Treaty of Limerick; it was kept under consideration for several years and then the provision pertaining to Catholic worship as enjoyed before the war was omitted.

It is instructive to glance back to the beginnings of this legislative body at its assumption of the name Parliament in 1295. It grew out of a council which had advised with representatives of the English sovereign and usually met in Dublin. The earliest attempt to make it a representative body was made in 1295, when some of the counties sent representatives to it. However, at no time was it representative of the native Irish and sometimes its membership was drawn exclusively from the Pale. Ordinarily meeting in Dublin, it was occasionally convened elsewhere—notably at Kilkenny, by Lionel, son of Edward III; also rarely at Trim, Drogheda and elsewhere, as the convenience of government officials required. Its meetings were held irregularly and not until the time of James I did an English sovereign make an attempt to have all parts of the island represented.

In 1408, when the Irish were exercising considerable strength and the prestige of the English was diminished, the Irish Parliament passed an act declaring that laws made in England were binding in Ireland only "when allowed and published in this Kingdom of Ireland."—that is, when endorsed by the Irish Parliament.

After two pretenders to the English throne had been given shelter in Ireland and had gained a substantial following there, Henry VII sent Sir Edward Poynings thither to reestablish the prestige of England. His visit is associated with "Poynings' law," which he forced through the Irish Parliament. This conceded all statutes obtaining in England to be enforced in Ireland and made it obligatory to obtain the consent of the English Privy Council to the

summoning of the Irish Parliament, while permitting it to consider only such measures as had passed under the scrutiny of the Royal Council and met its approval. This reduced the Irish legislative body to a court, existing for the purpose of registering English Parliamentary acts. Later, under Charles I, Strafford went so far as to claim that the Irish Parliament could but petition the Privy Council to propose bills but could not itself propose them.

During the period of the Commonwealth the Irish Parliament was abolished, Cromwell permitting the Irish to send thirty representatives to the English Parliament. After the Restoration, it was restored under conditions existing before the Civil War. After the Williamite War it became the instrument of English officials and rarely opposed measures submitted to it for ratification.

In 1691, a law was passed in England requiring all members of the Irish Parliament to take an oath declaring disbelief in Transubstantiation. This meant the exclusion of all Roman Catholics, who henceforth were shut out of the government of their country. The Irish Parliament assented to this membership qualification readily enough. However, when an attempt was made to force a revenue bill through, the Irish demurred, claiming the right to tax themselves. A bargain was then made with the Irish Protestant leaders to the effect that they would permit taxes to be set upon them provided these should be binding for two years only and provided they might be left unhampered to deal with the Catholics in Ireland as they saw fit. They had suffered losses during the late war and were determined to prevent a recurrence of such confusion.

It was soon apparent that they aimed at nothing short of complete crushing out of Catholicism in the country. To this end a series of penal laws were passed, affecting all departments of life, public and private. The sacred precincts of family were invaded; son was set against father and wife against husband. No Catholic might send his sons abroad to be educated nor could a Catholic teach in Ireland. A Protestant marrying a Catholic thereby lost all property rights. The Catholics were required to surrender their arms nor could they keep a horse worth more than five

pounds; a good horse might aid one in time of war. One thousand priests were permitted to remain to administer the sacraments; all other churchmen, monks, bishops and the like, were hounded out of the land by threat of death should they remain. To their credit, be it said, many stayed and ministered to their flocks nor gave thought to personal safety. Catholics were forbidden to practice law unless they took the oath of conformity; later, advocates had to swear that they had been Protestants since childhood. It became impossible for a Catholic to purchase land or establish a land title. Converts to Protestantism received undue share of family estates. Those who gave information touching the conditions of Catholic families, as to whether or not they conformed to the law, were rewarded by a portion of the forfeited property, the rest going to the state.

The one redeeming feature of the situation was that in the very nature of things it was impossible to enforce the strict letter of the law. Yet the nefarious custom of rewarding informants led to spying and prevarications which distorted human relations. Although many suffered for real or alleged infractions of the laws, dissenting Protestants sympathized with the Catholics and hindered rather than furthered an enforcement of such cruel regulations. To be sure, the disabilities placed upon the Catholics by the Protestants were no greater than those which the Catholics of France had placed upon the Huguenots in centuries past; it was the prolonging of the bitterness of religious persecution into modern times that made the conditions so intolerable.

Burke characterized the entire penal code as being "as well fitted for the oppression, impoverishment and degradation of a feeble people, and the debasement in them of human nature itself, as ever proceeded from the perverted imagination of man." Succeeding generations have acquiesced in the justice of his criticism.

England was determined to reduce Ireland to the status of a colony and maintain it. To this end economic regulations were passed which worked havoc with Irish trade. Wool was the heaviest export; it was now forbidden to send it to any country except England and to her only under an

exorbitant duty. This was done to protect English wool; moreover, it was part of a policy to keep Ireland so poor that future wars would be impossible. Other commodities were subjected to similar handicaps. The result was that a huge smuggling trade developed, far beyond the possibilities of coast patrol to control.

All incentive to progress in agricultural districts was removed by excessive rents which were charged, since Catholics were no longer able to buy land and such lands as had been restored to them by the Treaty of Limerick were confiscated. A considerable portion of the farming lands were owned by absentees. So-called middlemen took over such tracts and sublet them for "rackrent," meaning torture rent, as bad as the rack of the Inquisition. The moment the slightest improvements were made, rents were raised. This put a premium upon indolence and drunkenness and other vices soon beset the country.

Under George II the English Parliament passed an act which declared its right to legislate for Ireland as was deemed fit. The Irish Parliament, the weak instrument of English officials, endorsed any measure submitted to it.

It came about, in course of time that a minority in the House of Commons began to view with humiliation the oppression of Ireland and gradually Irish leaders dared to lift their heads in behalf of their countrymen. Notwithstanding, many years elapsed before reformative measures were fairly launched. Meanwhile the moral effect of the treatment meted out to the persecuted was deplorable.

"They (the Anglican Protestants) had impoverished the Catholics to such an extent that nothing was left to excite the rapacity of their persecutors. Their lands were gone; wealth they had none; politically and socially they were degraded as outcasts. Nor had the penal code been ineffective in degrading them morally as well. They had learned to hate government and glory in the violation of law; accustomed to the spy and the informer, they had become suspicious of everyone, even of their friends; they had contracted a habit of equivocation, and were chary of telling the truth; their manliness of character was to some extent undermined, and they acquired the attitude and language of

slaves. They flattered those whom they despised, and acquiesced in that which they condemned; disheartened by repeated defeats, they lost the courage even to give expression to their discontent, and sank into a hopeless apathy, from which they could see no prospect of deliverance by human means, and nothing was left to them but to hug their chains.”¹

¹ D’Alton: *History of Ireland*, IV, 485.

2. LEGISLATIVE RELIEF

Due to the profit which could be made on wool, by evading the existing export regulations, those situated to purchase great tracts of land evicted the tenants by demanding inordinate rents and converted small farms into wide pastures. As a result, thousands of laborers became beggars. The small farmer who could cope with the rents found the tithe-collector a menace. The tithe was money collected for the Established church and proctors took the contracts of collecting the fund from the people. The larger the amount collected, the surer their profits. In addition each farmer was expected to work on the public highways a given number of days in each year and if he had a horse, this was also required. Finally the burden of livelihood became such that secret societies were formed to do by violence what it was impossible to do by law. The “Whiteboys” in the vicinity of Cork, Limerick and other towns in the south of Ireland worked at night in pulling down the fences which had been built among the commons, formerly accessible to all for pasturage; they plowed pasture lands, which had formerly been under cultivation. For mutual protection they wore white shirts over their clothing in order to be recognizable. In the northern districts men refused to work on the roads. They wore twigs of the oak in their caps and were called “Oakboys.” Other associations, bent on awakening opposition to oppression, sprang up.

The American Revolution was eagerly watched by the Irish. Swift had earlier suggested that the Irish refuse to use English goods and so bring pressure to bear for the removal of trade restrictions. This was now done and only when manufacturers found their fabrics and furniture no

longer accepted in Ireland did they begin to realize that their own greed had overreached the mark.

The principles of the French Revolution penetrated to the oppressed everywhere and beyond a doubt the precarious situation in England during years of defensive wars worked to hasten Irish relief.

The first reform, slight at first sight, was an act providing that the Parliament of Ireland should continue not more than eight years. Heretofore it had continued indefinitely and consequently the representatives, having once been bought or bargained with, remained facile tools. In 1778 the test act was abolished and provision made whereby Catholics might hold property. The following year the duty was taken off wool, glassware and other commodities and Ireland was allowed free trade with the colonies of England. In 1780 the patriots of Ireland obtained the passage of the famous act which stated that none on earth save the king and the lords and commons of Ireland could enact legislation for the country. In January of 1783, by an act of renunciation, the English Parliament formally gave up its right to legislate for the Irish people.

In the accomplishment of these far-reaching measures the influence of Henry Grattan and of Henry Flood can scarcely be overemphasized. Grattan worked without ceasing for the regeneration of his country. His eloquence won him a place with Burke, who advocated the cause of Ireland in London while Grattan labored for it in Dublin.

All these changes, while beneficial and encouraging, did little to ameliorate the dire poverty of Catholics and dissenters, who became more and more inclined to take the administration of justice into their own hands or at least to retaliate for their woes. The Whiteboys became known as the Right boys; they intimidated the Anglican clergy. The wreckers arose from the poorest Protestants. In vain did the well wishers of the people counsel against violence; in vain were crime acts passed to punish malefactors.

One hundred years after the signing of the Treaty of Limerick, the Presbyterians organized the society of United Irishmen, in the city of Belfast. They proposed to secure the repeal of the penal laws still in force, to obtain parlia-

mentary reform and to free Ireland from outside interference. At the same time the Catholics petitioned for constitutional rights. Two years later those holding life leases of land were granted the franchise; Trinity College was opened to their sons and they were permitted to open a school in connection with it if they chose.

It will be remembered that Pitt labored faithfully to obtain the passage of an act for the emancipation of Catholics. England was embarked upon the Napoleonic wars and he well understood the urgent need of peace at home. However, opponents of the bill gained the ear of George III, who refused to concede it.

Disappointment caused by the failure of this long awaited reform contributed to the uprising of the Irish at the close of the eighteenth century. The Catholic defenders, the Protestant wreckers and the Orangemen—formed to drive out the Catholics and force them into Connaught—threw the land into anarchy and lawlessness. The words: "To hell or Connaught" would be found scribbled on the poor little cabin of a Catholic household. To ignore the warning meant certain death.

May 23, 1798, was agreed upon for a general uprising. However, the English government had honeycombed the land with spies and was well aware of the impending danger. As usual there was no concerted action on the part of the people and such insurrections as occurred were put down with great severity.

Pitt and certain other English statesmen believed that the wisest plan would be to abolish home rule in Ireland and unite the country with England, as Scotland had already united, long years before. The proposition met with marked hostility in Ireland. It being imperative to get the Irish Parliament to dissolve itself, Cornwallis and Castlereagh were sent into the country to buy the enemies of the measure. Eighty-four boroughs were purchased outright; twenty-eight new Peers were created. Large sums of money were openly paid as bribes.

Henry Grattan, whose patriotism had won such vital reforms for Ireland, rose from a bed of illness and came into the parliamentary meeting where the measure was

pending. Rising above bodily infirmities, his old eloquence returned and he painted the past glories of Erin, her one-time freedom and her future possibilities. However, gold had done its work and the assent of Parliament was won.

On August 1, 1800, the king of England signed the unification bill. It provided that the two kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland were to be one, having the title of United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. The Irish were allowed one hundred members in the House of Commons and thirty-two in the House of Lords, of which four were to Protestant bishops. The conditions of trade and commerce were made uniform for both kingdoms. The Irish Established church was to be united with the Church of England and continued forever. Two-fifteenths of the total expense of the United Kingdom was to be borne by Ireland for twenty years. Each kingdom was to assume its own debt.

Regarding this affair Gladstone said years after: "I know no blacker or fouler transaction in the history of man than the making of the Union between England and Ireland." Six years after its accomplishment Fox called it "atrocious in its principles and abominable in its means."

AFTER THE UNION

When the Act of Union was passed, England was engaged in war. Throughout the Napoleonic struggle her position was precarious and much of the time the brunt of the defensive rested upon her. Despite the reprehensible methods by which the Union was accomplished and regardless of wrongs which had previously been wrought upon Ireland, there can be no reasonable doubt that Pitt and his associates believed this to be the wisest solution of the Irish problem.

It is doubtful if a more fair-minded treatment has been accorded nineteenth century Ireland than that given by Sir James O'Connor in his recent history.* His analysis of the failure of the Union is convincing. Giving both sides their due, stating the mistakes made by either people with equal frankness, he sweeps aside as ungrounded several grievances ordinarily offered against the incorporation of Ireland into the United Kingdom. Granting the desira-

bility of joining the two countries together, it would seem that the conditions as laid down were just. The Irish were given fair representation in Parliament; they were not unduly taxed. While the original levy of two-fifteenths of the cost of government upon them was too large, it was never paid and in 1817 England assumed the Irish debt, took over the exchequer and henceforth the people of both lands were taxed alike, save that certain exemptions were made in favor of the Irish.

The two principal reasons why the Union failed were, first, that much needed reforms were too long delayed; second, one country was predominantly Protestant, the other largely Catholic, and the spiritual divergence between the two peoples produced a gulf "much wider and deeper than the channel."

With his astute foresight, Pitt realized that since the Catholics comprised more than two-thirds of the population in Ireland, they should be enfranchised at once, regardless of the opposition made by Irish Protestants to such a measure. Notwithstanding, so loud were the outcries in England and so determined the hostility of the king, that the bill was defeated. This produced a most unfavorable impression at the start.

The emancipation of Irish Catholics was gained twenty-seven years later by the tireless activities of Daniel O'Connell, regarding whom the most divergent criticisms are to be found. By some he is held to have been little more than a demagogue, inciting his countrymen to deeds of violence by his immoderate speech; nor can it be gainsaid that he usually proved himself a stranger to dignified and restrained oratory. Logical speech rarely carries hotly contested reforms. Scathing criticisms were made of O'Connell's methods by the discerning of his own land while he lived; they are still written by the biographer and historian. Yet it is easy to lose sight of the conditions with which he had to contend, to forget the apathy that settled down over the land after the union. The twenty-five years that followed have been called the "dreariest in all Irish history"—although fine discrimination must be exercised to decide such a point.

"People still think of O'Connell as the arch-demagogue battenning on the scanty earnings of the Irish peasant. They forget that it was to O'Connell's persistent advocacy of the Catholic claims during this dreary period that the regeneration of Ireland was due. It was easy after the victory had been won and Irishmen had been awakened from the torpor that had fallen on them to belittle his achievements and sneer at his political doctrines. But without O'Connell Ireland might have gone on slumbering for how long no man can say. It was he who poured new life-blood in her veins and, like another Moses, led her people out of the house of bondage to within sight of the promised land. . . . Say what one will, it was O'Connell that created the Irish nation."¹

O'Connell organized the Catholic Association, which had for its object not alone the emancipation of Catholics, but the attainment of other reforms, as well. Mass meetings were held. Finally, when he had been overwhelmingly elected to Parliament, from which Catholics were debarred by an obnoxious oath, rather than provoke civil war, the Emancipation bill was passed in Parliament.

"Had the emancipation been granted immediately after the union, the effect upon the relations of the two countries would have been most happy; but as it was, the concession evoked neither affection nor gratitude. Moreover, the methods to which Ireland was obliged to resort to obtain its due, were disastrous. Threat of violence had succeeded where reason had failed. The precedent was a pernicious one; it pointed to violence as the natural path to reform. The lesson was not lost upon the Irish people."²

The great mass of the people were little affected by this reform. Their grievances were based in the land tenure and in the exaction of the tithe, which elicited their sharpest resentment. The tithe was an assessment levied upon the entire population for the benefit of the Established church. As a matter of fact, it was not large per capita but the method of collection was objectionable and compulsion to contribute to the support of a hated church aroused the bitterest animosity. The population of Ireland was over seven million; six million were Catholics. Their own

churches were miserable buildings and their priests poorly paid.

“In England twenty-six prelates ministered to 6,000,000 members of the church of England; in Ireland there were eighteen prelates ministering to 500,000 out of a population of 7,000,000; in England, several bishops had only £2,000 or £3,000 a year while no Irish bishop received less than £4,000 a year and some £15,000. Besides the £600,000 a year in tithes, the church had large temporalities as well, 600,000 acres of profitable land, bringing the total annual income up to £1,200,000 per year; while the Catholic clergy had no state provision at all.”³

Instead of removing such an objectionable tax, the English argued that the two countries were now bound together politically, that to the Established church all should contribute alike. A variety of expedients were resorted to. Officers of the Crown were sent to collect the tithe, replacing the earlier proctors. Riots ensued. “The jails were filled with tithe debtors; the cost of collection was twice the amount collected.” Finally the tax was made indirect, being collected from the landlords, who advanced their rentals to offset it.

The wrong that sapped the very life of the nation was the deplorable system of land tenure. Much is written of absentee land owners, and considerable arable land was held by residents of England; much is said of the cruelties practised by the middlemen, who sub-let the holdings. The fact was that the land had been confiscated by the Normans, who permitted the peasants to continue to till farms which had formerly belonged to them. Plantations and confiscations had continued to rob the people of their land. This wholesale robbery had never been forgotten and in all but the northeastern portion of Ireland—settled by the thrifty Scotch—a blind hatred existed between landlord and peasant, intensified rather than diminished by the flight of time. Many injustices were common, the worst being that the soil was allowed to become exhausted, it being no one’s duty to restore it and keep buildings in repair. The slightest sign of prosperity was the signal for increased rental; tenants were subject to arbitrary rents and evictions, nor had they

any redress. As a result, at least one-fourth of the population always hovered near the verge of starvation and failure of crops for a single season meant certain death to many.

In consequence of such a deplorable state of affairs, enthusiasm over the bestowal of suffrage upon property holders or leasors of required rating was out of the question. Under two Parliaments or one, regardless of political changes, the poverty of the masses remained unchanged. Moreover, secret societies sprang up among the lawless, terrorizing and injuring those who were believed to oppress the poor. The Orangemen were Protestants; the Ribbonmen were Catholics and needless to say, well-wishers of both faiths deplored the depredations of these and like organizations who set up their will in place of law and order.

Some respite in the dissatisfaction usually manifested against the Union came during the administration of the Whigs in 1832. A liberal-minded Scot by the name of Drummond was sent as Lord Lieutenant to Ireland. O'Connell worked with him rather than against him, in comment whereof O'Connor tartly observes: "The experiment of allowing the government to govern the country instead of making government impossible, has been occasionally tried by Irish political leaders. . . . It has sometimes been attended by satisfactory results."⁴

Drummond organized an efficient police force for Dublin and for the country at large. This went far toward establishing order and suppressing the outrages of Orange and Ribbon men.

It was under his administration that workhouses were built to shelter the destitute.

With the return of the Tories to the helm the agitation for a repeal of the Act of Union was again heard. O'Connell formed the National Loyal Repeal Association, which proposed to secure the abolishment of the tithe as well as the dissolution of the union.

Many enterprising young men allied themselves with the so-called young Irishmen, differing radically with the antiquated methods of O'Connell. They published an organ known as the Nation; they harked back to the glories of the

past and sought to arouse enthusiasm for the independence of Celtic days. O'Connell's experience and his definite measures won for him a far greater following than these young idealists were able to secure; their lofty sentiments passed over the heads of the people as a whole.

Mass meetings were now called. It was said that five hundred thousand Irish assembled on one occasion on the site of the ancient capital at Tara but it is likely that the count was not accurately taken. A still larger meeting was scheduled for the fifth of October, 1842, to take place at Clontraf, famous for a decisive battle against the Danes in 1014. The English government forbade the meeting. Fearing a repetition of the Manchester Massacre, O'Connell recalled notices of the rally. His attitude at this time has been attributed by some to cowardice; it certainly lessened his prestige at home; nevertheless, it is certain that a meeting held in defiance of the authorities would have precipitated a clash between the people and the military. O'Connell was arrested on a charge of sedition, tried and sent to prison, a heavy fine being also imposed. A few months later the sentence was revoked, his release being the occasion of wild public demonstrations.

Potatoes, the stable crop of Ireland, were subject to a blight in 1846-7, fields of verdant plants being reduced to decaying vegetation within a few days as the affection spread from one region to another. The suffering that followed was appalling. It is estimated that within four years at least one million died from starvation or fever produced from mal-nutrition. Two millions more left Ireland forever within a few years to find homes across the sea, the majority emigrating to America.

It was for starving Ireland that Peel broke with his party and repealed the duty on grain. This reduced the price of bread but worked injury to the Irish farmer who benefited by good prices; take it all in all, economists are in disagreement as to whether the good outbalanced the injury.

Thus the first half of the nineteenth century went out under the black cloud of famine and pestilence. The visitation of these two stern spectres is still unforgotten. It

worked irreparable loss, for those who held the traditions of the past most closely to heart, the older generation, were first to succumb to cruel hardship.

¹ *History of Ireland*: Dunlap, 162.

² O'Connor, 181.

³ O'Connor, 224.

⁴ *Ibid.*, 227.

* *History of Ireland*: Sir James O'Connor.

LAND REFORMS

The first feeble attempt to deal with the source of all Irish ills, the system of land tenure, was made in 1848, when the Encumbered Estates Act was passed. Many estates were hopelessly involved. A court was now established to facilitate the sale of heavily mortgaged properties, the theory being that men of sufficient capital to develop them according to modern methods would gain possession of them. On the contrary, they were purchased as a rule by speculators for less than their actual value and presently a new set of landlords replaced those who had sold, while the tenants remained in poverty as abject as before. Indefinite periods of tenure, liability to eviction at any time, removed all incentive to make improvements.

In 1850 the Tenant Right party was organized in Ireland to win the "three F's"—fixed tenure, fair rental, free sale, the last meaning the privilege, on the tenant's part, to dispose of his rights and improvements at pleasure. This movement gave early promise but ebbed shortly, to be revived later.

For thirty years following, private retaliation was rampant in Ireland. Tens of thousands of Irish, evicted under distressing circumstances, had found homes in America. Their love for Erin was as undying as their hatred for England, whom they held to be responsible for all their woes. The Fenian society was organized in this country and after the Civil War gained considerable size and influence. Resentment was not wanting in the United States because England had covertly aided the south; hence any movement antagonistic to Great Britain was sure to win support.

The Fenians believed that it was idle to look for consti-

tutional redress for Ireland, and beyond a doubt there was much at the time to deepen that impression and little to disprove it. Taking their name from that of the militia commanded in antiquity by Finn or Find,* they took stock of the past, found that such reforms as had been gained had followed periods of lawlessness and acts of violence and openly proclaimed war between the two races in Ireland. In New York they published an organ known as the *Irish World*; as late as 1880 the following lines appearing in it gave some notion of the ideas which actuated the more aggressive Fenians:

“Some think it an open question whether the political agent called dynamite was first commissioned in Russia or first in Ireland. Well, it is not of much consequence which of the countries takes precedence in this onward step towards civilization. Still, we claim the merit for Ireland.”¹

Nevertheless, the wiser of their members frowned upon underhanded methods, preferring war in the open.

Looking back from the vantage point of the twentieth century, one marvels at the unconcern of Parliament toward Irish affairs in these years. In a speech in the House of Commons Gladstone said: “only since the termination of the American war and the appearance of Fenianism has the mind of this country been greatly turned to the consideration of Irish affairs.” It is not hard to see why the peasant was disposed to set his faith in terrorism rather than legislation.

In 1868 Gladstone came forward with the first of his measures for the relief of Catholic Ireland: a bill for the disestablishment of the Irish church. The dismal forecasts of the English churchmen and Irish Protestants provoke a smile today; the advocates of every measure are so sure that safety for the future attends their way alone! When it was finally forced upon Parliament to pause to consider the predicament in the neighboring island, the inherent sense of justice compelled the members to concede the wrong in requiring a nation largely Catholic to contribute to the support of a Protestant church. The tedious delay in obtaining other necessary reforms was due to indifference and especially to ignorance as to prevailing conditions.

Hoping to find some solution for an intolerable situation, an important meeting was held in Dublin in the spring of 1870 to consider the matter. Men of all political persuasions and religious faiths were in attendance. They were agreed in holding the Union to have proved an unqualified failure. Isaac Butt, Irish statesman and member of Parliament, was instrumental in drawing resolutions in which it was stated: "It is the opinion of this meeting that the true remedy for the evils of Ireland is the establishment of an Irish Parliament with full control over our domestic affairs."

The Home Rule party was an outgrowth of this meeting, being definitely formed in 1873. The following year, sixty "Home Rule" members were sent to Parliament. When their leader moved that a committee be appointed to consider the appeal from Ireland, in 1874, 458 voted against it; 61 for it. This procedure was repeated regularly in Parliament for five years with a similar result. Who can wonder that the constituents at home renewed their faith in "Captain Moonlight"?

The first genuine effort to ameliorate the wretched state of the small farmer, practically a serf, came with the landlord and tenant act of 1870. What is known as the dual ownership in the land was now set up since the tenant, in case of eviction, could require the owner to compensate him for such improvements as he had made; further, he could collect limited damages for the inconvenience caused him. This applied only to small holdings and the strength of the land owners and helplessness of the tenants resulted in no radical change. There was also a clause providing for peasant purchase, the state offering to loan two-thirds of the purchase price at five per cent for a period of thirty-five years.

The Free Ballot Act of 1872 set the peasant free from the oppression of the landlord, who had hitherto been able to dictate his vote or visit displeasure upon him in numerous ways. This was a vital and highly beneficial change.

Prosperity in Ireland had led to gradual increase of rentals. In many cases property was so encumbered with

debt that the condition of the landlord was not greatly better than that of the tenant, although his living conditions were much more tolerable. However, in 1877 and two years following, the potato crop fell short, as had been the case thirty years before. Now, in face of starvation, rents fell in arrears. In vain the Irish members of Parliament tried to get a hearing; matters went from bad to worse.

In 1879 the Land League was formed in Ireland; its object was to obtain complete separation from England. A branch was organized in America, known as the American Land League. Its membership swelled; contributions flowed into its treasury. Charles Stewart Parnell became its president.

Whether or not all the crimes laid to the Land League were justly attributed to it is a question. The masses in Ireland never required much license to resort to violence, which had been a lever for obtaining concessions that reason could not win. The organization repudiated constitutional redress, believing it could not be gained.

Parnell and his followers in Parliament determined that if that legislative body would not harken to their demands for justice that they would do everything in their power to obstruct the transaction of business until attention should be accorded them. Parnell mastered the rules of Parliament and was able to delay action on matters of importance. All methods followed now by filibusters were known to him and he was utterly impervious to the antagonism of the English, for whom his hate was undying.

Although the notice of parliamentary members was certainly bestowed upon the Irish delegation, no immediate concessions were made. Meanwhile landlords continued to evict tenants whose ruined crops made the payment of rents impossible. More than 1300 were turned out in 1877; two years later, twice as many were set adrift to seek shelter where they could find it. Naturally, under cover of darkness, the number of crimes grew apace.

It was customary, in cases where tenants refused to vacate when ordered, to resort to the "iron ramrod brigade," who demolished the little cabin before the eyes of the family, regardless of sickness, poverty or inclement

weather which faced them. There were two sides to the case: the landlord needed rents which other tenants might be able to pay. O'Connor speaks a word for the much maligned landlords, who have not had too many to espouse their cause. He says: "A good landlord was scarcely possible in Ireland. It is not human nature to regard with benevolence a person who hates you and will always hate you; a creditor does not feel disposed to forego, postpone or lessen his claim upon a debtor who openly and constantly snarls at him. If an attempt is made to win the creditor to a better frame of mind and it is repulsed, the attempt will not be renewed. In such circumstances, each of the parties will continue to act as a constant blister upon the other.

"If to be a good landlord was difficult, to be an improving landlord was impossible. For improvement meant real interference with the estate, and in Ireland all intelligent interference must result in the enlargement and consolidation of holdings. But no landlord could attempt this unless he wished to exchange his earthly mansion for a heavenly one."²

Under such conditions one circumstance occurred that is instructive, in view of methods pursued by industrial malcontents today. It contributed a new word to our vocabulary and a new weapon to the oppressed.

The Land League had determined that when rents were increased, tenants might offer the landlord what they considered a just sum, through some trustee; this being refused, the money might be used to contest the case. Further, it tried to influence tenants against bidding for holdings from which there had been evictions. Parnell was addressing an audience one day in Ireland and he inquired of his hearers what fate might reasonably be meted out to a man who bid for the holding of an evicted tenant. Someone shouted that he deserved shooting. Instead, Parnell counselled, he should be avoided. "When a man takes a farm from which another has been evicted, you must show him on the roadside when you meet him, you must show him in the streets of the town, you must show him at the shop counter, in the fair and in the market-place, and even in the house of worship, by leav-

ing him severely alone, but putting him into a moral Coventry, by isolating him from his kind as if he was a leper of old; you must show him your detestation of the crime he has committed, and you may depend upon it that there will be no man so full of avarice, so lost to shame as to dare the public opinion of all right-thinking men and to transgress your unwritten code of laws."

It so happened that shortly after this, tenants offered to Captain Boycott, the agent for the estate of a nobleman, rentals deemed just by them but refused by the agent. Immediately his servants were induced to quit him. "No one would save his crops, the smith would not shoe his horses, the laundress would not wash for him, the grocer would not supply him with goods; even the post-boy was warned not to deliver his letters. The Ulster Orangemen came to the rescue, and fifty of them, escorted by police and military with two field-pieces, came to Lough Mask. They saved the Captain's crops, valued at £350, but at an estimated cost to the State and to the Orange Society of £3,500; and when they left, Lough Mask House became vacant, for Captain Boycott fled to England. The genial and witty parish priest of the Lough Mask district suggested to his friend, Mr. Redpath, an American journalist, perplexed for a suitable word, that boycott was a better word than ostracise, the latter being too difficult to be understood by the people. The hint was taken, the word used in this sense gradually gained currency and became incorporated in the English language, and of all the weapons used by the Land League none was more dreaded by landlords and their friends than the terrible weapon of boycotting."³

The Land Act of 1881 secured by Gladstone, won for the Irish tenants the "three F's," which had once seemed sufficient: fixed tenure, fair rental and free sale. Private negotiations between tenants and landlords were now at an end for legal tribunals were established to determine just rent, which, once established, obtained for fifteen years; during this period the tenant could not be evicted. In case he desired to sell his rights, the owner had first chance to buy them and a fair price was determined by the tribunal. Purchase of holdings by tenants was made easier, the State

providing three-fourths of the cost. When experience showed that this Act did not aid those whose rents were in arrears, they were relieved the following year by the provision that one year's back rent being discharged, the State would pay the landlord a like sum and the obligation would be cancelled in full. In 1885 a further enactment made it possible for the tenant to borrow the entire purchase price at four per cent, payments reaching over forty-nine years.

Such radical changes transformed the condition of agricultural Ireland. Henceforward the struggle was to be one for nationality and independence; the land grievances were largely at an end.

Those who deplore the depredations of the Land League, its crimes, its threats and terrors—and they were surely not a few—must never forget that Gladstone said, a few years before his death, “Without the Land League, the Act of 1881 would not be on the statute book.” Violence had won again.

The great advocate of Irish rights brought in his first Home Rule Bill in 1886. It would be misleading to underestimate the pressure brought to bear on the Premier at this time. The Liberals and Conservatives were so evenly divided that the Irish representatives, voting as a solid block, turned the balance. Not only was Gladstone desirous of propitiating the Irish but he was weary of their obstruction of the business of the Empire. The Bill was defeated, largely by the objections of John Bright and Chamberlain. John Bright was one of the staunchest friends of the Irish but he could not view with favor the project of leaving the Protestants of northern Ireland to the mercies of a Catholic state.

Before the final attempt of Gladstone to force through a home rule bill in 1893, an unfortunate split came in the Irish party. Parnell had become the idol of his people, he had won the respect and regard of the English as well. His influence in the United States was tremendous among the American Irish. He threw his career to the winds for an illicit affair with the wife of his friend, Captain O'Shea. When the latter sued for divorce, naming Parnell as co-re-

spondent, friends of the great Irish leader discredited the report. The Victorians had scant patience with such proceedings and Parnell was succeeded by James McCarthy in the prominent Irish political circle in London. However, since he refused to retire, some espoused his cause, others felt that to do so would work injury for Ireland. Whether the Home Rule measure of 1893 would have passed had this unhappy circumstance not risen may be open to doubt. It was fated to rejection as matters developed.

Gladstone's disappointment was keen; he was now advanced in years, with failing sight and hearing and the burden of sixty years of public service sat heavily upon him. His cherished project passed the Commons and was thrown out by the Lords. In a speech made in Scotland somewhat later Gladstone said that "a determined nation could not be thwarted by a phalanx of 500 peers who bore high-sounding titles and sat in a gilded chamber." Within a few years his prophecy bore fruit, the House of Lords being reduced to an advisory body.

Five years after his last appeal for Ireland's home rule Gladstone's death brought sorrow to the hearts of the Irish throughout the world, for he had given their problems his best years and had won for them freedom from the detested tithes and a workable land tenure.

¹ *Irish World*, Nov. 28, 1880.

² O'Connor, II, 46.

³ D'Alton, VI, 287.

SINN FÉIN

About the middle of the nineteenth century scholars of Trinity College, Dublin, began to translate some of the ancient manuscripts in its possession. When these were published, so much interest was kindled that a Gaelic revival presently set in. Lovers of Erin's illustrious past viewed with dismay the fallen state of her language and social customs. The Irish tongue, once the speech of a nation, was used only by the peasant. Celtic literature was neglected. The one-time bards, long since gone, had implanted their songs in the hearts of the lowly, by whom they were alone perpetuated.

The result of this attention to a well-nigh extinct culture was the formation of the Gaelic League, in 1892, with Dr. Douglas Hyde as its first president. Its departments were numerous, embracing athletics, especially the revival of sports and games once current among the Celts; another division made folk dances its consuming interest; a third carried on lectures regarding Irish literature; one branch was founded in America. A Gaelic newspaper was started as the organ of the movement.

During its earlier years the Gaelic League worked quietly and tried to allay rather than arouse opposition. Yet there were not wanting those who regarded it as ill conceived, emphasizing the dissimilar origins of the English and Irish nations. When those devoted to fostering the Gaelic language tried to have it included in the public school curriculum and made it the test of entrance to college, opposition was stimulated. As prominent an educator as Dr. Mahaffy, of Trinity College, employed his talents to defeat such measures, but the people were resolute. It was plain that within a few generations all vestiges of Gaelic learning would be gone without direct and active stimulus.

The first use of the words *Sinn Féin*, meaning literally *Ourselves*, is not known. The sense is more clearly revealed in such phrases as: *Being Ourselves* or *Let us be Ourselves*; in other words: instead of aping the English, employing their language, adopting their customs, while abandoning all that our own civilization held dear, let us revive it. "Irish Ireland" became the slogan. At this time the name applied to the re-establishment of the native culture rather than to politics or parties.

In 1898 local self-government was won for Ireland. A franchise liberally extended enabled the people to choose their own members to serve on the County Council, established in each of thirty-two counties.

In 1902 an unprecedented meeting was called, landlords and peasants—through their representatives—being summoned to a conference. Equally remarkable was it that both sides of the land question were agreed in condemning dual ownership of land. Besides its action on the showing of this meeting, Parliament appropriated a huge sum of

money, approximately five hundred million dollars, from which fund peasants might borrow sums necessary to purchase holdings; at the same time bonuses were offered by the government to landowners as an inducement to them to sell to the peasants. So at last, in 1903, the land, wrested from the people by the Norman conquest and subsequent confiscations, was restored to them.

Because the House of Lords had thrown out a finance bill which had passed in the Commons, in 1909 the Lower House framed a resolution to the effect that thenceforward the Peers could not veto an appropriation bill nor any other important public measure, providing such a bill had been passed by them in three successive sessions. To carry this through it was necessary to have the Irish vote, which was secured by a promise of home rule for Ireland. Accordingly, in 1912, during the premiership of Mr. Asquith, the third Home Rule Bill was introduced: It passed in the Commons and was rejected by the Peers.

Its provisions were similar to the earlier bills which had been advocated by Gladstone, to a Parliament that would not hearken. In due time, in accordance with the Veto Act of 1909, it lacked only the signature of the sovereign to place it upon the statute book, for it had been passed by the Commons in three successive sessions. However, trouble was already abroad in the land, for Ulster bitterly opposed it.

It would be impossible to understand the trend of affairs in Ulster did one not take into account the character of northern Ireland and its unlikeness to the south. The industries of the north are ship-building and the manufacture of linen; the south has always been a farming country. The north was settled by Scotch Presbyterians for the most part; the south is predominantly Catholic. Belfast is the industrial center of the north and it grew rapidly and prospered. Catholic and Protestant worked side by side in peace; yet, during the disturbances that followed, it was plain that religious animosities had slumbered rather than died out.

The Nationalists of the south stood for an Irish nation, governed by the British sovereign and by its own Parlia-

ment; the Unionists of the north were resolved to maintain the *status quo*, preserving their position of equality with the English. A solemn covenant was made "to stand by one another, in defending ourselves and insuring to our children our cherished position of equal citizenship in the United Kingdom, and in using all means which may be found necessary to defeat the present conspiracy to set up a Home Rule Parliament in Ireland." The Ulster volunteers were formed and military training began. In the south, the Irish volunteers were organized.

It is plain that this aggressive opposition to home rule was born of a fear lest freedom of worship might presently be denied to the northern Protestants by an overweening Catholic population in the south.

The great World War had already broken out and by special provision, home rule had been delayed until it should terminate. Redmond, chairman of the Nationalist party, at once pledged Ireland's support to England; however, at home his words were characterized as premature. A division followed, the majority holding loyalty to England, with Redmond; a minority objected to being thus pledged without their own consent.

It is of too recent date to require narration: the sailing of the *Aud*, ostensibly a Dutch trader, from Hamburg to Ireland—in reality a German ship, loaded with arms for Irish insurgents. Roger Casement, their leader, was carried to the Irish shores by a German submarine, but shortly found himself in a London prison. On the Monday following Easter, 1916, the insurgents seized some of the public buildings in Dublin, which, with criminal neglect, had been left insufficiently guarded. The foolhardy attempt to gain possession of the government quickly failed. To the British the whole undertaking appeared not only treasonable but contemptible, in face of the appalling situation in Europe. Fifteen of the leaders, including Casement, were executed and many more imprisoned.

The fate meted out to the revolutionists aroused the sympathy of the Irish and it was now that Sinn Féin came to the fore as a political party of some proportions. Month after month it steadily gained ground.

England had manifested a willingness to put Home Rule into effect but the bitter division in the island made this impractical.

So critical did the war become that in 1918 conscription was employed in England and announced for Ireland. To a country seething in discontent, this ignited the revolutionaries. If Home Rule meant anything at all, it was said, it surely conceded to a people the right to determine whether or not they would permit this hated means of recruiting soldiers to be used. The real character of the war upon which the European powers were engaged was thoroughly understood and Irishmen felt they preferred to die fighting for the liberty of their own land to falling on the fields of France at the behest of England.

"That a country which purported to fight for small nationalities and to endorse the policy of self-determination should keep a small country in subjection, and yet should force the manhood of that country to become cannon fodder in England's extremity was felt to be inexcusable. Catholic Ireland rose as a man to meet the emergency."¹

Sinn Féiners declared Ireland free and independent and announced a Republic. Their Assembly or *Dail*, to use the Gaelic term, was soon suppressed by the British government. When the police tried to keep order they were shot. English constables, called "Black and Tans" because of the color of their uniforms, were hurried to Ireland, and presently the so-called Anglo-Irish war waged. Only two or three thousand gunmen and ruffians seem to have had a part in the outrages that ensued, but the country was soon in the grip of terror. Policemen might be shot in crowded streets, yet none could be found as witnesses to the crime nor could those tried be convicted. The Black and Tans began taking reprisals on their own responsibility and the country was reduced to lawlessness.

"Something, however, more terrible than the individual suffering, destruction of property, or loss of trade now threatened Ireland. Violent crime, for which no excuse of political motive could be alleged, was becoming daily more common. Deeds, moreover, from which a few years earlier all decent people would have recoiled in horror, now

attracted so little notice that it seemed as though the moral code of civilized humanity had no longer any sanction either of public restraint or private conscience. Ireland was fast slipping into the abyss of anarchy—not the anarchy which excited politicians predict whenever a change which displeases them is proposed, but anarchy stark and absolute, such as western Europe has not known since the days which followed the fall of the Roman Empire. . . .

“Some 60,000 regular troops of all arm, equipped with aeroplanes, artillery tanks, armoured cars and machine-guns, and supported by a mobile corps of auxiliary police and by a much augmented force of constabulary, all under the supreme command of one of the ablest of British generals, had for many months been facing the insurgents; but, owing largely to restrictions imposed by the British government, they had been unable to achieve definite results.”²

The day of Cromwellian tactics had gone and it was regarded as insupportable to desolate entire regions as a price of peace.

In 1921 a truce was negotiated. Months of suspense followed for disruption often threatened to terminate efforts looking toward peace. In the end, two parliaments were established in Ireland. The Irish Free State, including all but the six northmost counties, given the status of Canada. The privilege of deciding whether or not they would join the rest in a united Ireland was left to the northern counties. Heretofore the Sinn Féiners had refused to consider a divided country. More and more it became plain that any attempt to coerce Ulster would precipitate a fatal civil war. Consequently it was left for time to work its healing influence.

The new government set up in the Irish Free State in 1922 was sadly handicapped. In the first place, the police were demoralized by the late conflicts; moreover, the extremists refused to accept any solution to the Irish question short of absolute severance between the two countries. But the position of Ireland is such that England could not maintain her safety were some alien power permitted to gain undue influence there, as Germany, for instance,

threatened to do during the war. The situation will be the more readily grasped if we recall the prompt announcement by President Monroe that the attempt of any European power to extend its rule in the western hemisphere would be regarded by our government as the act of an unfriendly nation.

The Irregulars, as the extremists were called, instituted another period of disorder. When they were suppressed, the Irish government dealt with the disturbers far more severely than the British government would have presumed to do.

The present division between two parts of an island no larger than the state of Oregon seems untenable but time alone can remedy such a condition. Northern Ireland still sends her members to the British Parliament. Southern Ireland had ceased to do so before the establishment of the Irish Free State.

¹ O'Connor: *History of Ireland*, II, 292.

² Murray, *Ireland*, 238.

IRISH LITERATURE

Due to inevitable ravages of time, more destructive acts of man and to catastrophes which have periodically overtaken humanity, all ancient literatures have suffered. It is estimated that less than one-seventh of Latin writings have survived. The Old Testament is merely the residue of a once great literature. Gaelic writings have fared worse than most, for conquerors deliberately set themselves to exterminate them.

The earnest effort on the part of Irish students in the last half century to revive the native tongue, already become strange to the major portion of the people, and their tireless activities directed toward the preservation of such manuscripts as remain, has led to a wide interest in the remarkable literature which has thus been brought to light. The wealth of its poems, myths, sagas and romances has brought joy and refreshment to modern poets.

It is believed that the earliest Celtic inscriptions, myths and sagas antedate Homeric times, revealing a state of

development more primitive than that portrayed in the *Iliad*.

Of the surviving sagas, the mythological cycle is oldest, reflecting an age when pagan deities held sway. Fragments of these tales are preserved in the *Book of Leinster*. A second cycle, known as the *Red Branch*, sings of an heroic age, common to all peoples at one stage of their progress. Cuchulain, claimed by some to have been son of the god Lugh the Long-handed, is extolled. Conor mac Nessa, king of Ulster, figures extensively among these sagas. The third series is known as the Fenian cycle, and deeds of Finn and his militia, known as the Fenians, supply themes for endless songs. This last group retained its popularity for hundreds of years, new stories being invented to augment the series.

Before the English language came into being, Ireland "swarmed" with bards and saga-tellers. No country ever treated its poets with more respect and consideration; on their part, they were expected to become highly proficient in their art.

A distinction was made between the bard and poet or *filé*. There were seven grades of progress for the *filé* and it is said that whereas he might receive three milch cows for a poem, a bard was well requited by the gift of a calf.

Irish bards were of two classes, Patricians—*Saor*—or Plebeians—*Daor*. Each might pass through eight successive gradations, and was obliged to hold to the metre of his rank.

The Ollamh—sometimes written Ollav—was a poet of greatest proficiency—a doctor of poetry, so to speak. Twelve years study was necessary to enable him to recite from memory the two hundred and fifty "prime," or long, poems, and one hundred of lesser rank. In the *Book of Leinster* a list of 187 of these prime stories is given. We can easily grasp their character in view of the general heads under which they fall, such as Battles, Cave-stories, Feasts, Wooings, Adventures, Cow-spoils, or cattle raiding, Navigations and Visions. These prime sagas were told in prose and verse.

A certain naïve exaggeration characterizes early Celtic story. The element of wonder, or what is often termed the supernatural, likewise enters into it. Remarkable facility with rhyme distinguishes it. This last must needs be lost in translation.

Dr. Douglas Hyde, whose monumental *History of Irish Literature* provides a vast amount of information for the student, says regarding this Gaelic gift for rhyme: "It is a tremendous claim to make for the Celt that he taught Europe to rhyme; it is a claim in comparison with which, if it could be substantiated, everything else that he has done in literature pales into insignificance. Yet it has been made for him by some of the foremost European scholars."¹

Simile, so rarely employed in Beowulf, plays a mighty part in Gaelic story. "Then up sprang Cuchulain with the rapidity of the wind and with the readiness of the swallow, and with the fierceness of the dragon and the strength of the lion into the troubled clouds of the air. . . . Such was the closeness of the fight which they made that they cast the river out of its bed and out of its course, so that it might have been a reclining and reposing couch for a king or for a queen in the middle of the ford, so that there was not a drop of water in it unless it dropped into it by the trampling and the hewing which the two champions and the two heroes made in the middle of the ford."

After the conflict, Cuchulain's father hears the groans of his wounded son and asks: "Is it heaven that is bursting, or the sea that is retiring, or the land that is loosening, or is it the groan of my son in his extremity that I hear"? Cuchulain sends for the Ultonians, saying: "Tell them how you found me; there is not the place of the point of a needle in me from head to foot without a wound, there is not a hair upon my body without a dew of crimson blood upon the top of every point, except my left hand alone that was holding my shield."

The *Book of Leinster* contains a saga concerning a hound and a pig which is believed to be of ancient origin. It appears that one Mac Dáthó, possessing wide lands in Leinster, had a hound so fleet that it could "run round Leinster in a day." Conor, king of Ulster and the king of Can-

nacht both desired it and dispatched messengers to Mac Dáthó offering gifts for the dog. They arrived at the same time and the master of the fleet hound was sorely perplexed, realizing what it would mean to offend either of these chieftains. After he had spent three sleepless nights, his wife counselled him to grant the request of both messengers, bidding their masters come with full retinue to receive the peerless hound.

"He himself went to meet them and bade them welcome. 'Tis welcome ye are, O warriors,' said he, 'come within the close.'

"Then they went over, and into the hostelry; one half of the house for the men of Connacht, and the other half for the men of Ulster. That house was not a small one. Seven doors in it and fifty beds between (every) two doors. Those were not the faces of friends at a feast, the people who were in that house, for many of them had injured other. For three hundred years before the birth of Christ there had been war between them.

" 'Let the pig be killed for them,' said Mac Dáthó."

The pig was so large that sixty men were needed to move it after it was slain. The ablest warrior was accorded the honor of dividing it. This led to contest of arms to ascertain who among them was most powerful. So serious did the quarrel become that a battle was finally waged and the fleet hound, it might be concluded, fared best, for there was scant time to give him further attention.

One example will suffice to show the imaginative quality of these ancient tales. They are more stimulating by far than the usual stories put into the hands of young readers to arouse the imagination. In course of Cuchulain's travels, he comes to the bridge of the cliffs. "Wonderful was the sight that bridge afforded when anyone would leap upon it, for it narrowed until it became as narrow as the hair of one's head, and the second time it shortened until it became as short as an inch, and the third time it grew slippery until it was as slippery as an eel of the river, and the fourth time it rose up on high against you until it was as tall as the mast of a ship."

No manuscripts extant antedate the eighth century. At

that time Ireland was known as the "Isle of Saints and Scholars," and her schools were far superior to those on the continent. Students flocked from Europe to learn of Irish teachers. Even after the devastating inroads of the Danes began, still monks laboriously copied their manuscripts and fostered learning. So persistent were the Danes in their efforts to "drown" Christian books, so fearful were they that fire might not destroy the parchment, that an appalling number of the "skin books" were lost. After the final victory over the Norsemen the monks set themselves diligently to the collecting of such manuscripts as survived.

One of the most highly prized works is a compilation of Annals, accredited to the "Four Masters." Its history is remarkable. In Donegal, in 1580, Michael O'Clery was born. He became a Franciscan, but prior to taking orders he was trained as a historian. Determining to collect the lives of Irish saints, he traveled throughout Ireland, examining manuscripts in every convent and abbey. Whatever he believed to be useful for his purpose he copied and sent to a friend in the Louvain convent. His friend died but Father John Colgan wrote two books, one containing the lives of Patrick, Bridget and Columcille; the second, pertaining to those saints whose feasts were celebrated from the first of January to the end of March. Michael O'Clery, realizing the value of the precious manuscripts as came under his observation, felt that he must make use of the Annals also. He wrote the *Succession of Kings*, preserving the names, family lines and other information beside of rulers from early times until 1022; he later prepared a work on the early invasions of Ireland.

One Fergal O'Gara, an extensive landowner, made it possible for O'Clery and some of his associates to spend four years in the convent at Donegal, compiling Irish annals. Father Colgan gave their work the name: "Annals of the Four Masters." In explanation of this he wrote: "Since those annals which we shall very frequently have occasion to quote in this volume and in the others following, have been collected and compiled by the assistance and separate study of so many authors, neither the desire of

brevity would permit us always to quote them individually, nor would justice permit us to attribute the labor of many to one, hence it sometimes seemed best to call them the *Annals of Donegal*, for in our convent of Donegal they were commenced and concluded. But afterwards for other reasons, chiefly for the sake of the compilers themselves who were four most eminent masters in antiquarian lore, we have been led to call them the *Annals of the Four Masters*. Yet we have said just now that more than four assisted in their preparation; however, as their meeting was irregular, and but two of them during a short time labored in the unimportant and later part of the work, while the other four were engaged on the entire production, at least up to the year 1267, we quote it under their name."

Hyde, who quotes the lines above, calls the publication of these annals by O'Donovan the "greatest work that any modern Irish scholar ever accomplished." He goes on to say: "So long as Irish history exists, the *Annals of the Four Masters* will be read in O'Donovan's translation, and the name of O'Donovan be inseparably connected with that of the O'Clerys. . . . There is no event of Irish history from the birth of Christ to the beginning of the seventeenth century that the first inquiry of the student will not be, 'What do the *Four Masters* say about it?' for the great value of the work consists in this, that we have here in condensed form the pith and substance of the old books of Ireland which were then in existence but which—as the Four Masters foresaw—have long since perished. The facts and dates of the Four Masters are not their own facts and dates. From the confused masses of very ancient matter, they, with labour and much sifting, drew forth their dates and synchronisms and harmonized their facts."²

Geoffrey Keating, a contemporary of O'Clery, wrote a history of Ireland from earliest times to the conquest of the Normans, in the twelfth century. Himself a Norman, he still revolted at the injustice which he saw meted out to the Gael on every hand. His book was written for the masses and had wide circulation. He wrote: "Whoever sets before him the task of inquiring into and investigating the history and antiquity of any country, ought to adopt the

mode that most clearly explains its true state, and gives the most correct account of its inhabitants. And because I have undertaken to write and publish a history of Ireland, I deem myself obliged to complain of some of the wrongs and acts of injustice practised towards its inhabitants, as well as towards the Old Gaels (Anglo-Normans) who have been in possession of the country for more than four centuries since the English invasion, as towards the Gaels themselves, who have owned it for three thousand years. For there is no historian who has written upon Ireland since the English invasion, who does not strive to vilify and calumniate both Anglo-Irish colonists and the Gaelic natives. . . . They never allude to the virtues and the good customs of the old Anglo-Irish and Gaelic nobility who dwelt in Ireland in their time. They write not of their piety or their valor, or of what monasteries they founded, what lands and endowments they gave to the Church, what immunities they granted to the ollamhs, their bounty to the ecclesiastics and prelates of the Church, the relief they afforded to orphans and to the poor, their munificence to men of learning, and their hospitality to strangers, which was so great that it may be said, in truth, that they were not at any time surpassed by any nation of Europe in generosity and hospitality, in proportion to the abilities they possessed. Witness the meetings of the learned which they used to convene, a custom unheard of amongst other nations of Europe. And yet nothing of all this can be found in the English writers of the time, but they dwell upon the customs of the vulgar, and upon the stories of ignorant old women, neglecting the illustrious action of the nobility, and all that relates to the ancient Gaels that inhabited this land before the invasion of the Anglo-Normans.”³

The middle of the seventeenth century saw Ireland plunged in the depths of woe. The natives were forbidden to teach; yet the children were taught in “hedge schools” by those who braved the law. The destruction of the old culture vied with that suffered in years of Danish invasions.

The literary efforts of men like Swift, Goldsmith, and others of that brilliant galaxy, sometimes called Irish,

belong to English rather than Irish literature. Tom Moore caught the plaintive note of Erin although far from learned in Gaelic lore. It has only been in late years that, as a result of interest, stimulated first by scholars at Trinity College, Dublin, who made accessible examples of ancient native learning preserved in their archives, the gifted of Ireland have been aroused to endeavor to produce a new Irish literature, worthy of those glorious days when Erin was the island of Saints and Scholars. Yeats, Lady Gregory, Hyde and several others have drawn the attention of the culture-loving world to the rich stores of Celtic fables, myths, sagas and romances. Only a fragment of a once great literature remains, yet it is estimated that what survives would fill twelve thousand printed pages, probably many more.

The vein of wonder that distinguishes the folk stories of the Irish is probably explained most truly by Yeats, when he claims that it is a survival of ancient religious belief, once common to humanity, but elsewhere forgotten while it still lived on in isolated places. This idea is developed at length in his essay on the *Celtic Element*, from which the few paragraphs which follow have been cited.

¹ Hyde: *Literary History of Ireland*, 480.

² *Ibid.*, 577; 579.

³ *Ibid.*, 557.

THE CELTIC ELEMENT

Once every people in the world believed that trees were divine, and could take a human or grotesque shape and dance among the shadows; and that deer, and ravens and foxes, and wolves and bears, and clouds and pools, almost all things under the sun and moon, and the sun and moon, were not less divine and changeable. They saw in the rainbow the still bent bow of a god thrown down in his negligence; they heard in the thunder the sound of his beaten water-jar, or the tumult of his chariot wheels; and when a sudden flight of wild ducks, or of crows, passed over their heads, they thought they were gazing at the dead hastening to their rest; while they dreamed of so

great a mystery in little things that they believed the waving of a hand, or of a sacred bough, enough to trouble far-off hearts, or hood the moon with darkness. All old literatures are full of these or of like imaginations, and all the poets of races, who have not lost this way of looking at things, could have said of themselves, as the poet of the *Kalevala* said of himself, "I have learned my songs from the music of many birds, and from the music of many waters." When a mother in the *Kalevala* weeps for a daughter, who was drowned flying from an old suitor, she weeps so greatly that her tears become three rivers, and cast up three rocks, on which grow three birch-trees, where three cuckoos sit and sing, the one "love, love," the one "suitor, suitor," the one "consolation, consolation." And the makers of the Sagas made the squirrel run up and down the sacred ash-tree carrying words of hatred from the eagle to the worm, and from the worm to the eagle; although they had less of the old way than the makers of the *Kalevala*, for they lived in a more crowded and complicated world, and were learning the abstract meditation which lures men from visible beauty, and were unlearning, it may be, the impassioned meditation which brings men beyond the edge of trance and makes trees, and beasts, and dead things talk with human voices.

The old Irish and the old Welsh, though they had less of the old way than the makers of the *Kalevala*, had more of it than the makers of the Sagas, and it is this that distinguishes the examples Matthew Arnold quotes of their "natural magic," of their sense of "the mystery" more than of "the beauty" of nature. When Matthew Arnold wrote it was not easy to know as much as we know now of folk song and folk belief, and I do not think he understood that our "natural magic" is but the ancient religion of the world, the ancient worship of nature and that troubled ecstasy before her, that certainty of all beautiful places being haunted, which it brought into men's minds.

* * * * *

Men who lived in a world where anything might flow and change, and become any other thing; and among great

gods whose passions were in the flaming sunset, and in the thunder and the thunder-shower, had not our thoughts of weight and measure. They worshiped nature and the abundance of nature, and had always, as it seems, for a supreme ritual that tumultuous dance among the hills or in the depths of the woods, where unearthly ecstasy fell upon the dancers, until they seemed the gods or the god-like beasts, and felt their souls over-topping the moon; and, as some think, imagined for the first time in the world the blessed country of the gods and of the happy dead. They had imaginative passions because they did not live within our own strait limits, and were nearer to ancient chaos, every man's desire, and had immortal models about them. The hare that ran by among the dew might have sat upon his haunches when the first man was made, and the poor bunch of rushes under their feet might have been a goddess laughing among the stars; and with but a little magic, a little waving of the hands, a little murmuring of the lips, they too could become a hare or a bunch of rushes, and know immortal love and immortal hatred. . . .

The ancient farmers and herdsmen were full of love and hatred, and made their friends gods, and their enemies the enemies of gods, and those who keep their tradition are not less mythological. From this "mistaking dreams," which are perhaps essences, for "realities," which are perhaps accidents, from this "passionate, turbulent reaction against the despotism of fact," comes, it may be, that melancholy which made all ancient peoples delight in tales that end in death and parting, as modern peoples delight in tales that end in marriage bells; and made all ancient peoples, who like the old Irish had a nature more lyrical than dramatic, delight in wild and beautiful lamentations. Life was so weighed down by the emptiness of the great forests and by the mystery of all things, and by the greatness of its own desires, and, as I think, by the loneliness of much beauty; and seemed so little and so fragile and so brief, that nothing could be more sweet in the memory than a tale that ended in death and parting, and than a wild and beautiful lamentation.



IN WORDSWORTH'S COUNTRY

"Let the moon shine on thee in thy solitary walks
And let the misty mountain winds be free to blow upon thee."



DOVE COTTAGE

Where Wordsworth lived at Grasmere.
"Among the untrodden ways, beside the springs of Dove."

In our own time Scandinavian tradition, because of the imagination of Richard Wagner and of William Morris and of the earlier and, as I think, greater Heinrich Ibsen, has created a new romance, and, through the imagination of Richard Wagner, become all but the most passionate element in the arts of the modern world. There is indeed but one other element as passionate, the still unfaded legends of Arthur and of the Holy Grail; and now a new fountain of legends, and, as I think, a more abundant fountain than any in Europe, is being opened, the fountain of Gaelic legends: the tale of Deirdre, who alone among women who have set men mad had equal loveliness and wisdom; the tale of the Sons of Tuireann, with its unintelligible mysteries, an old Grail Quest as I think; the tale of the four children changed into four swans, and lamenting over many waters; the tale of the love of Cuchulain for an immortal goddess, and his coming home to a mortal woman in the end; the tale of his many battles at the ford with that dear friend he kissed before the battles, and over whose dead body he wept when he had killed him; the tale of his death and of the lamentations of Emer; the tale of the flight of Grainne with Diarmuid, strangest of all tales of the fickleness of women, and the tale of the coming of Oisín out of færyland, and of his memories and lamentations. "The Celtic movement," as I understand it, is principally the opening of this fountain, and none can measure of how great importance it may be to coming times, for every new fountain of legends is a new intoxication for the imagination of the world. It comes at a time when the imagination of the world is as ready, as it was at the coming of the tales of Arthur and of the Grail, for a new intoxication. The reaction against the rationalism of the eighteenth century has mingled with a reaction against the materialism of the nineteenth century, and the symbolical movement, which has come to perfection in Germany in Wagner, in England in the Pre-Raphaelites, and in France in Villiers De L'Isle Adam, and Mallarmé, and Maeterlinck, and has stirred the imagination of Ibsen and D'Annunzio, is certainly the only movement that is saying new things. The arts by brooding upon their own intensity have become religious, and are seeking, as I think Ver-

haeren had said, to create a sacred book. They must, as religious thought has always done, utter themselves through legends; and the Slavonic and Finnish legends tell of strange woods and seas, and the Scandinavian legends are held by a great master, and tell also of strange woods and seas, and the Welsh legends are held by almost as many great masters as the Greek legends, while the Irish legends move among known woods and seas, and have so much of a new beauty, that they may well give the opening century its most memorable symbols.

W. B. YEATS.

EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY LITERATURE

HISTORY records what man has done—literature, what he has said. An intimate relationship between the two is inevitable and hence it is imperative, in order correctly to judge the writings of any people, in any age, to have as a background an understanding of contemporary affairs and trend of thought. The literature of nineteenth century Europe reflects the spirit of the times to a remarkable degree and, were all other evidences removed, it would still be possible to reconstruct the course of events and changing standards by means of the fiction, prose and poetry produced within the cycle.

The fall of the Bastille and the Renunciation of Privileges awakened much elation among freedom-loving Englishmen, who sympathized, as a rule, with the high principles for which the revolution began. "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity," those watchwords of the fight for freedom which opened in 1789, found a response in every heart that yearned for the oppressed across the channel. Three English poets in particular employed their pens in behalf of democracy, standing for France even when the first English armies were mustered against her; these were Wordsworth, Southey and Coleridge.

The dawn of the nineteenth century found a great war waging and a reaction already set in among those English enthusiasts who had thrilled at the fall of the Bastille. If the Anglo-Saxon is unable to soar to such heights as the Latin, so also is he unable to go to corresponding excesses. The execution of the young king had sent a shock throughout Europe; the reign of terror had left England cold.

In the *Prelude* Wordsworth has recounted the mental stages through which he personally passed, from his early joy in the liberation of the French peasantry, too long borne down by the privileged orders, to his final lapse into conservatism.

William Wordsworth (1770-1850) was but nineteen

when the revolution started. After graduating at Cambridge in 1791, he travelled for awhile in France, fraternizing with some of the young French zealots who believed a glad day to be dawning for the masses. With one comrade, reflective beyond his fellows, the young poet walked and talked of man's advancement, exulting in brave deeds done in the past for human betterment.

In a single picture of conditions as he saw them, he adequately reveals the dire poverty and utter dejection which, it was hoped, the revolution would remedy. It was believed that for such a righting of wrong some errors must be overlooked and the eye be kept focused upon the final goal.

“And when we chanced
One day to meet a hunger-bitten girl,
Who crept along fitting her languid gait
Unto a heifer's motion, by a cord
Tied to her arm, and picking thus from the lane
Its sustenance, while the girl with pallid hands
Was busy knitting in a heartless mood
Of solitude, and at the sight my friend
In agitation said, ‘ ’tis against *that*
That we are fighting,’ I with him believed
That a benignant spirit was abroad
Which might not be withstood, that poverty
Abject as this would in a little time
Be found no more, that we should see the earth
Unthwarted in her wish to recompense
The meek, the lowly, patient child of toil,
All institutions for ever blotted out
That legalized exclusion, empty pomp
Abolished, sensual state and cruel power,
Whether by edict of the one or few;
And finally, as sum and crown of all,
Should see the people having a strong hand
In framing their own laws; whence better days
To all mankind.”

Such ardent hopes made it possible to condone a ruler's death; liberty has ever been ushered in with throes of pain and so it was regarded as inevitable that the few should suffer that the many might benefit.

Then came the disillusionment, so bitter, so unexpected. Intoxicated with power, rendered unbalanced by the destruction of the established order, popular leaders threw off all restraint and violence became the procedure of the day.

“Domestic carnage now filled the whole year
With feast-days; old men from the chimney-nook,
The maiden from the bosom of her love,
The mother from the cradle of her babe,
The warrior from the field—all perished, all—
Friends, enemies, of all parties, ages, ranks,
Head after head, and never heads enough
For those that bade them fall.”

It was one thing to feel for French patriots who flocked to protect “sweet France” from the alien armies, rallied by a worthless nobility to war for the old régime, which was tottering to its fall; it was a wholly different spectacle to behold French forces, victorious against invading foes who burned to undo the work of the revolution, now transformed into instruments to enslave Europe.

“But now, become oppressors in their turn,
Frenchmen had changed a war of self-defence
For one of conquest, losing sight of all
Which they had struggled for: upmounted now,
Openly in the eye of earth and heaven,
The scale of liberty. I read her doom
With anger vexed, with disappointment sore.”

When the free-born Swiss were robbed of their traditional liberty, it was no longer possible to delude one's self into believing that the French were still promulgating those mighty principles which had formerly animated them. Then came that wonderful sonnet from Wordsworth's pen:

“Two voices are there; one is of the sea,
One of the mountains; each a mighty voice.”

When Napoleon, convinced that his scheme of world dominion could never be achieved so long as Britons enjoyed

the safety of their liberty-loving island, began to mass troops for an invasion of England—something unattempted since the proud Armada had set out from Spain with a similar object in the reign of Elizabeth—there was no longer room for argument. A tyrant was trying to throttle liberty; together with equality and fraternity, the word was hateful in his sight, repugnant to his ears.

“No parleying now! In Britain is one breath;
We all are with you now from shore to shore: .
Ye men of Kent, 'tis victory or death!”

So Wordsworth, who began as a radical, ended as a conservative. The staid Anglo-Saxon mind must see things as they are, nor is it long to be misled by fine phrases.

It is safe to say that Wordsworth is least known today by his “sonnets dedicated to liberty;” the twentieth century ordinarily takes liberty for granted, wherever white men are found; other races, as well, have long since in many a land tasted its sweet breath. It is the second portion of his career that is more likely to be remembered, wherein he sang the dignity and mystery of the simple flower, the tranquil water, the somber mountain gorge. The divine in nature appealed to him—mystery in the tree, the flower, the untrod mountain-top.

The lake district of England is conceded to have exercised a strong influence upon Wordsworth. Some find an explanation of his lack of continued development in late years in those tranquil lakes that lie, like pools, at rest—not like rivers, forever hurrying somewhere. If this environment exerted a passive influence as time went on, at least it must be said that it deepened love of truth and abhorrence of pretense; none of the trappings of the world have power to sway the one who dwells near nature's heart. Truth, fidelity, sincerity, these characterize the lover of the great out-of-doors. So it is that Wordsworth's characters have been fittingly compared with the peasants in Millet's paintings and with personages of Old Testament story.

The poverty of the masses during the first half of the century was bound to challenge the championship of the

poets. *Alice Fell* might have been encountered in well-nigh any age, but her name was legion in the first half of the nineteenth century. Slavery also, as long as it lasted, aroused those sensitive to wrong.

It is not for poems written with a purpose, whether to arouse the patriotism of his countrymen, to break the shackles of the slave, or to voice the misery of the poor, that Wordsworth is loved today, but those interpretative of nature. For one who can now repeat a "liberty sonnet," thousands seldom behold a mass of daffodils without recalling the lines that hold them fast, beginning

"I wandered lonely as a cloud."

Wordsworth lived to a venerable age of eighty years, but during the last twenty-five produced nothing which enhanced his fame. He was one of the group of romanticists who were determined to restore nature to her rightful place in poetry. Under the influence of Dryden and Pope in England, the artificial had triumphed. London and court life had supplied themes for versifiers and such reference to nature as had been made bespoke the city-bred rather than the lover of the simple life and natural world. As has been said, Thomson had "partly opened the door" to woods and streams and rustics, but it remained for the Romantic poets to lead back to the healing hills, to find sermons in stones and good in humble things. Like Burns, Wordsworth elected to sing of common things; indeed, he believed it his province to prove that the lowliest weed, the crudest rustic, the grimmest urchin can teach the ways of God to man.

For the purity of his life and his Puritanical sternness, Wordsworth has been compared to Milton; for his simple themes and lyrical qualities, to Burns. Nevertheless, he was individual and highly introspective. Like Milton, from youth he believed himself destined to be a poet. With characteristic self-esteem, he was convinced that he could, by dint of imagination, transmute alloy into pure gold. This fancy led him deliberately to choose subjects ill suited to the purpose of poetry and, consequently, to invite the censure of critics of his own and subsequent times. Yet

there are not wanting fine examples of lyrical ballads, sonnets and odes which entitle him to an abiding place among the great English poets, although surely not with the few supreme singers of all time.

Like most of the Romanticists, Wordsworth was an innovator. He imparted something peculiarly his own to the ode and sonnet, while in the *Lyrical Ballads*, published jointly with Coleridge, a new poetic form was contributed.

The *Prelude*, poetical in form, autobiographical in matter, epical in treatment, was designed as part of a great work which should embody three other portions: the *Recluse*, the *Excursion*, and another, not even begun. Only a fragment of the *Recluse* was attempted. To one familiar with the poet's untiring self-analysis, it would be unnecessary to suggest that the recluse was Wordsworth himself.

In the *Excursion*, the author and the wanderer journey together, ruminating over the past, reviving scenes which once animated a church, a deserted habitation and other ruins, made to live again by the writer's imagination. The wanderer, portrayed as a simple, pious, honest country dweller, as well as the solitary, the wanderer's friend, both exemplify the poet in different guises and enable him to set forth his own conflicting ideas.

Had Wordsworth been blessed with a sense of humor he would never have taken himself so seriously and many of his errors would have been avoided. Like many another self-centered person, he was inclined to see himself always as he wanted to be and his associates only as they were. This tended to exalt his own creative work in his estimation and to lessen the value of theirs. As a consequence, his judgments of most of his contemporaries have proved to be too severe and, one might add, of his own efforts in some cases, too lenient.

Among the numerous friends who appreciated Wordsworth, including Walter Scott, Robert Southey, De Quincy and many another, none held a firmer place in the affections of the poet and his beloved sister Dorothy than Coleridge. To him, as to a chosen few, it was given to see "the light that never was on sea or land," nor is it possible to deny all connection between such visions and the drug habit,

which gradually weakened the poet's will and wrecked his life, however conducive to dreams of weird spectacles, of spectres and ships at rest on painted seas.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1772-1834) was educated as a boy in a charity school in London. Later he attended Cambridge University. His friendship with the Wordsworths was one of the happy experiences of his life.

It is by the *Ancient Mariner* that he is best known today. To many it adds to the enjoyment of the poem to regard it as a dream of tremendous clarity and intensity withal. Indeed, it may be said to bear some distant relationship to that long series of visions wherein poets slumbered and experienced strange, haunting dreams, the *Romance of the Rose* being first.

The *Ancient Mariner* was Coleridge's chief contribution to the *Lyrical Ballads*, which the two young poets published together. It alone would have given the author a permanent place among English poets.

"Its great pictures of night and morning, of arctic and tropic seas; its melodies of whispering keel and rustling sails, and of dead throats singing spectral carols; its strange music, richer and more varied even than that of *Kubla Khan*, though not so grand and spacious—these characteristics, to say nothing of the fruitful lesson lying at its heart, make the *Ancient Mariner* a poem with scarcely an equal in its kind."

Of Robert Southey's poetry it is scarcely necessary to speak. Few save students of literature read it nowadays. His prose has fared better at the hand of time, but it is safe to say that were all his literary efforts lost in some mysterious and improbable way, the reading public would scarcely be aware of loss. Southey's writings bear evidence of labored effort and painstaking more suited to the scientific treatise than to poetry. His peculiar sense of humor led him, as in *Napoleon's Retreat from Moscow*, into triviality. Although for some years Poet Laureate, his contribution to English poetry has not even secondary importance.

Walter Scott, while principally known for his novels, left three long poems to testify to his ability to create

rapidly succeeding pictures in verse and to hold the reader attentive. The *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, the *Lady of the Lake* and *Marmion* would have entitled him to lasting fame. Scott grew up on the Scottish border and its thrilling history exercised a profound influence upon his mind in early years, wherein lack of rugged health led to indoor pursuits, mainly reading. Like Byron and Shelley, Scott was out of joint with the times in which he lived—those trying years wherein repression was meted out to peoples aspiring to be free. However, instead of raising a cry of revolt, like Shelley, or satirizing society in general, like Byron, Scott chose to lead the mind away from discontent of conditions as they existed, to dwell upon more pleasant days—or, at least, upon times which appeared rosy through his spectacles. Reverting to the age of knight errantry, of chivalry, of tournaments and jousts; reviving the gallant knights, dazzling in full armour; fair ladies, and mediæval splendor, he relieved the moment, with its disappointments and disillusionments, by glowing tales that will never die.

Selections from WORDSWORTH

THOUGHT OF A BRITON ON THE SUBJUGATION OF SWITZERLAND

“Two voices are there; one is of the sea,
One of the mountains; each a mighty voice
In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,
They were thy chosen music, liberty!
There came a tyrant, and with holy glee
Thou fought'st against him; but hast vainly striven.
Thou from thy Alpine holds at length art driven,
Where not a torrent murmurs heard by thee.
Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been bereft;
Then cleave, oh, cleave to that which still is left;
For; high-souled maid, what sorrow would it be
That mountain floods should thunder as before,
And ocean bellow from his rocky shore,
And neither awful voice be heard by thee!”

ON THE EXTINCTION OF THE VENETIAN REPUBLIC

“Once did she hold the gorgeous East in fee;
And was the safeguard of the West: the worth
Of Venice did not fall below her birth,
Venice, the eldest child of liberty.
She was a maiden city, bright and free;
No guile seduced, no force could violate;
And when she took unto herself a mate,
She must espouse the everlasting sea!
And what if she had seen those glories fade,
Those titles vanish, and that strength decay;
Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid
When her long life hath reached its final day:
Men are we, and must grieve when even the shade
Of that which once was great, is passed away.”

LONDON, 1802

3

“Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour:
England hath need of thee; she is a fen
Of stagnant waters; altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;
Oh! raise us up, return to us again;
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.”

Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart;
 Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea;
 Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
 So didst thou travel on life's common way,
 In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
 The lowliest duties on herself did lay."

1811

4

"The power of armies is a visible thing,
 Formal, and circumscribed in time and space;
 But who the limits of that power shall trace
 Which a brave people into light can bring
 Or hide, at will,—for freedom combating,
 By just revenge inflamed? No foot may chase,
 No eye can follow to a fatal place
 That power, that spirit, whether on the wing
 Like the strong wind, or sleeping like the wind
 Within its awful caves.—From year to year
 Springs this indigenous produce far and near;
 No craft this subtle element can bind,
 Rising like water from the soil, to find
 In every nook a lip that it may cheer."

OCTOBER, 1803

3

"When, looking on the present face of things,
 I see one man, of men the meanest, too!
 Raised up to sway the world, to do, undo,
 With mighty nations for his underlings,
 The great events with which old story rings
 Seem vain and hollow; I find nothing great;
 Nothing is left which I can venerate;
 So that a doubt almost within me springs
 Of Providence, such emptiness at length
 Seems at the heart of all things. But, great God!
 I measure back the steps which I have trod;
 And tremble, seeing whence proceeds the strength
 Of such poor instruments, with thoughts sublime
 I tremble at the sorrow of the time."

AT BOLOGNA, IN REMEMBRANCE OF THE LATE INSURRECTIONS, 1837

I

4

"Ah, why deceive ourselves! by no mere fit
 Of sudden passion roused shall men attain

True freedom where for ages they have lain
Bound in a dark abominable pit,
With life's best sinews more and more unknit,
Here, there, a banded few who loathe the Chain
May rise to break it: effort worse than vain
For thee, O great Italian nation, split
Into those jarring fractions. Let thy scope
Be one fixed mind for all; thy rights approve
To thy own conscience gradually renewed;
Learn to make Time the father of wise Hope;
Then trust thy cause to the arm of Fortitude,
The light of Knowledge, and the warmth of Love.

II

Hard task! exclaim the undisciplined, to lean
On Patience coupled with such slow endeavour
That long-lived servitude must last forever.
Perish the grovelling few, who, prest between
Wrongs and the terror of redress, would wean
Millions from glorious aims. Our chains to sever
Let us break forth in tempest now or never!
What, is there then no space for golden mean
And gradual progress?—Twilight leads to day,
And, even within the burning zones of earth,
The hastiest sunrise yields a temperate ray;
The softest breeze to fairest flowers gives birth:
Think not that Prudence dwells in dark abodes,
She scans the future with the eye of gods.

III

As leaves are to the tree whereon they grow
And wither, every human generation
Is to the Being of a mighty nation,
Locked in our world's embrace through weal and woe;
Thought that should teach the zealot to forego
Rash schemes, to abjure all selfish agitation,
And seek through noiseless pains and moderation
The unblemished good they only can bestow.
Alas! with most who weigh futurity
Against time present, passion holds the scales:
Hence equal ignorance of both prevails,
And nations sink; or, struggling to be free,
Are doomed to flounder on, like wounded whales
Tossed on the bosom of a stormy sea."

"My heart leaps up when I behold
 A rainbow in the sky:
 So was it when my life began;
 So is it now I am a man:
 So be it when I shall grow old,
 Or let me die!
 The child is father of the man;
 And I could wish my days to be
 Bound each to each by natural piety."

NAPOLEON'S FAREWELL
 (From the French)

I

Farewell to the Land where the gloom of my Glory
 Arose and o'ershadowed the earth with her name—
 She abandons me now—but the page of her story,
 The brightest, or blackest, is fill'd with my fame.
 I have warr'd with a world which vanquish'd me only
 When the meteor of conquest allured me too far;
 I have coped with the nations which dread me thus lonely,
 The last single Captive to millions in war.

II

Farewell to thee, France! when thy diadem crown'd me,
 I made thee the gem and the wonder of earth,
 But thy weakness decrees I should leave as I found thee,
 Decay'd in thy glory, and sunk in thy worth.
 Oh! for the veteran hearts that were wasted
 In strife with the storm, when their battles were won—
 Then the Eagle, whose gaze in that moment was blasted,
 Had still soar'd with eyes fix'd on victory's sun!

III

Farewell to thee, France!—but when Liberty rallies
 Once more in thy regions, remember me then,—
 The violet still grows in the depth of thy valleys;
 Though wither'd, thy tear will unfold it again—
 Yet, yet, I may baffle the hosts that surround us,
 And yet may thy heart leap awake to my voice—
 There are links which must break in the chain that has bound us,
 Then turn thee and call on the Chief of thy choice!

ALICE FELL; OR, POVERTY

"The post-boy drove with fierce career,
 For threatening clouds the moon had drowned;

When, as we hurried on, my ear
Was smitten with a startling sound.

As if the wind blew many ways,
I heard the sound—and more and more:
It seemed to follow with the chaise,
And still I heard it as before.

At length I to the boy called out;
He stopped his horses at the word;
But neither cry, nor voice, nor shout,
Nor aught else like it could be heard.

The boy then smacked his whip, and fast
The horses scampered through the rain;
But, hearing soon upon the blast
The cry, I bade him halt again.

Forthwith alighting on the ground,
“Whence comes,” said I, “this piteous moan?”
And there a little girl I found,
Sitting behind the chaise, alone.

“My cloak!” no other word she spake,
But loud and bitterly she wept,
As if her innocent heart would break;
And down from off her seat she leapt.

“What ails you, child?” She sobbed, “Look here!”
I saw it in the wheel entangled,
A weather-beaten rag as e’er
From any garden scare-crow dangled.

There, twisted between nave and spoke,
It hung, nor could at once be freed;
But our joint pains unloosed the cloak,
A miserable rag indeed!

“And whither are you going, child,
To-night along these lonesome ways?”
“To Durham,” answered she, half wild—
“Then come with me into the chaise.”

Insensible to all relief
Sat the poor girl, and forth did send
Sob after sob, as if her grief
Could never, never have an end.

"My child, in Durham do you dwell?"

She checked herself in her distress,
And said, "My name is Alice Fell;
I'm fatherless and motherless.

"And I to Durham, sir, belong."

Again, as if the thought would choke
Her very heart, her grief grew strong;
And all was for her tattered cloak.

The chaise drove on; our journey's end
Was nigh; and sitting by my side,
As if she had lost her only friend,
She wept, nor would be pacified.

Up to the tavern door we post;
Of Alice and her grief I told;
And I gave money to the host,
To buy a new cloak for the old.

"And let it be of duffil gray,
As warm a cloak as man can sell!"
Proud creature was she the next day,
The little orphan, Alice Fell!

"The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
Little we see in nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
This sea that bares her bosom to the moon:
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
For this, for every thing, we are out of tune;
It moves us not—Great God! I'd rather be
A pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn."

TO A SKYLARK

"Ethereal minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!
Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound?
Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye
Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?
Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,
Those quivering wings composed, that music still!

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood;
 A privacy of glorious light is thine;
 Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
 Of harmony, with instinct more divine;
 Type of the wise who soar, but never roam;
 True to the kindred points of heaven and home!

It is no spirit who from heaven hath flown,
 And is descending on his embassy;
 Nor traveller gone from earth the heavens to espy!
 'Tis Hesperus—there he stands with glittering crown,
 First admonition that the sun is down!
 For yet it is broad daylight! clouds pass by;
 A few are near him still—and now the sky,
 He hath it to himself—'tis all his own.
 O most ambitious star! an inquest wrought
 Within me when I recognized thy light;
 A moment I was startled at the sight:
 And, while I gazed, there came to me a thought
 That I might step beyond my natural race,
 As thou seem'st now to do; might one day trace
 Some ground not mine; and, strong her strength above,
 My soul, an apparition in the place,
 Tread there, with steps that no one shall reprove!"

FRENCH REVOLUTION

As It Appeared to Enthusiasts at Its Commencement. Reprinted
 from "The Friend."

"Oh! pleasant exercise of hope and joy!
 For mighty were the auxiliars, which then stood
 Upon our side, we who were strong in love!
 Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
 But to be young was very heaven!—Oh! times,
 In which the meagre, stale, forbidding ways
 Of custom, law, statute, took at once
 The attraction of a country in romance!
 When reason seemed the most to assert her rights,
 When most intent on making of herself
 A prime enchantress—to assist the work,
 Which then was going forward in her name!
 Not favoured spots alone, but the whole earth,
 The beauty wore of promise—that which sets
 (As at some moment might not be unfelt

Among the bowers of paradise itself)
 The budding rose above the rose full blown.
 What temper at the prospect did not wake
 To happiness unthought of? The inert
 Were roused, and lively natures rapt away!
 They who have fed their childhood upon dreams,
 The playfellows of fancy, who had made
 All powers of swiftness, subtilty, and strength
 Their ministers,—who in lordly wise had stirred
 Among the grandest objects of the sense,
 And dealt with whatsoever they found there
 As if they had within some lurking right
 To wield it;—they, too, who of gentle mood
 Had watched all gentle motions, and to these
 Had fitted their own thoughts, schemers more mild,
 And in the region of their peaceful selves;—
 Now was it that both found, the meek and lofty
 Did both find helpers to their heart's desire,
 And stuff at hand, plastic as they could wish,—
 Were called upon to exercise their skill,
 Not in Utopia,—subterranean fields,
 Or some secreted island, Heaven knows where!
 But in the very world, which is the world
 Of all of us,—the place where in the end
 We find our happiness, or not at all!"

"I wandered lonely as a cloud
 That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
 When all at once I saw a crowd,
 A host of golden daffodils;
 Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
 Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
 And twinkle on the milky way,
 They stretched in never-ending line
 Along the margin of a bay:
 Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
 Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
 Outdid the sparkling waves in glee:—
 A poet could not but be gay,
 In such a jocund company:

I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
 What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft when on my couch I lie
 In vacant or in pensive mood,
 They flash upon that inward eye
 Which is the bliss of solitude,
 And then my heart with pleasure fills,
 And dances with the daffodils.

LUCY

I

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
 Beside the springs of Dove,
 A Maid whom there were none to praise
 And very few to love:

A violet by a mossy stone
 Half hidden from the eye!—
 Fair as a star, when only one
 Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
 When Lucy ceased to be;
 But she is in her grave, and, oh,
 The difference to me!

* * * *

Three years she grew in sun and shower,
 Then Nature said, "A lovelier flower
 On earth was never sown;
 This Child I to myself will take,
 She shall be mine, and I will make
 A Lady of my own.

"Myself will to my darling be
 Both law and impulse: and with me
 The Girl, in rock and plain,
 In earth, and heaven, in glade and bower,
 Shall feel an overseeing power
 To kindle or restrain.

"She shall be sportive as the fawn
 That wild with glee across the lawn
 Or up the mountain springs;
 And hers shall be the breathing balm,

And hers the silence and the calm
Of mute insensate things.

“The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her: for her the willow bend;
Nor shall she fail to see
Even in the motions of the Storm
Grace that shall mold the Maiden’s form
By silent sympathy.

“The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face.

“And vital feelings of delight
Shall rear her form to stately height,
Her virgin bosom swell;
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give
While she and I together live
Here in this happy dell.”
Thus Nature spake—The work was done—
How soon my Lucy’s race was run!
She died, and left to me
This heath, this calm, and quiet scene;
The memory of what has been,
And never more will be.

* * * *

A slumber did my spirit seal;
I had no human fears;
She seemed a thing that could not feel
The touch of earthly years.

No motion has she now, no force;
She neither hears nor sees;
Rolled round in earth’s diurnal course,
With rocks, and stones, and trees.

SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT

She was a Phantom of Delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely Apparition sent

To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair,
Like Twilight's too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful Dawn,
A dancing Shape, an Image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A Spirit, yet a Woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin-liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A Creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A Being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveler between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect Woman, nobly planned,
To warm, to comfort, and command;
And yet a Spirit still, and bright
With something of angelic light.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY
CHILDHOOD

I

There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,

To me did seem

Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore;—

Turn wheresoe'er I may,

By night or day,

The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

II

The Rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the Rose,
The Moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare,
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth.

III

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
And while the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound,
To me alone there came a thought of grief:
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
And I again am strong:
The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep;
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong;
I hear the Echoes through the mountains throng,
The Winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
And all the earth is gay;
Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity,
And with the heart of May
Doth every Beast keep holiday;—
Thou Child of Joy,
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy
Shepherd boy!

IV

Ye blessèd Creatures, I have heard the call
Ye to each other make; I see
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;
My heart is at your festival,
My head hath its coronal,
The fullness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all.
Oh evil day! if I were sullen
While Earth herself is adorning,
This sweet May morning,

And the Children are culling
 On every side,
 In a thousand valleys far and wide,
 Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm,
 And the Babe leaps up on his Mother's arm:—
 I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!
 —But there's a Tree, of many, one,
 A single Field which I have looked upon,
 Both of them speak of something that is gone:
 The Pansy at my feet
 Doth the same tale repeat:
 Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
 Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

V

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
 The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
 Hath had elsewhere its setting,
 And cometh from afar:
 Not in entire forgetfulness,
 And not in utter nakedness,
 But trailing clouds of glory do we come
 From God, who is our home:
 Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
 Shades of the prison house begin to close
 Upon the growing Boy,
 But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
 He sees it in his joy;
 The Youth, who daily farther from the east
 Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,
 And by the vision splendid
 Is on his way attended;
 At length the Man perceives it die away,
 And fade into the light of common day.

VI

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;
 Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
 And, even with something of a Mother's mind,
 And no unworthy aim,
 The homely Nurse doth all she can

To make her Foster Child, her Inmate Man,
 Forget the glories he hath known,
 And that imperial palace whence he came.

VII

Behold the Child among his newborn blisses,
 A six years' Darling of a pygmy size!
 See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
 Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
 With light upon him from his father's eyes!
 See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
 Some fragment from his dream of human life,
 Shaped by himself with newly learned art;

A wedding or a festival,
 A mourning or a funeral;

And this hath now his heart,
 And unto this he frames his song:

Then will he fit his tongue

To dialogues of business, love, or strife;

But it will not be long,

Ere this be thrown aside,

And with new joy and pride

The little Actor cons another part;

Filling from time to time his "humorous stage"

With all the Persons, down to palsied Age,

That Life brings with her in her equipage;

As if his whole vocation

Were endless imitation.

VIII

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie

Thy Soul's immensity;

Thou best Philosopher, who yet dost keep

Thy heritage, thou Eye among the blind,

That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,

Haunted forever by the eternal mind,—

Mighty Prophet! Seer blest!

On whom those truths do rest,

Which we are toiling all our lives to find,

In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave;

Thou, over whom thy Immortality

Broods like the Day, a Master o'er a Slave,

A Presence which is not to be put by; . . .
Thou little Child, yet glorious in the might
Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,
Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
Full soon thy Soul shall have her earthly freight,
And custom lie upon thee with a weight,
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

IX

O joy! that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!
The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction; not indeed
For that which is most worthy to be blest—
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast:—
Not for these I raise
The song of thanks and praise;
But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings;
Blank misgivings of a Creature
Moving about in worlds not realized,
High instincts before which our mortal Nature
Did tremble like a guilty Thing surprised:
But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
Are yet a master-light of all our seeing;
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal Silence: truths that wake,
To perish never;
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavor,
Nor Man nor Boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,

Can utterly abolish or destroy!
Hence in a season of calm weather
Though inland far we be,
Our Souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the Children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

X

Then sing, ye Birds, sing, sing a joyous song!
And let the young Lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound!
We in thought will join your throng,
Ye that pipe and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts to-day
Feel the gladness of the May!
What though the radiance which was once so bright
Be now forever taken from my sight,
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower;
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind;
In the primal sympathy
Which having been must ever be;
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering;
In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

XI

And O, ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and Groves,
Forebode not any severing of our loves!
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;
I only have relinquished one delight
To live beneath your more habitual sway.
I love the Brooks which down their channels fret,
Even more than when I tripped lightly as they;
The innocent brightness of a newborn Day
Is lovely yet;
The Clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober coloring from an eye

That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER

By Coleridge

PART THE FIRST

It is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three:
"By thy long gray beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?"

"The Bridegroom's doors are opened wide,
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set:
Mayst hear the merry din."

He holds him with his skinny hands,
"There was a ship," quoth he.
"Hold off! unhand me, graybeard loon!"
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

He holds him with his glittering eye—
The Wedding Guest stood still,
And listens like a three years' child:
The Mariner hath his will.

The Wedding Guest sat on a stone;
He cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner:—

The ship was cheered, the harbor cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top.

The Sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he!
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon—
The Wedding Guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she;
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

The Wedding Guest here beat his breast,
Yet he cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner:—

And now the Storm Blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong:
He struck with his o’ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

With sloping masts and dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold:
And ice, mast high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

And through the drifts the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen:
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.

The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around:
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound!

At length did cross an Albatross:
Through the fog it came;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God’s name.

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew.
The ice did split with a thunder fit;
The helmsman steered us through!

And a good south wind sprung up behind;
The Albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariners' hollo!

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine;
Whiles all the night, through fog smoke white,
Glimmered the white Moonshine.

"God save thee, ancient Mariner!
From the fiends that plague thee thus!—
Why look'st thou so?"—With my crossbow
I shot the Albatross.

PART THE SECOND

The Sun now rose upon the right;
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day, for food or play,
Came to the mariners' hollo!

And I had done an hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe;
For all averred, I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
Ah, wretch! said they, the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow!

Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,
The glorious Sun uprist:
Then all averred, I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,
That bring the fog and mist.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free:
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.
Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody Sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the Moon.

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water everywhere
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot: O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

About, about, in real and rout
The death fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue, and white.

And some in dreams assured were
Of the spirit that plagued us so:
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

Ah! welladay! what evil looks
Had I from old and young!
Instead of the cross, the Albatross
About my neck was hung.

PART THE THIRD

There passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye.
A weary time! a weary time!
How glazed each weary eye,
When looking westward I beheld
A something in the sky.

At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist:
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
And still it neared and neared:
As if it dodged a water sprite,
It plunged, and tacked, and veered.

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
We could not laugh nor wail;
Through utter drought all dumb we stood!
I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
And cried, A sail! a sail!

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
Agape they heard me call:
Gramercy! they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all.

See! see! (I cried) she tacks no more!
Hither to work us weal;
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel!

The western wave was all aflame,
The day was well-nigh done!
Almost upon the western wave

Rested the broad bright Sun;
When that strange ship drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the Sun.

And straight the Sun was flecked with bars,
(Heaven's Mother send us grace!)
As if through a dungeon grate he peered,
With broad and burning face.

Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud,)
How fast she nears and nears!
Are those *her* sails that glance in the Sun,
Like restless gossameres?

Are those *her* ribs through which the Sun
Did peer, as through a grate?
And is that Woman all her crew?
Is that a Death? and are there two?
Is Death that Woman's mate?

Her lips were red, *her* looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold:
Her skin was as white as leprosy,
The Nightmare Life-in-Death was she,
Who thicks man's blood with cold.

The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice;
"The game is done! I've won, I've won!"
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

The Sun's rim dips; the stars rush out:
At one stride comes the dark;
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,
Off shot the specter bark.

We listened and looked sideways up!
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My lifeblood seemed to sip!
The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white;
From the sails the dew did drip—
Till clombe above the eastern bar

The horned Moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip.

One after one, by the star-dogged Moon,
Too quick for groan or sigh,
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eye.

Four times fifty living men
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan)
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropped down one by one.

The souls did from their bodies fly,—
They fled to bliss or woe!
And every soul, it passed me by,
Like the whizz of my crossbow!

PART THE FOURTH

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner!
I fear thy skinny hand!
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea sand.

"I fear thee, and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand, so brown."—
Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding Guest!
This body dropt not down.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

The many men, so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie;
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on; and so did I.

I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

I looked to Heaven, and tried to pray
But or ever a prayer had gusht,
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky,
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they:
The look with which they looked on me
Had never passed away.

An orphan's curse would drag to Hell
A spirit from on high;
But oh! more horrible than that
Is a curse in a dead man's eye!
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die.

The moving Moon went up the sky,
And nowhere did abide:
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside—

Her beams bemoaned the sultry main,
Like April hoarfrost spread;
But where the ship's huge shadow lay,
The charmed water burnt alway
A still and awful red.

Beyond the shadow of the ship,
I watched the water snakes:
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire:
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare:
A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware!
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.

The selfsame moment I could pray;
And from my neck so free
The Albatross fell off, and sunk
Like lead into the sea.

PART THE FIFTH

O sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen, the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,
That slid into my soul.

The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled with dew;
And when I woke, it rained.

My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my limbs:
I was so light—almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessed ghost.

And soon I heard a roaring wind:
It did not come anear;
But with its sound it shook the sails,
That were so thin and sere.

The upper air burst into life!
And a hundred fire flags sheen,
To and fro they were hurried about!
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan stars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge;
And the rain poured down from one black cloud;
The Moon was at its edge.

The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
The Moon was at its side:
Like waters shot from some high crag,
The lightning fell with never a jag,
A river steep and wide.

The loud wind never reached the ship,
Yet now the ship moved on!
Beneath the lightning and the Moon
The dead men gave a groan.

They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose,
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes;
It had been strange, even in a dream,
To have seen those dead men rise.

The helmsman steered, the ship moved on;
Yet never a breeze up blew;
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
Where they were wont to do:
They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—
We were a ghastly crew.

The body of my brother's son
Stood by me, knee to knee:
The body and I pulled at one rope,
But he said naught to me.

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner!"
Be calm, thou Wedding Guest!
'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
Which to their corses came again,
But a troop of spirits blest:

For when it dawned—they dropped their arms,
And clustered round the mast;
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,
And from their bodies passed.

Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the Sun;
Slowly the sounds came back again;
Now mixed, now one by one.

Sometimes a dropping from the sky
I heard the skylark sing;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seemed to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning!

And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute;
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the Heavens be mute.

It ceased; yet still the sails made
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

Till noon we quietly sailed on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe:
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Moved onward from beneath.

Under the keel nine fathom deep,
From the land of mist and snow,
The spirit slid: and it was he
That made the ship to go.
The sails at noon left off their tune,
And the ship stood still also.

The Sun, right up above the mast,
Had fixed her to the ocean:
But in a minute she 'gan stir,
With a short uneasy motion—
Backwards and forwards half her length
With a short uneasy motion.

Then like a pawing horse let go,
 She made a sudden bound;
 It flung the blood into my head,
 And I fell down in a swoond.

How long in that same fit I lay,
 I have not to declare;
 But ere my living life returned,
 I heard and in my soul discerned
 Two voices in the air.

“Is it he?” quoth one, “Is this the man?
 By Him who died on cross,
 With his cruel bow he laid full low,
 The harmless Albatross.

“The spirit who bideth by himself
 In the land of mist and snow,
 He loved the bird that loved the man
 Who shot him with his bow.”

The other was a softer voice,
 As soft as honeydew:
 Quoth he, “The man hath penance done,
 And penance more will do.”

PART THE SIXTH

First Voice

But tell me, tell me! speak again,
 Thy soft response renewing—
 What makes that ship drive on so fast?
 What is the Ocean doing?

Second Voice

Still as a slave before his lord,
 The Ocean hath no blast;
 His great bright eye most silently
 Up to the Moon is cast—

If he may know which way to go;
 For she guides him smooth or grim.
 See, brother, see! how graciously
 She looketh down on him.

First Voice

But why drives on that ship so fast,
Without or wave or wind?

Second Voice

The air is cut away before,
And closes from behind.

Fly, brother, fly! more high, more high!
Or we shall be belated:
For slow and slow that ship will go,
When the Mariner's trance is abated.

I woke, and we were sailing on
As in a gentle weather:
'Twas night, calm night, the Moon was high;
The dead men stood together.

All stood together on the deck,
For a charnel dungeon fitter:
All fixed on me their stony eyes,
That in the Moon did glitter.

The pang, the curse, with which they died,
Had never passed away:
I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
Nor turn them up to pray.

And now this spell was snapt: Once more
I viewed the ocean green,
And looked far forth, yet little saw
Of what had else been seen—

Like one that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round walks on
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made:
Its path was not upon the sea,
In ripple or in shade.

It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek
Like a meadow gale of spring—
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
Yet she sailed softly too:
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—
On me alone it blew.

Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed
The lighthouse top I see?
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?
Is this mine own countree?

We drifted o'er the harbor bar,
And I with sobs did pray—
O let me be awake, my God!
Or let me sleep alway.

The harbor bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn!
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the moon.

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,
That stands above the rock:
The moonlight steeped in silentness
The steady weathercock.

And the bay was white with silent light,
Till rising from the same,
Full many shapes, that shadows were,
In crimson colors came.

A little distance from the prow
Those crimson shadows were:
I turned my eyes upon the deck—
O Christ! what saw I there!

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,
And, by the holy rood!
A man all light, a seraph man,
On every corse there stood.

This seraph band, each waved his hand:
It was a heavenly sight!
They stood as signals to the land,
Each one a lovely light:

This seraph band, each waved his hand,
No voice did they impart—
No voice; but oh! the silence sank
Like music on my heart.

But soon I heard the dash of oars,
I heard the Pilot's cheer;
My head was turned perforce away,
And I saw a boat appear.

The Pilot, and the Pilot's boy,
I heard them coming fast:
Dear Lord in Heaven! it was a joy
The dead men could not blast.

I saw a third—I heard his voice:
It is the Hermit good!
He singeth loud his godly hymns
That he makes in the wood.
He'll shrive my soul, he'll wash away
The Albatross's blood.

PART THE SEVENTH

This Hermit good lives in that wood
Which slopes down to the sea.
How loudly his sweet voice he rears!
He loves to talk with mariners
That come from a far countree.

He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve—
He hath a cushion plump:
It is the moss that wholly hides
The rotted old oak stump.

The skiff boat neared: I heard them talk,
"Why, this is strange, I trow!
Where are those lights so many and fair,
That signal made but now?"

“Strange, by my faith!” the Hermit said—
“And they answered not our cheer!
The planks look warped! and see those sails
How thin they are and sere!
I never saw aught like to them,
Unless perchance it were

“Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
My forest brook along;
When the ivy tod is heavy with snow,
And the owlet whoops to the wolf below
That eats the she-wolf’s young.”

“Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look
(The Pilot made reply,—
I am afeard”—“Push on, push on!”
Said the Hermit cheerily.

The boat came closer to the ship,
But I nor spake nor stirred;
The boat came close beneath the ship,
And straight a sound was heard.

Under the water it rumbled on,
Still louder and more dread:
It reached the ship, it split the bay;
The ship went down like lead.

Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound,
Which sky and ocean smote,
Like one that hath been seven days drowned
My body lay afloat;
But swift as dreams, myself I found
Within the Pilot’s boat.

Upon the whirl, where sank the ship,
The boat spun round and round;
And all was still, save that the hill
Was telling of the sound.

I moved my lips—the Pilot shrieked
And fell down in a fit;
The holy Hermit raised his eyes
And prayed where he did sit.

I took the oars: the Pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy go,
Laughed loud and long, and all the while
His eyes went to and fro.
"Ha! ha!" quoth he, "full plain I see,
The Devil knows how to row."

And now, all in mine own countree,
I stood on the firm land!
The Hermit stepped forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.

"O shrive me, shrive me, holy man!"
The Hermit crossed his brow.
"Say quick," quoth he, "I bid thee say—
What manner of man art thou?"

Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched
With a woeful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale;
And then it left me free.

Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns;
And till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns.

I pass, like night, from land to land;
I have strange power of speech;
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me:
To him my tale I teach.

What loud uproar bursts from the door!
The wedding guests are there:
But in the garden bower the bride
And bridesmaids singing are;
And hark the little vesper bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer!

O Wedding Guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide, wide sea:
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seemed there to be.

O sweeter than the marriage feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company!—

To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay!

Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou Wedding Guest!
He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone: and now the Wedding Guest
Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn:
A sadder and a wiser man,
He rose the morrow morn.

THREE YOUNG POETS

Wordsworth had done his best work before the three "young poets" made their first contributions to English literature. It was the lot of all three, Shelley, Keats and Byron, to sing their songs and wing their way from earth in a few brief years. Keats died at the age of twenty-six; Shelley, before he was thirty; Lord Byron, when thirty-six. All were gone ere they had reached the period wherein the vast majority of men do their greatest work. Indeed, it is difficult to think of Keats and Shelley in connection with advanced age.

Shelley and Byron, like Wordsworth in his early life, were in revolt against oppression; unlike him, they never became reconciled to it. Keats sought refuge not, like Scott, in bygone days, but in a beautiful and imaginative world.

Conditions had changed before these younger poets reached years of maturity. No longer was the French Revolution destroying the old and establishing the new; to these later writers it was merely a matter of history. Not having experienced its repelling aspects, they had no dread of change. They lived at a time when repression was tightening its firm grasp on nations and, with the vigor and inexperience of youth, they cried out against all tyranny, whether of state or society. They craved freedom in the broadest sense: freedom of mind as well as body. Whereas Wordsworth had found inspiration in nature, Keats found it in a Greek vase and Shelley in doctrines pertaining to the liberation of conventions and traditions which held men slaves.

Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792-1822) is conceded to have been England's supreme modern lyricist. He was sensitive to an extreme, and the age was ill-chosen for one born to feel acutely its many cruelties. The Napoleonic wars were but lately over; at no time within a hundred years has the government been in the hand of shorter-visioned statesmen. Europe at large lay under the blight of the Holy Alliance, its policy dominated by Metternich. Difficult seemed the way to a prophet like Shelley, impatient of all restraint.

Descended from an ancient line of English gentry, his connections would have brought Shelley an assured social position had not his inborn tendencies made him an iconoclast. For writing a treatise on "The Necessity of Atheism," he was dismissed from Oxford and set adrift by his father. Propinquity probably determined his marriage with Harriet Westbrook. Later, believing her unfaithful to him and convinced that marriage terminates automatically when spiritual union no longer exists, he left her for Mary Godwin, daughter of the Godwin whose advocacy of free love and other advanced theories had exercised a strong influence on him. This second marriage proved to

be congenial and after Shelley's accidental death, when the boat in which he was sailing off the coast of Italy cap-sized in a storm, Mary Shelley edited his unpublished poems with many elucidating notes.

It is impossible to judge Shelley by ordinary standards, for he dwelt in a dreamland of his own fancy. Probably no other mortal has ever been less of earth earthy. An illuminating sentence from one of his letters states precisely his own case: "I think one is always in love with something or other, the error . . . consists in seeking a mortal image the likeness of what is, perhaps, eternal." Certainly he was always in love with something—sometimes with a mortal, often with a vision or a sorrow. As has been said of Byron, throughout his early years he was incapable of portraying any character but his own and during his entire life self-absorption prevented him from comprehending in the least the lives around him or his relation to them.

The reflection of public affairs is to be found in *The Mask of Anarchy*, written after the Manchester Massacre, the spirited indignation of the author being expressed in such rousing lines as these:

"Men of England, heirs of glory,
Heroes of unwritten story,
Nurslings of one mighty Mother,
Hopes of her, and one another:

Rise like lions after slumber,
In unvanquishable number;
Shake your chains to earth like dew
Which in sleep had fallen on you—
Ye are many, they are few."

In the *Song to the Men of England* many of the tenets of modern socialism are found:

"Men of England, wherefore plough
For the lords who lay ye low?
Wherefore weave with toil and care
The rich robes your tyrants wear?

Wherefore feed, and clothe, and save,
 From the cradle to the grave,
 Those ungrateful drones who would
 Drain your sweat—nay, drink your blood?

* * * * *

The seed ye sow, another reaps;
 The wealth ye find, another keeps;
 The robes ye weave, another wears;
 The arms ye forge, another bears."

Hellas was written when Greece sought to free herself from Turkish rule. In a preface to it Shelley wrote: "The apathy of the rulers of the civilized world to the astonishing circumstances of the descendants of that nation to which they owe their civilization . . . is something perfectly inexplicable to a mere spectator of the shows of this mortal scene. We are all Greeks. Our laws, our literature, our arts, have their root in Greece." The fate of Greece he held to be symbolic of the fate of all countries; liberty, beloved of ancient Greeks, survived in Hellenic literature to inspire moderns to secure it. The gains of one age are transmitted to the future and thus humanity advances from cycle to cycle; such is the trend of this lyrical poem.

"Let there be light! said liberty;
 And like sunrise from the sea
 Athens arose!—Around her born,
 Shone like mountains in the morn
 Glorious states;—and are they now
 Ashes, wrecks, oblivion? . . .

But Greece and her foundations are
 Built below the tide of war,
 Based on the crystalline sea
 Of thought and its eternity;
 Her citizens, imperial spirits,
 Rule the present from the past;
 On all this world of men inherits
 Their seal is set."

Long before the struggle terminated, the poet prophesied the dawn of a better day, wherein the boon of freedom should fall to those oppressed by tyrants.

“The world’s great age begins anew,
The golden years return,
The earth doth like a snake renew
Her winter weeds outworn;
Heaven smiles, and faiths and empires gleam
Like wrecks of a dissolving dream.

Another Athens shall arise,
And to remoter times:
Bequeath, like sunset to the skies,
The splendor of its prime;
And leave, if nought so bright may live,
All earth can take or Heaven give.”

Despite such attention to passing events, Shelley held no such sustained touch with English or continental affairs as even Byron maintained until his last years. Quick to grasp ideas, passing from one dream to another, divining what he had not experienced, Shelley was more engrossed with things of the spirit than of the material world. He is loved today chiefly for his shorter poems—those “showers of lyrical star-dust.” Most familiar is his song, *To the Skylark*.

“What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a Poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not:

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,

Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love,—which overflows her bower:

Like a glowworm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its ærial hue
Among the flowers and grass which screen it from the view.

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet those heavy winged thieves."

Queen Mab, written at the age of nineteen, was later characterized by the author as "intemperate." It was published for private circulation among his friends and set forth many of the doctrines which absorbed Shelley, who longed to see the brotherhood of man a reality instead of a theory. *The Revolt of Islam* likewise belongs to the many productions of the age looking toward social reform. *Alastor*, like Wordsworth's *Prelude*, is somewhat autobiographical or, at least, such was the purpose of the poet. In *The Sensitive Plant* Shelley is believed to have referred to his own nature under guise of the mimosa. *Adonais* was composed to pay tribute to Keats, whose premature death all creatures are seen to mourn.

Of the *Witch of Atlas*, Symonds says: "It is a glittering cobweb, hung on the horns of the moon's crescent, and left to swing in the wind there." *Prometheus Unbound* is a lyrical drama, wherein an old Greek myth is altered to fit Shelley's conceptions of justice. In *The Cenci*, a tragedy called "the greatest English play since the *Dutchess of Malfy* was written," the celebrated story of the beautiful Beatrice Cenci is set forth in new guise. A play involving Charles I, a pageant on the *Triumph of Life* and various other productions were left unfinished by the poet's untimely death. For one who now reads these longer poems,

many are those who love the *Hymn of Apollo*, *Ode to the West Wind*, *The Cloud*, and certain of his sonnets.

"There are pictures in Shelley which remind us of Turner's. Pure light breaks into all its colours and floods the world, which may be earth or sea or sky, but is, above all, rapture of colour. He has few twilights but many dawns; and he loves autumn for its wild breath and broken colours. Fire he plays with, but air and water are his elements. . . .

"The spirit of Shelley will indeed always be a light to every seeker after the things that are outside the world. He found nothing, he did not even name a new star. There is little actual wisdom in his pages, and his beauty is not always a very vital kind of truth. He is a bird on the sea, a sea-bird, a winged diver, swift and exquisite in flight, an inhabitant of land, water, and sky; and to watch him is to be thrilled with joy, to forget all mean and trivial things: to share a rapture."¹

¹ Symonds: *Romantic Movement in English Poetry*, 279-280.

CITATIONS FROM SHELLEY

MUTABILITY

We are as clouds that veil the midnight moon;
How restlessly they speed, and gleam, and quiver,
Streaking the darkness radiantly!—yet soon
Night closes round, and they are lost forever:

Or like forgotten lyres whose dissonant strings
Give various response to each varying blast,
To whose frail frame no second motion brings
One mood or modulation like the last.

We rest—a dream has power to poison sleep;
We rise—one wandering thought pollutes the day;
We feel, conceive or reason, laugh or weep;
Embrace fond woe, or cast our cares away:

It is the same!—for, be it joy or sorrow,
The path of its departure still is free;
Man's yesterday may ne'er be like his morrow;
Nought may endure but Mutability.

THE SENSITIVE PLANT

PART FIRST

A Sensitive Plant in a garden grew,
And the young winds fed it with silver dew,
And it opened its fan-like leaves to the light,
And closed them beneath the Kisses of Night.

And the Spring arose on the garden fair,
Like the Spirit of Love felt everywhere;
And each flower and herb on Earth's dark breast
Rose from the dreams of its wintry rest.

But none ever trembled and panted with bliss
In the garden, the field, or the wilderness,
Like a doe in the noontide with love's sweet want,
As the companionless Sensitive Plant.

The snowdrop, and then the violet,
Arose from the ground with warm rain wet,
And their breath was mixed with fresh odor, sent
From the turf, like the voice and the instrument.

Then the pied wind-flowers and the tulip tall,
And narcissi, the fairest among them all,
Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's recess
Till they die of their own dear loveliness;

And the Naiad-like lily of the vale,
Whom youth makes so fair, and passion so pale,
That the light of its tremulous bells is seen
Through their pavilions of tender green;

And the hyacinth purple, and white, and blue,
Which flung from its bells a sweet peal anew
Of music so delicate, soft, and intense,
It was felt like an odor within the sense;

And the rose like a nymph to the bath addressed,
Which unveiled the depth of her glowing breast,
Till, fold after fold, to the fainting air
The soul of her beauty and love lay bare;

And the wand-like lily, which lifted up,
As a Maenad, its moonlight-colored cup,
Till the fiery star, which is its eye,
Gazed through clear dew on the tender sky;

And the jessamine faint, and the sweet tube-rose,
The sweetest flower for scent that blows;
And all rare blossoms from every clime
Grew in that garden in perfect prime.

And on the stream whose inconstant bosom
Was pranked, under boughs of embowering blossom,
With golden and green light, slanting through
Their heaven of many a tangled hue.

Broad water-lilies lay tremulously,
And starry river-buds glimmered by,
And around them the soft stream did glide and dance
With a motion of sweet sound and radiance.

And the sinuous paths of lawn and of moss,
Which led through the garden along and across,
Some open at once to the sun and the breeze,
Some lost among bowers of blossoming trees,—

Were all paved with daisies and delicate bells,
As fair as the fabulous asphodels,
And flowrets which, drooping as day drooped too,
Fell into pavilions white, purple, and blue,
To roof the glowworm from the evening dew.

And from this undefiled Paradise
The flowers (as an infant's awakening eyes
Smile on its mother, whose singing sweet
Can first lull, and at last must awaken it)

When Heaven's blithe winds had unfolded them
As mine-lamps enkindle a hidden gem,
Shone smiling to Heaven, and every one
Shared joy in the light of the gentle sun;

For each one was interpenetrated
With the light and the odor its neighbor shed,
Like young lovers whom youth and love make dear,
Wrapped and filled by their mutual atmosphere.

But the Sensitive Plant, which could give small fruit
Of the love which it felt from the leaf to the root,
Received more than all, it loved more than ever,
Where none wanted but it, could belong to the giver;

For the Sensitive Plant has no bright flower;
Radiance and odor are not its dower;
It loves, even like Love, its deep heart is full,
It desires what it has not, the beautiful!

The light winds which from unsustaining wings
Shed the music of many murmurings;
The beams which dart from many a star
Of the flowers whose hues they bear afar;

The plumed insects swift and free,
Like golden boats on a sunny sea,
Laden with light and odor, which pass
Over the gleam of the living grass;

The unseen clouds of the dew, which lie
Like fire in the flowers till the sun rides high,
Then wander like spirits among the spheres,
Each cloud faint with the fragrance it bears;

The quivering vapors of dim noontide,
Which like a sea o'er the warm earth glide,
In which every sound, and odor, and beam,
Move, as reeds in a single stream;—

Each and all like ministering angels were
For the Sensitive Plant sweet joy to bear,
Whilst the lagging hours of the day went by
Like windless clouds o'er a tender sky.

And when evening descended from heaven above,
And the Earth was all rest, and the air was all love,
And delight, though less bright, was far more deep,
And the day's veil fell from the world of sleep,

And the beasts, and the birds, and the insects were drowned
In an ocean of dreams without a sound,
Whose waves never mark, though they ever impress
The light sand which paves it, consciousness;

(Only overhead the sweet nightingale
Ever sang more sweet as the day might fail,
And snatches of its Elysian chant
Were mixed with the dreams of the Sensitive Plant);—

The Sensitive Plant was the earliest
Ungathered into the bosom of rest;

A sweet child weary of its delight,
The feeblest and yet the favorite,
Cradled within the embrace of night.

THE CLOUD

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 't is my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers,
Lightning my pilot sits;
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
It struggles and howls at fits;
Over earth and ocean with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea;

Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The Spirit he loves remains;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning star shines dead;
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,

An eagle alit one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings.
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
Its ardors of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

That orb'd maiden, with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the Moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof.
The stars peep behind her and peer;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm rivers, lakes and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,—
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch, through which I march,
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
Is the million-colored bow;
The sphere-fire above its soft colors wove,
While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
I change, but I cannot die.

For after the rain, when with never a stain
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I arise and unbuild it again

HYMN OF APOLLO

I

The sleepless Hours who watch me as I lie,
Curtained with star-inwoven tapestries
From the broad moonlight of the sky,
Fanning the busy dreams from my dim eyes,
Waken me when their Mother, the gray Dawn,
Tells them that dreams and that the moon is gone.

II

Then I arise, and climbing Heaven's blue dome,
I walk over the mountains and the waves,
Leaving my robe upon the ocean foam;
My footsteps pave the clouds with fire; the caves
Are filled with my bright presence, and the air
Leaves the green earth to my embraces bare.

III

The sunbeams are my shafts, with which I kill
Deceit, that loves the night and fears the day;
All men who do or even imagine ill
Fly me, and from the glory of my ray
Good minds and open actions take new might,
Until diminished by the reign of night.

IV

I feed the clouds, the rainbows and the flowers
With their ethereal colors; the moon's globe
And the pure stars in their eternal bowers
Are cinctured with my power as with a robe;
Whatever lamps on Earth or Heaven my shine
Are portions of one power, which is mine,

V

I stand at noon upon the peak of Heaven,
Then with unwilling steps I wander down
Into the clouds of the Atlantic even;
For grief that I depart they weep and frown.
What look is more delightful than the smile
With which I soothe them from the western isle?

VI

I am the eye with which the Universe
Beholds itself, and knows itself divine;
All harmony of instrument or verse,
All prophecy, all medicine are mine,
All light of Art or Nature;—to my song
Victory and praise in its own right belong.

LIBERTY

I

The fiery mountains answer each other,
Their thunderings are echoed from zone to zone;
The tempestuous oceans awake one another,
And the ice-rocks are shaken round Winter's throne,
When the clarion of the Typhoon is blown.

II

From a single cloud the lightning flashes,
Whilst a thousand isles are illumined around;
Earthquake is trampling one city to ashes,
An hundred are shuddering and tottering; the sound
Is bellowing underground.

III

But keener thy gaze than the lightning's glare,
And swifter thy step than the earthquake's tramp;
Thou deafenest the rage of the ocean; thy stare
Make blind the volcanoes; the sun's bright lamp
To thine is a fen-fire damp.

IV

From billow and mountain and exhalation
The sunlight is darted through vapor and blast;
From spirit to spirit, from nation to nation,
From city to hamlet, thy dawning is cast,—
And tyrants and slaves are like shadows of night
In the van of the morning light.

KEATS

As Shelley is the poet of exquisite thought, so is Keats a rare poet of sensation. This is markedly true in his first productions, *Endymion* and *The Pot of Basil*. It is difficult to believe that such a riot of color as glows in the verse of this English writer could be attained within five brief years.

John Keats (1795-1821) was born of the middle class. Trained for surgery, he dropped an uncongenial profession for letters after a short acquaintance with Leigh Hunt. A disease which the medical world has but lately learned to conquer early marked him for her own. This placed marriage out of his reach and sent him to spend his few remaining years in the mild climate of Italy. His determination to extract the utmost joy from the passing hour was largely the result of knowing how little of life remained; a realization which explains much in his poetry.

No poet ever loved beauty with deeper fervor than Keats; he was intoxicated by it and found relief from a vexatious world within it, deeming a thing of beauty to be "a joy forever." If we seek for reflections of the times in his verse, they will be found pertaining to letters and art rather than politics and society. Beyond a doubt Keats was profoundly influenced by the Elgin marbles, which had been lately brought to the British Museum from Greece. Also, his delightful sonnet to Chapman's translation of Homer—whatever the scholarly defects of the rendering—acknowledges his debt to the English translator. A revived interest in Elizabethan literature also had its part in his mental growth.

Keats knew better than some of his critics the deficiencies of his early poem *Endymion*; in spite of remarkable passages, much careless work must be condoned. The fascinating tale of the love of Cynthia, goddess of the moon, for the simple shepherd on Latmos has been told times without number. Keats made it peculiarly his own, but beyond the story, which runs on interruptedly, the reader is enchanted with the poetical expression so characteristic

of one who, like Spenser, has been called "the poet's poet."

The story of *Isabella* or *The Pot of Basil* is borrowed from Boccaccio; like *Endymion*, it reveals the immature poet. *Hyperion* is considered by many Keats' finest production but his sonnets and shorter poems are much better known by the generality of readers.

"If poetry comes not as naturally as the leaves to a tree, it had better not come at all," Keats wrote once in a letter. It came in that way to him and the richness of his outpouring has made men wonder what might have been the result had life been spared to him for a decade or two longer. From his comments concerning poetry it is possible to catch fleeting glimpses of his conception of a poet: one without personality, whose consciousness passed from one animate object to another, from flower to bird and tree, from creature to creature or from wind to wind, identified for the moment with each; exulting always in sensation and in the beautiful. "I scarcely remember counting upon any happiness," he wrote. "I look not for it if it be not in the present hour. Nothing startles me beyond the moment. The setting sun will always set me to rights, or if a sparrow were before my window, I take part in its existence, and pick about the gravel."

It is natural to contrast Shelley, unconscious of bodily existence, loving the free, unhampered mind, with Keats and his joy in sensation. Yet this aspect of his poetry has sometimes been exaggerated. Imagination was ever potent, infusing feeling and passion with winged fancy. As in the case of Spenser, whom he so greatly admired, his poems unfold one picture after another, frequently bound together by a slight thread, but always luxurious with scent and sound, with cold or warmth, always heavily charged with feeling.

"The poetry of Keats is an inspiration toward happiness, towards the deliciousness of life, towards the restfulness of beauty, towards the delightful sharpness of sensations not too sharp to be painful. He accepted life in the spirit of art, asking only for the simple pleasures, which he seemed to be among the few who could not share, of physi-

cal health, the capacity to enjoy sensation without being overcome by it. He was not troubled about his soul, the meaning of the universe, or any other metaphysical questions, to which he shows a happy indifference, or rather, a placid unconsciousness."¹

Instead of hunting the aid of biographer, the light shed by chronicles or judgments of the critics, the surest way to appreciate Keats is to turn first to his sonnets, *On the Grasshopper and Cricket*, *On Looking into Chapman's Homer*, *When I Have Fears*; to that superb poem *To Autumn*; or again, *I Stood Tiptoe upon a Little Hill*. Sheer delight in a singer whose wealth of imagery, sensuous and musical, permeates his poems, is likely to hold one bound. Were every mortal to read daily these few lines from *Sleep and Poetry*, something might be accomplished in the way of leavening an existence too often drab and oppressed by care.

"Stop and consider! life is but a day;
A fragile dewdrop on its perilous way
From a tree's summit; a poor Indian's sleep
While his boat hastens to the monstrous steep
Of Montmorenci. Why so sad a moan?
Life is the rose's hope while yet unblown;
The reading of an ever-changing tale,
The light uplifting of a maiden's veil;
A pigeon tumbling in clear summer air;
A laughing school-boy, without grief or care,
Riding the springy branches of an elm."

¹ Symonds: *Romantic Movement in English Poetry*, 303.

SELECTIONS FROM KEATS

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER

Much have I travelled in the realms of gold,
 And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
 Round many western islands have I been
 Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
 Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
 That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne;
 Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
 Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:
 Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
 When a new planet swims into his ken;
 Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
 He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
 Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
 Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

THE HUMAN SEASONS

Four Seasons fill the measure of the year;
 There are four seasons in the mind of man:
 He has his lusty Spring, when fancy clear
 Takes in all beauty with an easy span:
 He has his Summer, when luxuriously
 Spring's honeyed cud of youthful thought he loves
 To ruminate, and by such dreaming nigh
 His nearest unto heaven; quiet coves
 His soul has in its Autumn, when his wings
 He furlleth close; contented so to look
 On mists in idleness—to let fair things
 Pass by unheeded as a threshold brook.
 He has his Winter too of pale misfeature,
 Or else he would forego his mortal nature.

"I STOOD TIPTOE"

"PLACES OF NESTLING GREEN FOR POETS MADE"

Story of Rimini.

I Stood tip-toe upon a little hill,
 The air was cooling, and so very still,
 That the sweet buds which with a modest pride
 Pull droopingly, in slanting curve aside,

Their scanty leaved, and finely tapering stems,
Had not yet lost their starry diadems
Caught from the early sobbing of the morn.
The clouds were pure and white as flocks new shorn,
And fresh from the clear brook; sweetly they slept
On the blue fields of heaven, and then there crept
A little noiseless noise among the leaves,
Born of the very sigh that silence heaves:
For not the faintest motion could be seen
Of all the shades that slanted o'er the green.
There was wide wandering for the greediest eye,
To peer about upon variety;
Far round the horizon's crystal air to skim,
And trace the dwindled edgings of its brim;
To picture out the quaint, and curious bending
Of a fresh woodland alley, never ending;
Or by the bowery clefts, and leafy shelves,
Guess where the jaunty streams refresh themselves.
I gazed awhile, and felt as light, and free
As though the fanning wings of Mercury
Had played upon my heels: I was light-hearted,
And many pleasures to my vision started;
So I straightway began to pluck a posey
Of luxuries bright, milky, soft and rosy.
A bush of May flowers with the bees about them;
Ah, sure no tasteful nook could be without them;
And let a lush laburnum oversweep them,
And let long grass grow round the roots to keep them
Moist, cool and green; and shade the violets,
That they may bind the moss in leafy nets.

A filbert hedge with wild briar overtined,
And clumps of woodbine taking the soft wind
Upon their summer thrones; there too should be
The frequent chequer of a youngling tree,
That with a score of light green brethren shoots
From the quaint mossiness of aged roots:
Round which is heard a spring-head of clear waters
Babbling so wildly of its lovely daughters
The spreading blue bells: it may haply mourn
That such fair clusters should be rudely torn
From their fresh beds, and scattered thoughtlessly
By infant hands, left on the path to die.

Open afresh your round of starry folds,
Ye ardent marigolds!
Dry up the moisture from your golden lids,
For great Apollo bids
That in these days your praises should be sung
On many harps, which he has lately strung;
And when again your dewiness he kisses,
Tell him, I have you in my world of blisses:
So haply when I rove in some far vale,
His mighty voice may come upon the gale.

Here are sweet peas, on tip-toe for a flight:
With wings of gentle flush o'er delicate white,
And taper fingers catching at all things,
To bind them all about with tiny rings.
Linger awhile upon some bending planks
That lean against a streamlet's rushy banks,
And watch intently Nature's gentle doings:
They will be found softer than ring-dove's cooings.
How silent comes the water round that bend;
Not the minutest whisper does it send
To the o'erhanging sallows: blades of grass
Slowly across the chequered shadows pass.
Why, you might read two sonnets, ere they reach
To where the hurrying freshnesses aye preach
A natural sermon o'er their pebbly beds;
Where swarms of minnows show their little heads,
Staying their wavy bodies 'gainst the streams,
To taste the luxury of sunny beams
Tempered with coolness. How they ever wrestle
With their own sweet delight, and ever nestle
Their silver bellies on the pebbly sand.
If you but scantily hold out the hand,
That very instant not one will remain;
But turn your eye, and they are there again.
The ripples seem right glad to reach those cresses,
And cool themselves among the emerald tresses;
The while they cool themselves, they freshness give,
And moisture, that the bowery green may live:
So keeping up an interchange of favours,
Like good men in the truth of their behaviours.
Sometimes goldfinches one by one will drop
From low hung branches; little space they stop;

But sip, and twitter, and their feathers sleek;
Then off at once, as in a wanton freak:
Or perhaps, to show their black and golden wings,
Pausing upon their yellow flutterings.
Were I in such a place, I sure should pray
That naught less sweet, might call my thoughts away,
Than the soft rustle of a maiden's gown
Fanning away the dandelion's down;
Than the light music of her nimble toes
Patting against the sorrel as she goes.
How she would start, and blush, thus to be caught
Playing in all her innocence of thought.
O let me lead her gently o'er the brook,
Watch her half-smiling lips, and downward look;
Or let me for one moment touch her wrist;
Let me one moment to her breathing list;
And as she leaves me may she often turn
Her fair eyes looking through her locks auburne.
What next? A tuft of evening primroses,
O'er which the mind may hover till it dozes;
O'er which it well might take a pleasant sleep,
But that 'tis ever startled by the leap
Of buds into ripe flowers; or by the flitting
Of diverse moths, that ay their rest are quitting:
Or by the moon lifting her silver rim
Above a cloud, and with a gradual swim
Coming into the blue with all her light.
O Maker of sweet poets, dear delight
Of this fair world, and all its gentle livers;
Spangler of clouds, halo of crystal rivers,
Mingler with leaves, and dew and tumbling streams,
Closer of lovely eyes to lovely dreams,
Lover of loneliness, and wandering,
Of upcast eye, and tender pondering!
Thee must I praise above all other glories
That smile us on to tell delightful stories,
For what has made the sage or poet write
But the fair paradise of Nature's light?
In the calm grandeur of a sober line,
We see the waving of the mountain pine;
And when a tale is beautifully staid,
We feel the safety of a hawthorn glade:
When it is moving on luxurious wings,
The soul is lost in pleasant smotherings:

Fair dewy roses brush against our faces,
And flowering laurels spring from diamond vases;
O'erhead we see the jasmine and sweet briar,
And bloomy grapes laughing from green attire;
While at our feet, the voice of crystal bubbles
Charms us at once away from all our troubles:
So that we feel uplifted from the world,
Walking upon the white clouds wreathed and curled.
So felt he, who first told, how Psyche went
On the smooth wind to realms of wonderment;
What Psyche felt, and Love, when their full lips
First touched; what amorous, and fondling nips
They gave each other's cheeks; with all their sighs,
And how they kist each other's tremulous eyes:
The silver lamp,—the ravishment,—the wonder—
The darkness,—loneliness,—the fearful thunder;
Their woes gone by, and both to heaven upflown,
To bow for gratitude before Jove's throne.
So did he feel, who pulled the boughs aside,
That we might look into a forest wide,
To catch a glimpse of Fawns, and Dryades
Coming with softest rustle through the trees;
And garlands woven of flowers wild, and sweet,
Upheld on ivory wrists, or sporting feet:
Telling us how fair, trembling Syrinx fled
Arcadian Pan, with such a fearful dread.
Poor nymph,—poor Pan,—how did he weep to find
Naught but a lovely sighing of the wind
Along the reedy stream; a half heard strain,
Full of sweet desolation—balmy pain.

What first inspired a bard of old to sing
Narcissus pining o'er the untainted spring?
In some delicious ramble, he had found
A little space, with boughs all woven round;
And in the midst of all, a clearer pool
Then e'er reflected in its pleasant cool,
The blue sky here, and there, serenely peeping
Through tendril wreaths fantastically creeping.
And on the bank a lonely flower he spied,
A meek and forlorn flower, with naught of pride,
Drooping its beauty o'er the watery clearness,
To woo its own sad image into nearness:

Deaf to light Zephyrus it would not move;
But still would seem to droop, to pine, to love.
So while the Poet stood in this sweet spot,
Some fainter gleamings o'er his fancy shot;
Nor was it long ere he had told the tale
Of young Narcissus, and sad Echo's bale.

Where had he been, from whose warm head out-flew
That sweetest of all songs, that ever new,
That ay refreshing, pure deliciousness,
Coming ever to bless
The wanderer by moonlight; to him bringing
Shapes from the invisible world, unearthly singing
From out the middle air, from flowery nests,
And from the pillowy silkiness that rests
Full in the speculation of the stars.
Ah! surely he had burst our mortal bars;
Into some wond'rous region he had gone,
To search for thee, divine Endymion!

He was a Poet, sure a lover too,
Who stood on Latmus' top, what time there blew
Soft breezes from the myrtle vale below;
And brought in faintness solemn, sweet, and slow
A hymn from Dian's temple; while upswelling,
The incense went to her own starry dwelling.
But though her face was clear as infant's eyes,
Though she stood smiling o'er the sacrifice,
The Poet wept at her so piteous fate,
Wept that such beauty should be desolate:
So in fine wrath some golden sounds he won,
And gave meek Cynthia her Endymion.

Queen of the wide air; thou most lovely queen
Of all the brightness that mine eyes have seen!
As thou exceedest all things in thy shine,
So every tale, does this sweet tale of thine.
O for three words of honey, that I might
Tell but one wonder of thy bridal night!

Where distant ships do seem to show their keels,
Phœbus awhile delayed his mighty wheels,
And turned to smile upon thy bashful eyes,

Ere he his unseen pomp would solemnize,
The evening weather was so bright and clear,
That men of health were of unusual cheer;
Stepping like Homer at the trumpet's call,
Or young Apollo on the pedestal:
And lovely women were as fair and warm,
As Venus looking sideways in alarm.
The breezes were ethereal, and pure,
And crept through half closed lattices to cure
The languid sick; it cooled their fevered sleep,
And soothed them into slumbers full and deep.
Soon they awoke clear eyes; nor burnt with thirsting,
Nor with hot fingers, nor with temples, bursting:
And springing up, they met the wond'ring sight
Of their dear friends, nigh foolish with delight;
Who feel their arms, and breasts, and kiss and stare,
And on their placid foreheads part the hair.
Young men, and maidens at each other gazed
With hands held back, and motionless, amazed
To see the brightness in each other's eyes;
And so they stood, filled with a sweet surprise,
Until their tongues were loosed in poesy.
Therefore no lover did of anguish die:
But the soft numbers, in that moment spoken,
Made silken ties, that never may be broken.
Cynthia! I cannot tell the greater blisses,
That followed thine, and thy dear shepherd's kisses:
Was there a Poet born,—but now no more,
My wand'ring spirit must no further soar.—

“O Sorrow

Why dost borrow

The natural hue of health, from vermeil lips?—

To give maiden blushes

To the white rose bushes?

Or is't thy dewy hand the daisy tips?

“O Sorrow

Why dost borrow

The lustrous passion from a falcon-eye?—

To give the glow-worm light?

Or, on a moonless night,

To tinge, on syren shores, the salt sea-spry?

“O Sorrow
Why dost borrow
The mellow ditties from a mourning tongue?—
To give at evening pale
Unto the nightingale,
That thou mayst listen the cold dews among?

“O Sorrow
Why dost borrow
Heart's lightness from the merriment of May?—
A lover would not tread
A cowslip on the head,
Though he should dance from eve till peep of day—
Nor any drooping flower
Held sacred for thy bower,
Wherever he may sport himself and play.

“To Sorrow
I bade good-morrow,
And thought to leave her far away behind;
But cheerly, cheerly,
She loves me dearly;
She is so constant to me, and so kind:
I would deceive her
And so leave her,
But ah! she is so constant and so kind.

“Beneath my palm trees, by the river side,
I sat a weeping; in the whole world wide
There was no one to ask me why I wept,—
And so I kept
Brimming the water-lily cups with tears
Cold as my fears.

“Beneath my palm trees, by the river side,
I sat a weeping: what enamoured bride,
Cheated my shadowy wooer from the clouds,
But hides and shrouds
Beneath dark palm trees by a river side?

“And as I sat, over the light blue hills
There came a noise of revellers: the rills
Into the wide stream came of purple hue—

'Twas Bacchus and his crew!
 The earnest trumpet spake, and silver thrills
 From kissing cymbals made a merry din—
 'Twas Bacchus and his kin!
 Like to a moving vintage down they came,
 Crowned with green leaves, and faces all on flame;
 To scare thee, Melancholy!
 O then, O then, thou wast a simple name!
 And I forgot thee, as the berried holly
 By shepherds is forgotten, when in June,
 Tall chestnuts keep away the sun and moon:—
 I rushed into the folly!

“Within his car, aloft, young Bacchus stood,
 Trifling his ivy-dart, in dancing mood,
 With sidelong laughing;
 And little rills of crimson wine imbrued
 His plump white arms, and shoulders, enough white
 For Venus' pearly bite:
 And near him rode Silenus on his ass,
 Pelted with flowers as he on did pass
 Tipsily quaffing.

“Whence came ye, merry Damsels! whence came ye!
 So many, and so many, and such glee?
 Why have ye left your bowers desolate,
 Your lutes, and gentler fate?—
 'We follow Bacchus! Bacchus on the wing,
 A conquering!
 Bacchus, young Bacchus! good or ill betide,
 We dance before him through kingdoms wide:—
 Come hither, lady fair, and joined be
 To our wild minstrelsy!’

“Whence came ye, jolly Satyrs! whence came ye!
 So many, and so many, and such glee?
 Why have ye left your forest haunts, why left
 Your nuts in oak-tree cleft?—
 'For wine, for wine we left our kernel tree;
 For wine we left our heath, and yellow brooms,
 And cold mushrooms;
 For wine we follow Bacchus through the earth;
 Great god of breathless cups and chirping mirth!—

Come hither, lady fair, and joined be
To our mad minstrelsy !'

"Over wide streams and mountains great we went,
And, save when Bacchus kept his ivy tent,
Onward the tiger and the leopard pants,
 With Asian elephants:
Onward these myriads—with song and dance,
With zebras striped, and sleek Arabians' prance,
Web-footed alligators, crocodiles,
Bearing upon their scaly backs, in files,
Plump infant laughers mimicking the coil
Of seamen, and stout galley-rowers' toil:
With toying oars and silken sails they glide,
 Nor care for wind and tide.

"Mounted on panthers' furs and lions' manes,
From rear to van they scour about the plains;
A three days' journey in a moment done:
And always, at the rising of the sun,
About the wilds they hunt with spear and horn,
 On spleenful unicorn.

"I saw Osirian Egypt kneel adown
 Before the vine-wreath crown !
I saw parched Abyssinia rouse and sing
 To the silver cymbals' ring !
I saw the whelming vintage hotly pierce
 Old Tartary the fierce !
The kings of Ind their jewel-sceptres vail,
And from their treasures scatter pearly hail;
Great Brahma from his mystic heaven groans,
 And all his priesthood moans;
Before young Bacchus' eye-wink turning pale.—
Into these regions came I following him,
Sick-hearted, weary—so I took a whim
To stray away into these forests drear
 Alone, without a peer:
And I have told thee all thou mayest hear.

 "Young stranger !
 I've been a ranger
In search of pleasure throughout every clime:

Alas, 'tis not for me!
Bewitched I sure must be,
To lose in grieving all my maiden prime.

“Come then, Sorrow!
Sweetest Sorrow!
Like an own babe I nurse thee on my breast:
I thought to leave thee
And deceive thee,
But now of all the world I love thee best.

“There is not one,
No, no, not one
But thee to comfort a poor lonely maid:
Thou art her mother,
And her brother,
Her playmate, and her wooer in the shade.”

BYRON

The poetry of Keats is so impersonal that it might be fully appreciated by one unacquainted with his life. Not so that of Lord Byron. His critics said of him that he could portray only himself, and the "Byronic hero" and "Byronism" are terms familiar to reviewers.

George Gordon (1788-1824) ran the full course of human joys and sorrows, unless we except the joy of a peaceful and contented soul. His father died when he was an infant; his mother was a rather foolish woman whose lack of balance reappeared in her son. At ten years of age the boy inherited the peerage which made him the sixth Lord Byron.

When at the height of his literary popularity in London, he married a beautiful English woman, from whom he was early separated.* The domestic tragedy was laid by society to the fault of Byron, who, from being lionized, found himself ostracized. Feeling blameless for the wreck of his household and his changed position in the public eye, he left England, saying characteristically that if what was believed of him were true, he was unfit to dwell in England longer; if false, England was now unfit for him. After spending about five years in Italy, where the cause of the Italian liberation made a strong appeal to him, he went to the aid of Greece in her fight against Turkey and died of a fever contracted during the war.

The true philosopher sees existing wrong as transitory and views human progress as constant only in change. Thus Wordsworth came to adjust himself to conditions of society as he found them. Shelley cried out in revolt against social evils as though directed against himself. Byron concealed his wounds under the mask of satire. Nor can it be denied that life was cruel to him.

In the first place, while possessing remarkable physical beauty he was born with a deformed foot; such a misfortune could not fail to torment his proud heart. Then his childhood was unhappy, due to his mother's capricious moods and poverty. There is no doubt but that the young poet loved his young wife as much as one so self-centered was

capable of loving, and the final separation killed something fine within him. The humiliation of finding his erstwhile popularity in England gone filled him with scorn for the hypocrisy of those who condemned him, knowing full well the shams and poses of his detractors. Against this side of the picture must be set the blind adulations offered Byron in those years immediately following the publication of *Childe Harold*, which made him famous over night, as well as the recognition accorded his genius by men of many lands, especially by the great poet Goethe.

In 1807 Byron published his first volume of verse under the title: *Hours of Idleness*. Like many another immature product, the book was harshly reviewed by the literary periodicals. Quick to retaliate, the following year Byron issued his *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. With surprising obtuseness, critics have repeatedly pointed out that the English poets had done little to warrant the attack now made upon them. Of course the writer merely desired to show the glaring faults of such poetry as had been regarded favorably by the reviewers and did not hesitate to strike out in any direction to prove his point. His comments on Southey and Wordsworth are illustrative of the nature of this satire.

“Oh! Southey! Southey! cease thy varied song!
A bard may chant too often and too long;
As thou art strong in verse, in mercy, spare!
A fourth, alas! were more than we could bear.
But if, in spite of all the world can say,
Thou still wilt verseward plod thy weary way;
If still, in Berkeley ballads most uncivil,
Thou wilt devote old women to the devil,
The babe unborn thy dread intent may rue:
‘God help thee’ Southey, and thy readers too.

“Next comes the dull disciple of thy school,
That mild apostate from poetic rule,
The simple Wordsworth, framer of a lay
As soft as evening in his favorite May,
Who warns his friend ‘to shake off toil and trouble,
And quit his books for fear of growing double;’

Who both by precept and example shows
That prose is verse and verse is merely prose."

It is not strange that the complacent Wordsworth, upon learning of Byron's death in 1824, commended his genius, while admitting doubt as to whether his powers had worked for good or ill.

In *The Age of Bronze* Byron directed his satire against the Tories, whose "stand-pat" attitude held fast the door to all reforms.

"Alas, the country! how shall tongue or pen
Bewail her now *uncountry* gentlemen?
The last to bid the cry of warfare cease,
The first to make a malady of peace.
For what were all these country patriots born?
To hunt, and vote, and raise the price of corn?

And of the Congress of Vienna, he continues:

"Strange sight, this Congress! destined to unite
All that's incongruous, all that's opposite.
I speak not of the sovereigns—they're alike,
A common coin as ever mint could strike;
But those who sway the puppets, pull the strings,
Have more of motley than their heavy kings.

The first two cantos of *Childe Harold* related in verse the author's experiences during a two-year journey through Europe. Containing much of the careless work persistent in his writings, there is movement and force in this, as in all Byron's literary expression. Lyrics are inserted here and there, as the disconnected diary rambles on. Often one catches glimpses of Byron's inmost moods, while his characters continually present his own nature with its vivid contrasts. In the *Good Night Song* which *Childe Harold* sings, as his boat speeds over the sea, one finds the vein of Byron's adieu to Tom Moore, which ran:

"Here's a sigh to those who love me
And a smile to those who hate;
And, whatever sky's above me,
Here's a heart for any Fate."

The most trying experiences of his life had not yet come to the poet of *Good Night*, yet it is easy to anticipate the Byron who later gathered his cloak about him and lay down to sleep when the vessel in which he had taken passage was struggling against shipwreck in a storm.

“Adieu, adieu! my native shore
Fades o’er the waters blue;
The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,
And shrieks the wild sea-mew.
Yon sun that sets upon the sea
We follow in his flight;
Farewell awhile to him and thee,
My native Land—Good Night!

With thee, my bark, I’ll swiftly go
Athwart the foaming brine;
Nor care what land thou bear’st me to
So not again to mine.
Welcome, welcome, ye dark-blue waves!
And when you fail my sight,
Welcome ye deserts and ye caves!
My native Land, Good Night!”

As a result of his eastern travels, those oriental tales in poetry appeared: *The Giaour*, *Lara*, *The Corsair*, each of which had a wide popularity in England. In *The Corsair* the tremendous energy, restlessness and fire of the poet may be felt. As Shelley is forever associated with the wind, which symbolizes the invisible spirit, moving here and there, so Byron must always suggest fire to those who know him well.

In his delineation of Lara we find Byron himself revealed, nor can the influence of Rousseau’s *Confessions* be denied here as well as in certain of Wordsworth’s writings:

“There was in him a vital scorn of all:
As if the worst had fall’n which could befall,
He stood a stranger in this breathing world,
An erring spirit from another hurl’d;
A thing of dark imaginings, that shaped

By choice the perils he by chance escaped;
 But 'scaped in vain, for in their memory yet
 His mind would half exult and half regret:
 With more capacity for love than earth
 Bestows on most of mortal mould and birth,
 His early dreams of good outstripp'd the truth,
 And troubled manhood follow'd baffled youth;
 With thought of years in phantom chase misspent,
 And wasted powers for better purpose lent;
 And fiery passions that had poured their wrath
 In hurried desolation o'er his path,
 And left the better feeling all at strife
 In wild reflection o'er his stormy life;
 But haughty still and loth himself to blame,
 He call'd on Nature's self to share the shame,
 And charged all faults upon the fleshy form
 She gave to clog the soul and feast the worm;
 Till he at last confounded good and ill,
 And half mistook for fate the acts of will:
 Too high for common selfishness, he could
 At times resign his own for others' good,
 But not in pity, not because he ought,
 But in some strange perversity of thought,
 That sway'd him onward with a secret pride
 To do what few or none would do beside;
 And this same impulse would, in tempting time,
 Mislead his spirit equally to crime;
 So much he soar'd beyond, or sunk beneath,
 The men with whom he felt condemned to breathe
 And longed by good or ill will to separate
 Himself from all who shared his mortal state."

The third and fourth cantos of *Childe Harold* were written after Byron left England, never to return; also the *Prisoner of Chillon*, by which, with some of his Hebrew melodies, he is most widely known. He experimented with drama, writing *Manfred*, "a dramatic poem," and *Cain*, a mystery.

His Italian period shows his art consummated, *Don Juan* and *A Vision of Heaven*, greatest of his satires, being then produced. *Don Juan* is a poem of sixteen thousand stanzas, its author being under the influence of Ariosto to a considerable extent. Rambling and planless, it lent itself

to the poet's passing moods. Some of the tales it incorporates might better have been told in prose, Byron's prose being superior to his poetry; it has been significantly said that the more his poetry approaches prose, the more poetical it is. In the midst of the third canto occurs that lovely lyric: *The Isles of Greece*.

“The mountains look on Marathon—
And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone,
I dreamed that Greece might still be free;
For standing on the Persians' grave
I could not deem myself a slave.

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest?
Must *we* but blush? Our fathers bled.
Earth! render back from out thy breast
A remnant of our Spartan dead!
Of the three hundred, grant but three,
To make a new Thermopylae!”

In some respects Byron was more peculiarly a product of his age than either of his gifted contemporaries, Shelley or Keats. It is doubtful whether he is read today as much as they; nevertheless, despite all efforts to lessen his renown as a poet, his genius continues to shine forth. His influence on later poets, particularly upon Tennyson, would be difficult to estimate. Critics of other lands have often placed him higher in rank than Milton, certainly before Wordsworth. Poetical expression did not, as to Keats, unfold to him as naturally as leaves to a tree. It irked him to master form and he continually yielded to what has been called “the pitfall of the obvious word.”

In his early devotion to Pope, Byron showed his close touch with the eighteenth century; yet he never reached Pope's facility with rhyme. His last years found him perfecting something new, born of the nineteenth cycle. “Byronism” burned itself low ere his life's end and his noble effort to aid the Greeks in that struggle which gave them independence has added glamour to the romantic story of his life.

*For Mrs. Byron's case see Barrington: *Glorious Apollo*.
AII—21

POEMS BY BYRON

ODE TO NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

I

'Tis done—but yesterday a King!
 And arm'd with Kings to strive—
 And now thou art a nameless thing:
 So abject—yet alive!
 Is this the man of thousand thrones,
 Who strew'd our earth with hostile bones,
 And can he thus survive?
 Since he, miscall'd the Morning Star,
 Nor man nor fiend hath fallen so far.

II

Ill minded man! why scourge thy kind
 Who bow'd so low the knee?
 By gazing on thyself grown blind,
 Thou taught'st the rest to see.
 With might unquestion'd,—power to save—
 Thine only gift has been the grave,
 To those that worshipp'd thee;
 Nor till thy fall could mortals guess
 Ambition's less than littleness!

III

Thanks for that lesson—It will teach
 To after-warriors more,
 Than high Philosophy can preach,
 And vainly preached before.
 That spell upon the minds of men
 Breaks never to unite again,
 That led them to adore
 Those Pagod things of saber sway
 With fronts of brass, and feet of clay.

IV

The triumph and the vanity,
 The rapture of the strife—

The earthquake voice of Victory,
To thee the breath of life;
The sword, the sceptre, and that sway
Which man seem'd made but to obey,
Wherewith renown was rife—
All quell'd!—Dark Spirit! what must be
The madness of thy memory!

V

The Desolator desolate!
The Victor overthrown!
The Arbiter of others' fate
A Suppliant for his own!
Is it some yet imperial hope
That with such change can calmly cope?
Or dread of death alone?
To die a prince—or live a slave—
Thy choice is most ignobly brave!

VI

He who of old would rend the oak,
Dream'd not of the rebound:
Chain'd by the trunk he vainly broke—
Alone—how look'd he round?
Thou, in the sternness of thy strength,
An equal deed hast done at length,
And darker fate hast found:
He fell, the forest prowlers' prey:
But thou must eat thy heart away!

VII

The Roman, when his burning heart
Was slaked with blood of Rome,
Threw down the dagger—dared depart,
In savage grandeur, home—
He dared depart in utter scorn
Of men that such a yoke had borne,
Yet left him such a doom!
His only glory was that hour
Of self-upheld abandon'd power.

VIII

The Spaniard, when the lust of sway
 Had lost its quickening spell,
 Cast crowns for rosaries away,
 An empire for a cell;
 A strict accountant of his beads,
 A subtle disputant on creeds,
 His dotage trifled well:
 Yet better had he neither known
 A bigot's shrine, nor despot's throne.

IX

But thou—from thy reluctant hand
 The thunderbolt is wrung—
 Too late thou leav'st the high command
 To which thy weakness clung;
 All Evil Spirit as thou art,
 It is enough to grieve the heart
 To see thine own unstrung;
 To think that God's fair world hath been
 The footstool of a thing so mean;

X

And Earth hath spilt her blood for him,
 Who thus can hoard his own!
 And Monarchs bow'd the trembling limb,
 And thank'd him for a throne!
 Fair Freedom! we may hold thee dear,
 When thus thy mightiest foes their fear
 In humblest guise have shown.
 Oh! ne'er may tyrant leave behind
 A brighter name to lure mankind!

XI

Thine evil deeds are writ in gore,
 Nor written thus in vain—
 Thy triumphs tell of fame no more,
 Or deepen every stain:
 If thou hadst died as honour dies,
 Some new Napoleon might arise,
 To shame the world again—

But who would soar the solar height,
To set in such a starless night?

XII

Weigh'd in the balance, hero dust
Is vile as vulgar clay;
Thy scales, Mortality! are just
To all that pass away:
But yet methought the living great
Some higher sparks should animate,
To dazzle and dismay:
Nor deem'd Contempt could thus make mirth
Of these, the Conquerors of the earth.

XIII

And she, proud Austria's mournful flower,
Thy still imperial bride;
How bears her breast the torturing hour?
Still clings she to thy side?
Must she too bend, must she too share
Thy late repentance, long despair,
Thou throneless Homicide?
If still she loves thee, hoard that gem,—
'Tis worth thy vanish'd diadem!

XIV

Then haste thee to thy sullen Isle,
And gaze upon the sea;
That element may meet thy smile—
It ne'er was ruled by thee!
—Or trace with thine all idle hand
In loitering mood upon the sand
That Earth is now as free!
That Corinth's pedagogue hath now
Transferr'd his by-word to thy brow.

XV

Thou Timour! in his captive's cage
What thoughts will there be thine,
While brooding in thy prison'd rage?
But one—"The world *was* mine!"

Unless, like he of Babylon,
All sense is with thy sceptre gone,
Life will not long confine
That spirit pour'd so widely forth—
So long obey'd—so little worth!

XVI

Or, like the thief of fire from heaven,
Wilt thou withstand the shock?
And share with him, the unforgiven,
His vulture and his rock!
Foredoom'd by God—by man accurst,
And that last act, though not thy worst,
The very Fiend's arch mock;
He in his fall preserved his pride,
And, if a mortal, had as proudly died!

XVII

There was a day—there was an hour,
While earth was Gaul's—Gaul thine—
When that immeasurable power
Unsated to resign
Had been an act of purer fame
Than gathers round Marengo's name,
And gilded thy decline,
Through the long twilight of all time,
Despite some passing clouds of crime.

XVIII

But thou forsooth must be a king,
And don the purple vest,
As if that foolish robe could wring
Remembrance from thy breast.
Where is that faded garment? where
The gewgaws thou wert fond to wear,
The star, the string, the crest?
Vain forward child of empire! say,
Are all thy playthings snatched away?

XIX

Where may the wearied eye repose
When gazing on the Great;

Where neither guilty glory glows,
Nor despicable state?
Yes—one—the first—the last—the best—
The Cincinnatus of the West,
Whom envy dared not hate,
Bequeth'd the name of Washington,
To make man blush there was but one!

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY

I

She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes:
Thus mellow'd to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

II

One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impair'd the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face;
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

III

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent!

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB

I

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

II

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
 That host with their banners at sunset were seen:
 Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
 That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown.

III

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
 And breathed in the face of the foe as he pass'd;
 And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,
 And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still!

IV

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
 But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride;
 And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
 And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

V

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
 With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail:
 And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
 The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

VI

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
 And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
 And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
 Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

TO THOMAS MOORE

I

My boat is on the shore,
 And my bark is on the sea;
 But, before I go, Tom Moore,
 Here's a double health to thee!

II

Here's a sigh to those who love me,
 And a smile to those who hate;
 And, whatever sky's above me,
 Here's a heart for every fate.

III

Though the ocean roar around me,
 Yet it still shall bear me on;
 Though a desert should surround me,
 It hath springs that may be won.

IV

Were't the last drop in the well,
 As I gasp'd upon the brink,
 Ere my fainting spirit fell,
 'Tis to thee that I would drink.

V

With that water, as this wine,
 The libation I would pour
 Should be—peace with thine and mine,
 And a health to thee, Tom Moore.

THE PRISONER OF CHILLON

SONNET OF CHILLON

Eternal Spirit of the chainless Mind!
 Brightest in dungeons, Liberty! thou art,
 For there thy habitation is the heart—
 The heart which love of thee alone can bind;
 And when thy sons to fetters are consign'd—
 To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom,
 Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
 And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.
 Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
 And thy sad floor an altar—for 'twas trod,
 Until his very steps have left a trace
 Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
 By Bonnivard! May none those marks efface!
 For they appeal from tyranny to God.

THE PRISONER OF CHILLON

I

My hair is grey, but not with years,
 Nor grew it white
 In a single night,
 As men's have grown from sudden fears;

My limbs are bow'd, though not with toil,
But rusted with a vile repose,
For they have been a dungeon's spoil,
And mine has been the fate of those
To whom the goodly earth and air
Are bann'd, and barr'd—forbidden fare:
But this was for my father's faith
I suffer'd chains and courted death,
That father perish'd at the stake
For tenets he would not forsake;
And for the same his lineal race
In darkness found a dwelling-place;
We were seven—who now are one,
Six in youth, and one in age,
Finish'd as they had begun,
Proud of Persecution's rage;
One in fire, and two in field,
Their belief with blood have seal'd,
Dying as their father died,
For the God their foes denied;
Three were in a dungeon cast,
Of whom this wreck is left the last.

II

There are seven pillars of Gothic mould,
In Chillon's dungeons deep and old,
There are seven columns, massy and grey,
Dim with a dull imprison'd ray,
A sunbeam which hath lost its way,
And through the crevice and the cleft
Of the thick wall is fallen and left;
Creeping o'er the floor so damp,
Like a marsh's meteor lamp:
And in each pillar there is a ring,
And in each ring there is a chain;
That iron is a cankering thing,
For in these limbs its teeth remain,
With marks that will not wear away,
Till I have done with this new day,
Which now is painful to these eyes,
Which have not seen the sun so rise
For years—I cannot count them o'er,
I lost their long and heavy score,

When my last brother droop'd and died,
And I lay living by his side.

III

They chain'd us each to a column stone,
And we were three—yet, each alone;
We could not move a single pace,
We could not see each other's face,
But with that pale and livid light
That made us strangers in our sight:
And thus together—yet apart,
Fetter'd in hand, but join'd in heart,
'Twas still some solace, in the dearth
Of the pure elements of earth,
To hearken to each other's speech,
And each turn comforter to each
With some new hope, or legend old,
Or song heroically bold;
But even these at length grew cold.
Our voices took a dreary tone,
An echo of the dungeon stone,
A grating sound, not full and free,
As they of yore were wont to be:
It might be fancy, but to me
They never sounded like our own.

IV

I was the eldest of the three,
And to uphold and cheer the rest
I ought to do—and did my best—
And each did well in his degree.
The youngest, whom my father loved,
Because our mother's brow was given
To him, with eyes as blue as heaven—
For him my soul was sorely moved;
And truly might it be distress'd
To see such bird in such a nest;
For he was beautiful as day—
(When day was beautiful to me
As to young eagles, being free)—
A polar day, which will not see
A sunset till its summer's gone,
Its sleepless summer of long light,

The snow-clad offspring of the sun:

And thus he was as pure and bright,
And in his natural spirit gay,
With tears for nought but others' ills,
And then they flow'd like mountain rills,
Unless he could assuage the woe
Which he abhorr'd to view below.

V

The other was as pure of mind,
But form'd to combat with his kind;
Strong in his frame, and of a mood
Which 'gainst the world in war had stood,
And perish'd in the foremost rank

With joy:—But not in chains to pine:
His spirit wither'd with their clank,

I saw it silently decline—

And so perchance in sooth did mine:
But yet I forced it on to cheer
Those relics of a home so dear.

He was a hunter of the hills,

Had follow'd there the deer and wolf;
To him his dungeon was a gulf,
And fetter'd feet the worst of ills.

VI

Lake Lemman lies by Chillon's walls:

A thousand feet in depth below

Its massy waters meet and flow;

Thus much the fathom-line was sent

From Chillon's snow-white battlement,

Which round about the wave intrals:

A double dungeon wall and wave

Have made—and like a living grave

Below the surface of the lake

The dark vault lies wherein we lay,

We heard it ripple night and day;

Sounding o'er our heads it knock'd;

And I have felt the winter's spray

Wash through the bars when winds were high

And wanton in the happy sky;

And then the very rock hath rock'd,

And I have felt it shake, unshock'd,

Because I could have smiled to see
The death that would have set me free.

VII

I said my nearer brother pined,
I said his mighty heart declined,
He loathed and put away his food;
It was not that 'twas coarse and rude,
For we were used to hunter's fare,
And for the like had little care:
The milk drawn from the mountain goat
Was changed for water from the moat,
Our bread was such as captives' tears
Have moisten'd many a thousand years,
Since man first pent his fellow men
Like brutes within an iron den;
But what were these to us or him?
These wasted not his heart or limb;
My brother's soul was of that mould
Which in a palace had grown cold,
Had his free breathing been denied
The range of the steep mountain's side;
But why delay the truth?—he died.
I saw, and could not hold his head,
Nor reach his dying hand—nor dead,—
Though hard I strove, but strove in vain,
To rend and gnash my bonds in twain.
He died, and they unlock'd his chain,
And scoop'd for him a shallow grave
Even from the cold earth of our cave,
I begg'd them as a boon to lay
His corse in dust whereon the day
Might shine—it was a foolish thought,
But then within my brain it wrought,
That even in death his freeborn breast
In such a dungeon could not rest.
I might have spared my idle prayer—
They coldly laugh'd and laid him there:
The flat and turfless earth above
The being we so much did love;
His empty chain above it leant,
Such murder's fitting monument!

VIII

But he, the favourite and the flower,
Most cherish'd since his natal hour,
His mother's image in fair face,
The infant love of all his race,
His martyr'd father's dearest thought,
My latest care, for whom I sought
To hoard my life, that his might be
Less wretched now, and one day free;
He, too, who yet had held untired
A spirit natural or inspired—
He, too, was struck, and day by day
Was wither'd on the stalk away.
Oh, God! it is a fearful thing
To see the human soul take wing
In any shape, in any mood;
I've seen it rushing forth in blood,
I've seen it on the breaking ocean
Strive with a swoln convulsive motion,
I've seen the sick and ghastly bed
Of Sin delirious with its dread;
But these were horrors—this was woe
Unmix'd with such—but sure and slow:
He faded, and so calm and meek,
So softly worn, so sweetly weak,
So tearless, yet so tender, kind,
And grieved for those he left behind;
With all the while a cheek whose bloom
Was as a mockery of the tomb,
Whose tints as gently sunk away
As a departing rainbow's ray;
An eye of most transparent light,
That almost made the dungeon bright,
And not a word of murmur, not
A groan o'er his untimely lot,—
A little talk of better days,
A little hope my own to raise,
For I was sunk in silence—lost
In this last loss, of all the most;
And then the sighs he would suppress
Of fainting nature's feebleness,
More slowly drawn, grew less and less;
I listen'd, but I could not hear;

I call'd, for I was wild with fear;
I knew 'twas hopeless, but my dread
Would not be thus admonished;
I call'd, and thought I heard a sound—
I burst my chain with one strong bound,
And rush'd to him:—I found him not,
I only stirr'd in this black spot,
I only lived, I only drew
The accursed breath of dungeon-dew;
The last, the sole, the dearest link
Between me and the eternal brink,
Which bound me to my failing race,
Was broken in this fatal place.
One on the earth, and one beneath—
My brothers—both had ceased to breathe:
I took that hand which lay so still,
Alas! my own was full as chill;
I had not strength to stir, or strive,
But felt that I was still alive—
A frantic feeling, when we know
That what we love shall ne'er be so.
 I know not why
 I could not die,
I had no earthly hope but faith,
And that forbade a selfish death.

IX

What next befell me then and there
 I know not well—I never knew—
First came the loss of light, and air,
 And then of darkness too:
I had no thought, no feeling—none—
Among the stones I stood a stone,
And was scarce conscious what I wist,
As shrubless crags within the mist;
For all was blank, and bleak, and grey;
It was not night, it was not day;
It was not even the dungeon-light,
So hateful to my heavy sight,
But vacancy absorbing space,
And fixedness without a place;
There were no stars, no earth, no time,
No check, no change, no good, no crime,

But silence, and a stirless breath
Which neither was of life nor death;
A sea of stagnant idleness,
Blind, boundless, mute, and motionless!

X

A light broke in upon my brain,—
It was the carol of a bird;
It ceased, and then it came again,
The sweetest song ear ever heard,
And mine was thankful till my eyes
Ran over with the glad surprise,
And they that moment could not see
I was the mate of misery;
But then by dull degrees came back
My senses to their wonted track;
I saw the dungeon walls and floor
Close slowly round me as before,
I saw the glimmer of the sun
Creeping as it before had done,
But through the crevice where it came
That bird was perch'd, as fond and tame,
And tamer than upon the tree;
A lovely bird, with azure wings,
And song that said a thousand things,
And seemed to say them all to me!
I never saw its like before,
I ne'er shall see its likeness more:
It seem'd like me to want a mate,
But was not half so desolate,
And it was come to love me when
None lived to love me so again,
And cheering from my dungeon's brink,
Had brought me back to feel and think.
I know not if it late were free,
Or broke its cage to perch on mine,
But knowing well captivity,
Sweet bird! I could not wish for thine!
Or if it were, in winged guise,
A visitant from Paradise;
For—Heaven forgive that thought! the while
Which made me both to weep and smile—
I sometimes deem'd that it might be

My brother's soul come down to me;
 But then at last away it flew,
 And then 'twas mortal well I knew,
 For he would never thus have flown,
 And left me twice so doubly lone,
 Lone as the corse within its shroud,
 Lone as a solitary cloud,—

A single cloud on a sunny day,
 While all the rest of heaven is clear,
 A frown upon the atmosphere,
 That hath no business to appear
 When skies are blue, and earth is gay.

XI

A kind of change came in my fate,
 My keepers grew compassionate;
 I know not what had made them so,
 They were inured to sights of woe,
 But so it was:—my broken chain
 With links unfasten'd did remain,
 And it was liberty to stride
 Along my cell from side to side,
 And up and down, and then athwart,
 And tread it over every part;
 And round the pillars one by one,
 Returning where my walk begun,
 Avoiding only, as I trod,
 My brothers' graves without a sod;
 For if I thought with heedless tread
 My step profaned their lowly bed,
 My breath came gaspingly and thick,
 And my crush'd heart fell blind and sick.

XII

I made a footing in the wall,
 It was not therefrom to escape,
 For I had buried one and all
 Who loved me in a human shape;
 And the whole earth would henceforth be
 A wider prison unto me:
 No child, no sire, no kin had I,
 No partner in my misery;

I thought of this, and I was glad,
For thought of them had made me mad;
But I was curious to ascend
To my barr'd windows, and to bend
Once more, upon the mountains high,
The quiet of a loving eye.

XIII

I saw them, and they were the same,
They were not changed like me in frame;
I saw their thousand years of snow
On high—their wide long lake below,
And the blue Rhone in fullest flow;
I heard the torrents leap and gush
O'er channell'd rock and broken bush;
I saw the white-wall'd distant town,
And whiter sails go skimming down;
And then there was a little isle,
Which in my very face did smile,
The only one in view;
A small green isle, it seem'd no more,
Scarce broader than my dungeon floor,
But in it there were three tall trees,
And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,
And by it there were waters flowing,
And on it there were young flowers growing,
Of gentle breath and hue.
The fish swam by the castle wall,
And they seem'd joyous each and all;
The eagle rode the rising blast,
Methought he never flew so fast
As then to me he seem'd to fly;
And then new tears came in my eye,
And I felt troubled—and would fain
I had not left my recent chain;
And when I did descend again,
The darkness of my dim abode
Fell on me as a heavy load;
It was as is a new-dug grave,
Closing o'er one we sought to save,—
And yet my glance, too much oppress'd,
Had almost need of such a rest.

XIV

It might be months, or years, or days,
I kept no count, I took no note,
I had no hope my eyes to raise,
And clear them of their dreary mote;
At last men came to set me free;
I ask'd not why, and reck'd not where;
It was at length the same to me,
Fetter'd or fetterless to be,
I learn'd to love despair.
And thus when they appear'd at last,
And all my bonds aside were cast,
These heavy walls to me had grown
A hermitage—and all my own!
And half I felt as they were come
To tear me from a second home;
With spiders I had friendship made,
And watch'd them in their sullen trade,
Had seen the mice by moonlight play,
And why should I feel less than they?
We were all inmates of one place,
And I, the monarch of each race,
Had power to kill—yet, strange to tell!
In quiet we had learn'd to dwell;
My very chains and I grew friends,
So much a long communion tends
To make us what we are:—even I
Regain'd my freedom with a sigh.

THE VICTORIAN AGE

POETRY is bound to reflect the hopes and fears of the age that gives it birth. The nineteenth century was constant only in change and was not unacquainted with fear. Dawning soon after a lull which interrupted a protracted struggle, not until 1815 was war finally concluded. Even then peace brought no great relief to England; it merely permitted internal troubles to become more conspicuous. The great industrial revolution was still wreaking its woes upon the masses. Poverty and crime filled the land. When the Reform Bill of 1832 was carried, it seemed to the conservatives only the beginning of the end, so far as safety and order were concerned. Once fairly launched, reform followed reform; the government passed from the landed aristocracy, who slowly and reluctantly released their control of public affairs, to the middle class.

Regardless of whatever benefits accrued eventually from an extension of the franchise, there can be no doubt but that the triumph of the industrial classes worked havoc for the time being in the realms of art and culture. Those who had but lately become prosperous placed much stress upon material comforts; to the discerning few it seemed as though the strident and blatant had crushed out the finer elements of life; that the honor of the country had become subservient to the advantages of trade.

In the domain of thought, upheavals were as disconcerting as in the political world. Science overthrew one tradition after another, until in bewilderment the religious were roused to fury over dangers which they conceived to be threatening long accepted dogma. Lyell and his compeers crushed forever the old notions about the formation of the earth. No sooner had the conservatives become somewhat reconciled to the slow stages of development through which our planet was shown to have passed than, in the middle of the century, Darwin's *Origin of Species* appeared, provoking tumult that has not yet entirely subsided. Even the discovery of Copernicus, given prominence later by Galileo, that the earth is not the center of the cosmos, as had pre-

viously been assumed, had not precipitated such alarm in the minds of literal students of the Scriptures as did this new theory of evolution. Instead of being the culmination of creation, it held man to be the result of continued upward growth, still in process of development. No longer could the figurative language of Genesis be accorded literal interpretation.

To us today, accustomed as we are to the disclosures of science and critical study, the temporary effects of these revelations seem astonishing. We no longer take ourselves quite so seriously as did the Victorians, than whom few have looked out upon life with more anxiety or earnestness. Arthur Clough supplies a well known example of those who were left disconsolate, for, if some earlier conceptions had been proved amiss, who could be sure about the rest? The old belief was swept away; there was nothing yet to replace it. Newman and others who shared his feeling, turned back to Rome, thankful for a refuge in authoritative religion, where responsibility to explain and interpret was definitely placed. Tennyson illustrates those who groped about between doubt, often engulfing, and faith, which frequently waned; with him, as with many others, the overpowering need of God and immortality eventually triumphed and peace of mind was at last restored.

Latterly there have arisen penetrating thinkers within the church who have done much to reconcile the disclosures of modern science with religious teaching. They have shown convincingly that whatever the loss, the gain has been immeasurably greater; that established truth is more gratifying than assumed tenets; that the full light of knowledge cannot injure anything, religion least of all. Thus men have been persuaded humbly to seek to know rather than to perpetuate tradition, attempting to make everything conform to presupposed conceptions.

Of the brilliant writers whose verse made the earlier portion of the cycle melodious, Tennyson is most widely known. Matthew Arnold and the Brownings must be included in even the briefest discussion, while the student of the century will find many a lesser singer to be considered, if the age is to be justly appreciated.

I. ALFRED TENNYSON

Tennyson was, on the whole, the most representative poet of the early Victorian age. Born in 1809, dying in 1892, his own life practically spanned the nineteenth century and within his memory were enacted those impressive scenes which make the cycle tremendously interesting to us today. Despite a strain of foreign blood, he was first, last, and always, a sturdy Britisher; when he traveled into Italy with his bride in 1850, his own verses recount that the sight of an English daisy stirred thoughts of the dear native land and turned their steps homeward.

In training and early environment, Tennyson inclined to conservatism; yet, college days and associates led him to liberal ideas which he embraced for awhile. Dreams of these years are preserved in *Lockesley Hall*:

"Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping something new:
That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall
do:

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that could be;

Saw the heavens full with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rain'd a ghastly
dew

From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue;

Far along the world-wide whisper of the southwind rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging thro' the thunder-
storm;

Till the war-drums throbbed no longer, and the battle-flags were
furl'd

In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.

* * * * *

Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward let us range;
Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing groove of
change."

Change soon satiated the tradition-loving Britons. How weary of it they became, in spite of all their protested liking for it! Nor was the young poet, so prophetic of the parliament of man, to long remain confident amid transformations.

In 1827 appeared a little volume of verse "by two brothers"—three, as a matter of fact, for Frederick and Charles Tennyson both contributed to the early collection of Alfred. Soon after, Alfred went to Cambridge to make the acquaintance of Arthur Hallam, son of the historian. Fitzgerald was there at the time and other young men destined to become famous. The fatal illness of his father recalled Tennyson home after two years but the associations made during college years and the new avenues of interest then opened to him affected the course of his whole life.

In 1830 and 1832 new volumes of poetry appeared from Tennyson's pen; however, the caustic comments of acrid critics wounded him, as before they had hurt Shelley, Byron and Keats. In 1833, after five years of intimate comradeship, such as rarely occurs between young men, Arthur Hallam died suddenly while in Italy with his father. There is no gainsaying that this was the heaviest blow Tennyson ever sustained, for the love of these was like that of David and Jonathon. Tennyson's profound grief found immediate expression in *Break, Break, Break*.

"And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me."

Nor did it; throughout his life there was an undertone of sorrow and loss for the remarkable friend whose versatility and fine character men of maturity, as well as college associates, mourned.

His biographers dwell at length on the melancholy that oppressed Tennyson from childhood; it seems to have been inherited from his father, who was often morose. Stung by the sarcasm of the reviewers, left forlorn by the untimely death of his dearest companion, the poet has chronicled his thought of suicide in the poem: *Two Voices*, wherein the arguments pro and con are deliberately weighed.

“A still small voice spake unto me,
 ‘Thou art so full of misery,
 Were it not better not to be?’

Then to the still small voice I said:
 ‘Let me not cast in endless shade
 What is so wonderfully made.’

To which the voice did urge reply:
 ‘Today I saw the dragon-fly
 Come from the wells where he did lie.

‘An inner impulse rent the veil
 Of his old husk: from head to tail
 Came out clear plates of azure mail.

‘He dried his wings: like gauze they grew;
 Through crofts and pastures wet with dew
 A living flash of light he flew.’

* * * * *

Then did my response clearer fall:
 ‘No compound of this earthly ball
 Is like another, all in all.’

* * * * *

A second voice was at mine ear,
 A little whisper silver-clear,
 A murmur, ‘Be of better cheer.’

And forth into the field I went,
 And Nature’s living motion lent
 The pulse of hope to discontent.”

When the poems published in 1843 appeared, Tennyson had come into a realization of his mission and the sharp criticisms of the reviewers could no longer affect him as formerly; moreover, the tide had already turned. There were now those to praise and, if hostility was still shown, all had to admit the presence of a new poet.

Upon the death of Wordsworth, in 1850, Tennyson was appointed Poet Laureate and the pension he henceforth received from the government made it possible for him to marry. It is difficult to find much romance in a marriage which had been so long contemplated and postponed so easily; however, several poems attest that peace came to the restless poet when he settled into domesticity. Indeed, there are those who attribute the ruin of his early promise to the complacent life which now opened before him.

Once become the mouthpiece of his generation, none familiar with the character of the Victorian era can experience much surprise at the nature of some of the poetry which the Laureate produced. The Victorians loved to hear the domestic hearth exalted; they liked a moral made plain enough for him who runs to read, nor was the surface morality in which they found such comfort to be disturbed. It is said that, after reading *Enoch Arden*, Queen Victoria interrogated two different churchmen as to whether it had been right for Arden, returning, to leave his wife in "sinful adultery." It will be recalled that everyone had been persuaded of his probable death at sea long before the wife at last accepted it. Disturbed at the insistence of the prelates that he had done wrong, the queen was finally driven to the poet's home to be finally persuaded by him that Enoch Arden had committed no grievous sin in leaving the little family, unaware of his survival, to their simple happiness.

When the question of higher education for women was raised and would not be stilled, Tennyson contributed *The Princess*, treating the entire matter in the light manner which was regarded by many as its due. Herein are found the lines:

"But this is fixt

As are the roots of earth and base of all;
Man for the field and woman for the hearth;

Man for the sword and for the needle she:
 Man with the head and woman with the heart:
 Man to command and woman to obey;
 All else confusion."

And again:

"My bride,
 My wife, my life. O we will walk this world,
 Yoked in all exercise of noble end,
 And so thro' those dark gates across the wild,
 That no man knows. Indeed I love thee: come,
 Yield thyself up: my hopes and thine are one:
 Accomplish thou my manhood and thyself:
 Lay thy sweet hand in mine and trust to me."

An enumeration of the successive Poets Laureate of England—Southey, Wordsworth, Tennyson and Austin—would lead none to deny that Tennyson met public occasions with far greater facility of verse than the others. This is illustrated by several poems to the queen and by the regal welcome to Alexandra, daughter of the Danish king, as bride of the crown prince, later, Edward VII.

"Sea-king's daughter from over the sea,
 Alexandra!
 Saxon and Norman and Dane are we,
 Alexandra!
 Welcome her, thunders of fort and of fleet!
 Welcome her thundering cheer of the street!
 Welcome her, all things youthful and sweet,
 Scatter the blossoms under her feet!"

The Charge of the Light Brigade immortalizes the heroism of men at that ghastly blunder of the Crimean war—itself a blunder from start to end—when soldiers were brave although aware that "someone had blundered." All state duties which could reasonably be expected of Tennyson in his rôle as Laureate were admirably discharged. At his death it is small wonder that the post was regarded as one not easy to fill.

The year 1850, memorable because of the poet's marriage and appointment, is important no less for the publication of a long poem, composed during seventeen years and with moods varying from poignant sorrow to contemplative grief. It was designed as a memorial to his beloved friend, Arthur Hallam. Instead of one long poem, *In Memoriam* includes one hundred and thirty-one short ones, held together by the poet's sense of loss. Besides his desolation, the poem chronicles the author's doubt and final assurance of immortality, and for this alone it has given comfort to a wide number of readers, then as since.

The thoughtful and reflective who suffer bereavement are harassed by many perplexities until time lessens the blow: Why should the only one essential to happiness be removed when unknown millions remain? Does life survive the grave? If so, do those who have gone ever seek to communicate with the ones so lately dear to them? Do they go on from one experience to another? Queries of like character suggest themselves to all who have mourned the loss of the one who, above all others, insured them joy in life. Similar are the questions which the poet raises in his tribute to Hallam.

"We have but faith: we cannot know;
For knowledge is of things we see;
And yet we trust it comes from thee,
A beam in darkness: let it grow.

• • • • •

One writes, that 'Other friends remain,'
That 'Loss is common to the race'—
And common is the commonplace,
And vacant chaff well meant for grain.

That loss is common would not make
My own less bitter, rather more:
Too common! Never morning wore
To evening, but some heart did break."

Then the conviction, born of suffering, born of the dire need
of relief:

“My own dim life should teach me this,
That life shall live for evermore,
Else earth is darkness at the core,
And dust and ashes all there is.”

Once these two friends shared every thought and aspiration;
now the silver cord is broken.

“Thy spirit ere our fatal loss
Did ever rise from high to higher;
As mounts the heavenward altar-fire,
As flies the lighter thro’ the gross.

But thou art turn’d to something strange,
And I have lost the links that bound
Thy changes; here upon the ground,
No more partaker of thy change.”

In the fifty-fourth poem the misery of despair and futility
of hope are sounded:

“Oh yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;

That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete;

Behold, we know not everything;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream: but what am I?
An infant crying in the night:
An infant crying for the light:
And with no language but a cry.”

He returns to Cambridge, to the familiar walks, hears the shout of the fellows on the water, making ready for the races. He goes to the door of the room where once Hallam lived: the room wherein he and their associates had argued questions, individual, national, universal. Others fill their places, intent upon new problems, nor aware of those who came before.

Year after year they twine the holly at the Yule-tide; the first time, stricken with sorrow in this household where Hallam was shortly to have been received as a member—as the husband of Tennyson's sister. The third year finds the sharp pain changed to dull ache. It is for the ushering in of the fourth year that the poet wrote that magnificent New Year's hymn:

“Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.”

Finally, the resignation, the resolve to meet what shall befall:

“O living will that shalt endure
When all that seems shall suffer shock,
Rise in the spiritual rock,
Flow through our deeds and make them pure,

With faith that comes of self-control,
The truths that never can be proved
Until we close with all we loved,
And all we flow from, soul to soul.”

Like Spenser, Tennyson turned to the traditional hero of Britain, King Arthur, finding in the Arthurian cycle a theme for what is often regarded as his most pretentious work: *Idylls of the King*. Mallory's *Morte D'Arthur* has

been made familiar to the majority of modern readers through Tennyson's adaptations and the value of the collection is conceded. Yet, it must be added, the present generation does not appreciate these poems as did the one for which they were penned. The author uses the tales in several instances as texts, upon which to preach. The virtues of King Arthur, on which point he departs from Malory, and the sin of Guinevere, supply sufficient illustration.

Tennyson, like Wordsworth, lived to a ripe old age; unlike Wordsworth, he retained his mental faculties to the end. *Lockesley Hall Sixty Years After* voices his disgust for the noisy confusion of a new age, for the standards that replaced those known to his youth; for what he regarded as dangerous tendencies of democracy.

"Envy wears the mask of Love, and, laughing sober fact to scorn,
Cries to Weakest as to Strongest, 'Ye are equals, equal-born.'

Equal-born? O yes, if yonder hill be level with the flat.
Charm us, Orator, till the Lion look no larger than the Cat,

Till the Cat thro' that mirage of overheated language loom
Larger than the Lion: Demos end in working its own doom.

• • • • •

Is it well that while we range with Science, glorying in the Time,
City children soak and blacken soul and sense in city slime?

There among the glooming alleys Progress halts on palsied feet,
Crime and hunger cast our maidens by the thousand on the street.

• • • • •

Forward then, but still remember how the course of Time will
swerve,
Crook and turn upon itself in many a backward streaming curve."

Varied were the themes that held the poet's attention; diverse the forms which he employed. Ballads, lyrics, narrative, epics, odes; all were used over and over again. For musical phrases and sustained melody, few modern poets

have compared with Tennyson and none surpass him. The sea, its various moods, its moan predominating, is repeatedly reflected in his verse.

In his penetrating analysis of Tennyson's genius, Nicholson presents the thesis that it was choked by the demands laid upon him by the Victorians. He believes that naturally the strength of his great gift was lyrical and, had emotion been given full play, instead of much that is commonplace in his volumes, wonderful songs might have given him rank with the great lyricists. He writes: "Temperamentally Tennyson possessed all the qualities which should have rendered him one of the greatest and most original of our lyric poets. With the strong, full blood of his yeoman forebears mingled the black and bitter strain of some obscure ancestry; through the arteries of an athlete fluttered the frightened, sensitive pulses of a mystic; and under the scent and music of delicate and tender things pierced the coarse salt savour of the wold and marsh. . . . Had some whim of fate let loose the vast reserves of emotion which were in him, and had he realized that what he *felt* was infinitely more important than what he *thought*, we might have had a greater Francis Thompson, or maybe—for who can tell?—an earlier Swinburne. . . . He was intended to be a subjective poet, and was forced by circumstances into fifty years of unnatural objectivity. He chose the easier and more prosperous course; he became the Laureate of his age; he subordinated the lyric to the instructional. And his poetry thereby has lost one half of its potential value."

Nevertheless, it is largely for his beautiful lyrics that he is loved today, as Nicholson admits. Cite, for example, the beautiful songs in *The Princess*, by far the finest portions.

"The splendour falls on castle walls

And snowy summits old in story:

The long light shakes across the lakes,

And the wild cataract leaps in glory.

Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,

Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying."

And that musical song in *Maud*:

I

“Come into the garden, Maud,
 For the black bat, night, has flown,
 Come into the garden, Maud,
 I am here at the gate alone;
 And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
 And the musk of the rose is blown.

II

For a breeze of morning moves,
 And the planet of Love is on high,
 Beginning to faint in the light that she loves
 On a bed of daffodil sky,
 To faint in the light of the sun she loves,
 To faint in his light, and to die.

III

All night have the roses heard
 The flute, violin, bassoon;
 All night has the casement jessamine stirr'd
 To the dancers dancing in tune;
 Till a silence fell with the waking bird,
 And a hush with the setting moon.”

Those who would trace his poetical development will find *Merlin and the Gleam* illuminating. The rise and fall of the popularity of his style is set forth in the *Flower*, beginning:

“Once in a golden hour
 I cast to earth a seed;
 Up there came a flower—
 The people said, a weed.”

In his advanced life, the Laureate held an important place in England. He was among the most conspicuous figures; regardless of his objection to being sought out by the curious, his home on the Isle of Wight became such a Mecca for the tourist that he was obliged to seek a more secluded spot in which to end his days. *Crossing the Bar* was written after he was eighty.

Regardless of the bulk of poetry which Tennyson has left, the fruit of early, middle and late life, and notwithstanding all the commentary that has been written about it, it is doubtful if he ever penned a poem which condensed more food for thought in a few lines than that little gem:

Flower in the Crannied Wall:

“Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower—but *if* I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.”

TENNYSON'S POEMS

THE LADY OF SHALOTT

PART I

On either side the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rye,
That clothe the wold and meet the sky;
And thro' the field the road runs by
 To many-tower'd Camelot;
And up and down the people go,
Gazing where the lilies blow
Round an island there below,
 The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver
Thro' the wave that runs for ever
By the island in the river
 Flowing down to Camelot.
Four gray walls, and four gray towers,
Overlook a space of flowers,
And the silent isle imbowers
 The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veil'd,
Slide the heavy barges trail'd
By slow horses; and unhail'd
The shallop flitteth silken-sail'd
 Skimming down to Camelot:
But who hath seen her wave her hand?
Or at the casement seen her stand?
Or is she known in all the land,
 The Lady of Shalott.

Only reapers, reaping early
In among the bearded barley,
Hear a song that echoes cheerly
From the river winding clearly
 Down to tower'd Camelot:
And by the moon the reaper weary,
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,

Listening whispers "'Tis the fairy
Lady of Shalott."

PART II

There she weaves by night and day
A magic web with colours gay.
She has heard a whisper say,
A curse is on her if she stay
 To look down to Camelot.
She knows not what the curse may be,
And so she weaveth steadily,
And little other care hath she,
 The Lady of Shalott.

And moving thro' a mirror clear
That hangs before her all the year,
Shadows of the world appear.
There she sees the highway near
 Winding down to Camelot:
There the river eddy whirls,
And there the surly village-churls,
And the red cloaks of market girls,
 Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,
An abbot on an ambling pad,
Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,
Or long-hair'd page in crimson clad,
 Goes by to tower'd Camelot;
And sometimes thro' the mirror blue
The knights come riding two and two:
She hath no loyal knight and true,
 The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights
To weave the mirror's magic sights,
For often thro' the silent nights
A funeral, with plumes and lights
 And music, went to Camelot:
Or when the moon was overhead,
Came two young lovers lately wed;
"I am half sick of shadows," said
 The Lady of Shalott.

PART III

A bow-shot from her bower-eaves,
He rode between the barley-sheaves,
The sun came dazzling thro' the leaves,
And flamed upon the brazen greaves
Of bold Sir Lancelot.

A red-cross knight for ever kneel'd
To a lady in his shield,
That sparkled on the yellow field,
Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glitter'd free,
Like to some branch of stars we see
Hung in the golden Galaxy.
The bridle bells rang merrily
As he rode down to Camelot:
And from his blazon'd baldric slung
A mighty silver bugle hung,
And as he rode his armour rung,
Beside remote Shalott.

All in the blue unclouded weather
Thick-jewell'd shone the saddle-leather,
The helmet and the helmet-feather
Burn'd like one burning flame together,
As he rode down to Camelot.
As often thro' the purple night,
Below the starry clusters bright,
Some bearded meteor, trailing light,
Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight glow'd;
On burnish'd hooves his war-horse trode;
From underneath his helmet flow'd
His coal-black curls as on he rode,
As he rode down to Camelot.
From the bank and from the river
He flash'd into the crystal mirror,
"Tirra lirra," by the river
Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces thro' the room,
She saw the water-lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume,
 She look'd down to Camelot.
Out flew the web and floated wide;
The mirror crack'd from side to side;
'The curse is come upon me,' cried
 The Lady of Shalott.

PART IV

In the stormy east-wind straining,
The pale yellow woods were waning,
The broad stream in his banks complaining,
Heavily the low sky raining
 Over tower'd Camelot;
Down she came and found a boat
Beneath a willow left afloat,
And round about the prow she wrote
 The Lady of Shalott.

And down the river's dim expanse
Like some bold seër in a trance,
Seeing all his own mischance—
With a glassy countenance
 Did she look to Camelot.
And at the closing of the day
She loosed the chain, and down she lay;
The broad stream bore her far away,
 The Lady of Shalott.

Lying, robed in snowy white
That loosely flew to left and right—
The leaves upon her falling light—
Thro' the noises of the night
 She floated down to Camelot:
And as the boat-head wound along
The willowy hills and fields among,
They heard her singing her last song,
 The Lady of Shalott.

Heard a carol, mournful, holy,
Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,

Till her blood was frozen slowly,
 And her eyes were darken'd wholly,
 Turn'd to tower'd Camelot.
 For ere she reach'd upon the tide
 The first house by the water-side,
 Singing in her song she died,
 The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,
 By garden-wall and gallery,
 A gleaming shape she floated by,
 Dead-pale between the houses high,
 Silent into Camelot.
 Out upon the wharfs they came,
 Knight and burgher, lord and dame,
 And round the prow they read her name,
 The Lady of Shalott.

Who is this? and what is here?
 And in the lighted palace near
 Died the sound of royal cheer;
 And they cross'd themselves for fear,
 All the knights at Camelot:
 But Lancelot mused a little space;
 He said, "She has a lovely face;
 God in his mercy lend her grace,
 The Lady of Shalott."

THE POET'S SONG

The rain had fallen, the Poet arose,
 He pass'd by the town and out of the street,
 A light wind blew from the gates of the sun,
 And waves of shadow went over the wheat,
 And he sat him down in a lonely place,
 And chanted a melody loud and sweet,
 That made the wild-swan pause in her cloud,
 And the lark drop down at his feet.

The swallow stopt as he hunted the fly,
 The snake slipt under a spray,
 The wild hawk stood with the down on his beak,
 And stared, with his foot on the prey,

And the nightingale thought, "I have sung many
songs,
But never a one so gay,
For he sings of what the world will be
When the years have died away."

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK

Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

FROM IN MEMORIAM

I held it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

But who shall so forecast the years
And find in loss a gain to match?
Or reach a hand thro' time to catch
The far-off interest of tears?

Let Love clasp Grief lest both be drown'd,
Let darkness keep her raven gloss:
Ah, sweeter to be drunk with loss,
To dance with death, to beat the ground,

Than that the victor Hours should scorn
 The long result of love, and boast,
 "Behold the man that loved and lost,
 But all he was is overworn."

* * * * *

I sometimes hold it half a sin
 To put in words the grief I feel;
 For words, like Nature, half reveal
 And half conceal the Soul within.

But, for the unquiet heart and brain,
 A use in measured language lies;
 The sad mechanic exercise,
 Like dull narcotics, numbing pain.

In words, like weeds, I'll wrap me o'er,
 Like coarsest clothes against the cold:
 But that large grief which these enfold
 Is given in outline and no more.

* * * * *

Fair Ship, that from the Italian shore
 Sallest the placid ocean-plains
 With my lost Arthur's loved remains,
 Spread thy full wings, and waft him o'er.

So draw him home to those that mourn
 In vain; a favourable speed
 Ruffle thy mirror'd mast, and lead
 Thro' prosperous floods his holy urn.

All night no ruder air perplex
 Thy sliding keel, till Phosphor, bright
 As our pure love, thro' early light
 Shall glimmer on the dewy decks.

Sphere all your lights around, above;
 Sleep, gentle heavens, before the prow;
 Sleep, gentle winds, as he sleeps now,
 My friend, the brother of my love;

My Arthur, whom I shall not see
 Till all my widow'd race be run;
 Dear as the mother to the son,
 More than my brothers are to me.

* * * * *

To-night the winds begin to rise
 And roar from yonder dropping day:
 The last red leaf is whirl'd away,
 The rooks are blown about the skies;

The forest crack'd, the waters curl'd,
 The cattle huddled on the lea;
 And wildly dash'd on tower and tree
 The sunbeam strikes along the world:

And but for fancies, which aver
 That all thy motions gently pass
 Athwart a plane of molten glass,
 I scarce could brook the strain and stir

That makes the barren branches loud;
 And but for fear it is not so,
 The wild unrest that lives in woe
 Would dote and pore on yonder cloud

That rises upward always higher,
 And onward drags a labouring breast,
 And topples round the dreary west,
 A looming bastion fringed with fire.

* * * * *

The lesser griefs that may be said,
 That breathe a thousand tender vows,
 Are but as servants in a house
 Where lies the master newly dead;

Who speak their feeling as it is,
 And weep the fulness from the mind:
 "It will be hard," they say, "to find
 Another service such as this."

My lighter moods are like to these,
 That out of words a comfort win;
 But there are other griefs within,
 And tears that at their fountain freeze;

For by the hearth the children sit
 Cold in that atmosphere of Death,
 And scarce endure to draw the breath,
 Or like to noiseless phantoms flit:

But open converse is there none,
 So much the vital spirits sink
 To see the vacant chair, and think,
 "How good! how kind! and he is gone."

* * * * *

I envy not in any moods
 The captive void of noble rage,
 The linnet born within the cage,
 That never knew the summer woods:

I envy not the beast that takes
 His license in the field of time,
 Unfetter'd by the sense of crime,
 To whom a conscience never wakes;

Nor, what may count itself as blest,
 The heart that never plighted troth
 But stagnates in the weeds of sloth;
 Nor any want-begotten rest.

I hold it true, whate'er befall;
 I feel it, when I sorrow most;
 'Tis better to have loved and lost
 Than never to have loved at all.

* * * * *

My own dim life should teach me this,
 That life shall live for evermore,
 Else earth is darkness at the core,
 And dust and ashes all that is;

This round of green, this orb of flame,
 Fantastic beauty; such as lurks
 In some wild Poet, when he works
Without a conscience or an aim.

What then were God to such as I?
 'Twere hardly worth my while to choose
 Of things all mortal, or to use
A little patience ere I die;

'Twere best at once to sink to peace,
 Like birds the charming serpent draws,
 To drop head-foremost in the jaws
Of vacant darkness and to cease.

* * * * *

CROSSING THE BAR

Sunset and evening star,
 And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
 When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
 Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
 Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
 And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
 When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
 The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
 When I have crost the bar.

AKBAR'S DREAM

AN INSCRIPTION BY ABUL FAZL FOR A TEMPLE IN KASHMIR

(Blochmann xxxii)

O God in every temple I see people that see thee, and in every language I hear spoken, people praise thee.

Polytheism and Islám feel after thee.

Each religion says, "Thou art one, without equal."

If it be a mosque people murmur the holy prayer, and if it be a Christian church, people ring the bell from love to Thee.

Sometimes I frequent the Christian cloister, and sometimes the mosque.

But it is thou whom I search from temple to temple.

Thy elect have no dealings with either heresy or orthodoxy; for neither of them stands behind the screen of thy truth.

Heresy to the heretic, and religion to the orthodox.

But the dust of the rose-petal belongs to the heart of the perfume seller.

AKBAR and ABUL FAZL before the palace at Futehpur-Sikri at night

"Light of the nations" ask'd his Chronicler
Of Akbar "what has darken'd thee to-night?"
Then, after one quick glance upon the stars,
And turning slowly toward him, Akbar said
"The shadow of a dream—an idle one
It may be. Still I raised my heart to heaven,
I pray'd against the dream. To pray, to do—
To pray, to do according to the prayer,
Are, both, to worship Alla, but the prayers,
That have no successor in deed, are faint
And pale in Alla's eyes, fair mothers they
Dying in childbirth of dead sons. I vow'd
Whate'er my dreams, I still would do the right
Thro' all the vast dominion which a sword,
That only conquers men to conquer peace,
Has won me. Alla be my guide!

But come

My noble friend, my faithful counsellor,
Sit by my side. While thou art one with me,
I seem no longer like a lonely man

In the king's garden, gathering here and there
 From each fair plant the blossom choicest-grown
 To wreath a crown not only for the king
 But in due time for every Mussulmân,
 Brahmin, and Buddhist, Christian, and Parsee,
 Thro' all the warring world of Hindustan.

Well spake thy brother in his hymn to heaven
 "Thy glory baffles wisdom. All the tracks
 Of science making toward Thy Perfectness
 Are blinding desert sand; we scarce can spell
 The Alif of Thine Alphabet of Love."

He knows Himself, men nor themselves nor Him,
 For every splinter'd fraction of a sect
 Will clamour "*I am on the Perfect Way,*
 All else is to perdition."

Shall the rose
 Cry to the lotus "No flower thou"? the palm
 Call to the cypress "I alone am fair"?
 The mango spurn the melon at his foot?
 "Mine is the one fruit Alla made for man."
 Look how the living pulse of Alla beats
 Thro' all His world. If every single star
 Should shriek its claim "I only am in heaven"
 Why that were such sphere-music as the Greek
 Had hardly dream'd of. There is light in all,
 And light, with more or less of shade, in all
 Man-modes of worship; but our Ulama,
 Who "sitting on green sofas contemplate
 The torment of the damn'd" already, these
 Are like wild brutes new-caged—the narrower
 The cage, the more their fury. Me they front
 With sullen brows. What wonder! I decreed
 That even the dog was clean, that men may taste
 Swine-flesh, drink wine; they know too that whene'er
 In our free Hall, where each philosophy
 And mood of faith may hold its own, they blurt
 Their furious formalisms, I but hear
 The clash of tides that meet in narrow seas,—
 Not the Great Voice not the true Deep.

To drive
 A people from their ancient fold of Faith,
 And wall them up perforce in mine—unwise,
 Unkinglike;—and the morning of my reign

Was redden'd by that cloud of shame when I . . .

I hate the rancour of their castes and creeds,
 I let men worship as they will, I reap
 No revenue from the field of unbelief.
 I cull from every faith and race the best
 And bravest soul for counsellor and friend.
 I loathe the very name of infidel.
 I stagger at the Korân and the sword.
 I shudder at the Christian and the stake;
 Yet "Alla," says their sacred book, "is Love,"
 And when the Goan Padre quoting Him,
 Issa Ben Mariam, his own prophet, cried
 "Love one another little ones" and "bless"
 Whom? even "your persecutors"! there methought
 The cloud was rifted by a purer gleam
 Than glances from the sun of our Islâm.

And thou rememberest what a fury shook
 Those pillars of a moulder'd faith, when he,
 That other, prophet of their fall, proclaimed
 His Master as "the Sun of Righteousness,"
 Yea, Alla here on earth, who caught and held
 His people by the bridle-rein of Truth.

What art thou saying? "And was not Alla call'd
 In old Irân the Sun of Love? and Love
 The net of truth?"

A voice from old Irân!

Nay, but I know it—*his*, the hoary Sheik,
 On whom the women shrieking "Atheist" flung
 Filth from the roof, the mystic melodist
 Who all but lost himself in Alla, him
 Abû Saïd——

—a sun but dimly seen

Here, till the mortal morning mists of earth
 Fade in the noon of heaven, when creed and race
 Shall bear false witness, each of each, no more,
 But find their limits by that larger light,
 And overstep them, moving easily
 Thro' after-ages in the love of Truth,
 The truth of Love.

The sun, the sun! they rail
 At me the Zoroastrian. Let the Sun,
 Who heats our earth to yield us grain and fruit,

And laughs upon thy field as well as mine,
 And warms the blood of Shiah and Sunnee,
 Symbol the Eternal! Yea and may not kings
 Express Him also by their warmth of love
 For all they rule—by equal law for all?
 By deeds a light to men?

But no such light
 Glanced from our Presence on the face of one,
 Who breaking in upon us yesternorn,
 With all Hells a-glare in either eye,
 Yell'd "*hast thou brought us down a new Korân*
From heaven? art thou the Prophet? canst thou work
Miracles?" and the wild horse, anger, plunged
 To fling me, and fail'd. Miracles! no, not I
 Nor he, nor any. I can but lift the torch
 Of Reason in the dusky cave of Life,
 And gaze on this great miracle, the World,
 Adoring That who made, and makes, and is,
 And is not, what I gaze on—all else Form,
 Ritual, varying with the tribes of men.

Ay but, my friend, thou knowest I hold that forms
 Are needful: only let the hand that rules,
 With politic care, with utter gentleness,
 Mould them for all his people.

And what are forms?

Fair garments, plain or rich, and fitting close
 Or flying looselier, warm'd but by the heart
 Within them, moved but by the living limb,
 And cast aside, when old, for newer,—Forms!
 The Spiritual in Nature's market-place—
 The silent Alphabet-of-heaven-in-man
 Made vocal—banners blazoning a Power
 That is not seen and rules from far away—
 A silken cord let down from Paradise,
 When fine Philosophies would fail, to draw
 The crowd from wallowing in the mire of earth,
 And all the more, when these behold their Lord,
 Who shaped the forms, obey them, and himself
 Here on this bank in *some* way live the life
 Beyond the bridge, and serve that Infinite
 Within us, as without, that All-in-all,
 And over all, the never-changing One
 And ever-changing Many, in praise of Whom

The Christian bell, the cry from off the mosque,
And vaguer voices of Polytheism
Make but one music, harmonising, "Pray."

There westward—under yon slow-falling star,
The Christians own a Spiritual Head;
And following thy true counsel, by thine aid,
Myself am such in our Islâm, for no
Mirage of glory, but for power to fuse
My myriads into union under one;
To hunt the tiger of oppression out
From office; and to spread the Divine Faith
Like calming oil on all their stormy creeds,
And fill the hollows between wave and wave;
To nurse my children on the milk of Truth,
And alchemise old hates into the gold
Of Love, and make it current; and beat back
The menacing poison of intolerant priests,
Those cobras ever setting up their hoods—
One Alla! one Kalifa!

Still—at times

A doubt, a fear,—and yester afternoon
I dream'd,—thou knowest how deep a well of love
My heart is for my son, Saleem, mine heir,—
And yet so wild and wayward that my dream—
He glares askance at thee as one of those
Who mix the wines of heresy in the cup
Of counsel—so—I pray thee—

Well, I dream'd

That stone by stone I rear'd a sacred fane,
A temple, neither Pagod, Mosque, nor Church,
But loftier, simpler, always open-door'd
To every breath from heaven, and Truth and Peace
And Love and Justice came and dwelt therein;
But while we stood rejoicing, I and thou,
I heard a mocking laugh "the new Korân!"
And on the sudden, and with a cry "Saleem"
Thou, thou—I saw thee fall before me, and then
Me too the black-wing'd Azrael overcame,
But Death had ears and eyes; I watch'd my son,
And those that follow'd, loosen, stone from stone,
All my fair work; and from the ruin arose
The shriek and curse of trampled millions, even
As in the time before; but while I groan'd,

From out the sunset pour'd an alien race,
Who fitted stone to stone again, and Truth,
Peace, Love and Justice came and dwelt therein,
Nor in the field without were seen or heard
Fires of Súttee, nor wail of baby-wife,
Or Indian widow; and in sleep I said
"All praise to Alla by whatever hands
My mission be accomplish'd!" but we hear
Music: our palace is awake, and morn
Has lifted the dark eyelash of the Night
From off the rosy cheek of waking Day.
Our hymn to the sun. They sing it. Let us go.

HYMN

I

Once again thou flamest heavenward, once again we see thee rise.
Every morning is thy birthday gladdening human hearts and eyes.
Every morning here we greet it, bowing lowly down before thee,
Thee the Godlike, thee the changeless in thine ever-changing skies.

II

Shadow-maker, shadow-slayer, arrowing light from clime to clime,
Hear thy myriad laureates hail thee monarch in their woodland
rhyme.

Warble bird, and open flower, and, men, below the dome of azure
Kneel adoring Him the Timeless in the flame that measures Time!

2. ARNOLD

Neither in his own lifetime nor since has Matthew Arnold's poetry influenced a wide public. His prose has received more appreciation and his critical essays contain much penetrating comment. Unrelieved by joy in the nature he loved, devoid of fitful humour, his poems are read by a discerning few and otherwise largely neglected.

Matthew Arnold (1832-1888) is often spoken of as a "transitional" poet, since he wrote his verses when the old order had already vanished and the new was not yet evolved. He and his friend, Arthur Clough, gave utterance to that troubled state of mind, so characteristic to their age, making poetry an instrument for criticism, particularly in the realm of speculative thought.

Matthew was the son of Thomas Arnold, one of the best known of Rugby's head-masters. He became well grounded in classical studies and went from Rugby to Oxford. Later he served for many years as an inspector of the public school system and held the chair of poetry at an Oxford college.

Unlike Tennyson, who drew inspiration alike from the classical, mediæval and modern themes, Arnold evinced a predilection for Hellenic philosophy. His style was patterned after the classical and his verses often appear to be more labored than inspired. Like most of his illustrious literary contemporaries, he was out of tune with his generation; he differed with some of them in assuming a superiority to and contempt for conditions as they existed; this in a measure isolated him from his fellow men.

Convinced that the old creeds were worn out, he turned to a type of Stoicism, unlike that of the Ancients—in some ways, peculiarly his own. He conceived of culture as familiarity with the best which has been expressed, as of course it is. He exalted culture as worthy of reverence and devotion.

Moody says: "Arnold set himself to preach the value of the 'Hellenic element'—open-mindedness, delight in ideas, alertness to entertain new points of view, and willingness to examine life constantly in the light of new postulates.

Wherever in religion, politics, education, or literature he saw his countrymen under the domination of narrow ideals, he came speaking the mystic word of deliverance, 'culture.' It is by culture that the Puritan dissenter shall be made to see the lack of elevation and beauty in his church forms; that the radical politician shall reach a saving sense of the rawness and vulgarity of his program of state; that the man whose literary taste is bad shall be admitted into the true kingdom of letters. In almost all of his prose writings he attacks some form of 'Philistinism,' by which word he characterized the narrow-mindedness and self-satisfaction of the British middle class."¹

None hated the tumult and strident noise of life more bitterly than he. One of the fundamental truths he sought to inculcate was that man should emulate nature in her great silences. This is beautifully expressed in one of his well-known sonnets:

"One lesson, Nature, let me learn of thee,
 One lesson, that in every wind is blown,
 One lesson of two duties serv'd in one,
 Though the loud world proclaim their enmity—
 Of Toil unsevered from Tranquility:
 Of labour, that in still advance outgrows
 Far noisier schemes, accomplish'd in Repose,
 Too great for haste, too high for rivalry.
 Yes, while on earth a thousand discords ring,
 Man's senseless uproar mingling with his toil,
 Still do thy sleepless ministers move on,
 Their glorious tasks in silence perfecting:
 Still working, blaming still our vain turmoil;
 Labourers that shall not fail, when man is gone."

With few exceptions, Arnold's poems reveal his own depression; life at best is baffling and for Clough, Arnold and men of their temperament, there was little to sustain faith, whether in religion as then taught or in humanity itself. As a result, the minor keys are continually sounded. The futility of things, the hopes upon which men fed, the unsupported basis for their beliefs—all these are touched upon, sometimes in scorn, sometimes with cold comment. The unanswered queries harass; the unstilled problems

remain, but as for Arnold, he is resolved to remain the calm master of his own soul; nor can one always dismiss the notion that he seeks by reiteration to convince himself as well as his fellow creatures.

“Joy comes and goes: hope ebbs and flows,
 Like the wave.
 Change doth unknit the tranquil strength of men.
 Love sends life a little grace,
 A few sad smiles: and then,
 Both are laid in one cold place,
 In the grave.

Dreams dawn and fly: friends smile and die,
 Like spring flowers.
 Our vaunted life is one long funeral.
 Men dig graves with bitter tears,
 For their dead hopes; and all,
 Mazed with doubts, and sick with fears,
 Count the hours.”

Wordsworth's death he mourned as a great loss, for he had found comfort in the venerable poet's odes to nature.

“He too upon a wintry clime
 Had fallen—on this iron time
 Of doubts, disputes, distractions, fears.
 He found us when the age had bound
 Our souls in its benumbing round:
 He spoke, and loos'd our heart in tears. . . .

Our youth return'd; for there was shed
 On spirits that had long been dead,
 Spirits dried up and closely furl'd,
 The freshness of the early world.

Even Arnold's most tender verses testify to this loneliness; amid the crowd, he walked alone.

“Ah, love, let us be true
 To one another! for the world, which seems
 To lie before us like a land of dreams,
 So various, so beautiful, so new,
 Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
 Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;

And we are here as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night."

One of his longer poems bears the title: *Empedocles on Etna*. It was based on an old tradition that the Greek philosopher of that name, wearying at length of study and man's indifference, ended his life by casting himself in Etna's crater. Arnold makes the poem the medium of some of his own views which are voiced in songs, floated by the breeze to the seer as he scales the mountain, sung by his harpist, Callicles. Empedocles muses upon the snatches of song from below and comments upon them.

'We would have inward peace,
Yet will not look within:
We would have misery cease,
Yet will not cease from sin;
We want all pleasant ends, but will use no harsh means;
We do not what we ought,
What we ought not we do,
And lean upon the thought
That Chance will bring us through;
But our own acts, for good or ill, are mightier powers.

* * * * *

Is it so small a thing
To have enjoy'd the sun,
To have lived light in spring,
To have loved, to have thought, to have done;
To have advanced true friends, and beat down baffling foes;
That we must feign a bliss
Of doubtful future date,
And, while we dream on this,
Lose all our present state,
And relegate to worlds yet distant our repose?"

Thyrsis was written as a tribute to the memory of Arthur Clough, who died in 1861. Virgil had borrowed the name from Theocritus; with both poets it had signified a simple shepherd who piped his lays as he watched his flocks. Clough had been his companion at Rugby and at Oxford the friendship continued, as it did, indeed, till the end.

The Scholar Gypsy contains poetic descriptions of rural England; *Balder Dead* was one of Arnold's later productions. Some regard *Sohrab and Rustum* as his masterpiece, since it combines both classical and romantic qualities.

The generality of readers, if they attempt Arnold's verse at all, are likely to turn to the short poems, many of which show his lyrical ability and sometimes offer philosophical counsel: even though dreams fade and hopes decay, still one must play the game and manfully.

"We cannot kindle when we will
The fire that in the heart resides,
The spirit bloweth and is still,
In mystery our soul abides:
But tasks in hours of insight will'd
Can be through hours of gloom fulfill'd.

With aching hands and bleeding feet
We dig and heap, lay stone on stone;
We bear the burden and the heat
Of the long day, and wish 'twere done.
Not till the hours of light return
All we have built do we discern."

Finally, the heart borne down by the elusiveness of existence, turns back to Rugby days, seeking solace in Rugby Chapel. Here the same haunting reflections pursue him. Where are all his erstwhile associates? To what end did his father labor so tirelessly in this educational center? Advanced years brought some balm to Arnold's soul; his essays won him admiration of those whom the poems had left cold. In his earlier poetic moods we may fittingly take leave of him at the visit to the school where his youthful days had been spent, his persistent query as to the *why* of life unsatisfied.

"What is the course of the life
Of mortal men on earth?
Most men eddy about
Here and there—eat and drink,
Chatter and love and hate,
Gather and squander, are raised
Aloft, are hurl'd in the dust,

Striving blindly, achieving
 Nothing; and then they die—
 Perish;—and no one asks
 Who or what they have been,
 More than he asks what waves,
 In the moonlit solitudes mild
 Of the midmost Ocean, have swell'd,
 Foamed for a moment, and gone.”

¹ Moody: *History of English Literature*, 371.

From ARNOLD

SELF-DEPENDENCE

Weary of myself, and sick of asking
 What I am, and what I ought to be,
 At the vessel's prow I stand, which bears me
 Forwards, forwards, o'er the starlit sea.

And a look of passionate desire
 O'er the sea and to the stars I send:
 “Ye who from my childhood up have calm'd me,
 Calm me, ah, compose me to the end.

“Ah, once more,” I cried, “ye Stars, ye Waters,
 On my heart your mighty charm renew:
 Still, still let me, as I gaze upon you,
 Feel my soul becoming vast like you.”

From the intense, clear, star-sown vault of heaven,
 Over the lit sea's unquiet way,
 In the rustling night-air came the answer—
 “Wouldst thou *be* as these are? *Live* as they.

“Unafrighted by the silence round them,
 Undistracted by the sights they see,
 These demand not that the things without them
 Yield them love, amusement, sympathy.

“And with joy the stars perform their shining,
 And the sea its long moon-silver'd roll.
 For alone they live, nor pine with noting
 All the fever of some differing soul.

“Bounded by themselves, and unobservant
 In what state God's other works may be,
 In their own tasks all their powers pouring,
 These attain the mighty life you see.”

O air-born Voice! long since, severely clear
 A cry like thine in my own heart I hear.
 "Resolve to be thyself: and know, that he
 Who finds himself, loses his misery."

DOVER BEACH

The sea is calm to-night,
 The tide is full, the moon lies fair
 Upon the Straits;—on the French coast, the light
 Gleams, and is gone; the cliffs of England stand,
 Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay.
 Come to the window, sweet is the night air!
 Only, from the long line of spray
 Where the ebb meets the moon-blanch'd sand,
 Listen! you hear the grating roar
 Of pebbles which the waves suck back, and fling,
 At their return, up the high strand,
 Begin, and cease, and then again begin,
 With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
 The eternal note of sadness in.

Sophocles long ago
 Heard it on the Ægæan, and it brought
 Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow
 Of human misery; we
 Find also in the sound a thought,
 Hearing it by this distant northern sea.

The sea of faith
 Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
 Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furl'd;
 But now I only hear
 Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
 Retreating to the breath
 Of the night-wind down the vast edges drear
 And naked shingles of the world.

Ah, love, let us be true
 To one another! for the world, which seems
 To lie before us like a land of dreams,
 So various, so beautiful, so new,
 Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
 Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
 And we are here as on a darkling plain

Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

THE PROGRESS OF POESY

A Variation

Youth rambles on life's arid mount,
And strikes the rock, and finds the vein,
And brings the water from the fount,
The fount which shall not flow again.

The man mature with labour chops
For the bright stream a channel grand,
And sees not that the sacred drops
Ran off and vanish'd out of hand.

And then the old man totters nigh,
And feebly rakes among the stones.
The mount is mute, the channel dry;
And down he lays his weary bones.

BACCHANALIA; OR THE NEW AGE

I

THE evening comes, the field is still.
The tinkle of the thirsty rill.
Unheard all day, ascends again;
Deserted is the new-reap'd grain.
Silent the sheaves! the ringing wain,
The reaper's cry, the dogs' alarms,
All housed within the sleeping farms!
The business of the day is done,
The last-belated gleaner gone.
And from the thyme upon the height,
And from the elder-blossom white
And pale dog-roses in the hedge,
And from the mint-plant in the sedge,
In puffs of balm the night-air blows
The perfume which the day forgoes.
And on the pure horizon far,
See, pulsing with the first-born star,
The liquid sky above the hill!
The evening comes, the field is still.

Loitering and leaping,
 With saunter, with bounds—
 Flickering and circling
 In files and in rounds—
 Gaily their pine-staff green
 Tossing in air,
 Loose o'er their shoulders white
 Showering their hair—
 See! the wild Mænads
 Break from the wood,
 Youth and Iacchus
 Maddening their blood!
 See! through the quiet corn
 Rioting they pass—
 Fling the piled sheaves about,
 Trample the grass!
 Tear from the rifled hedge
 Garlands, their prize;
 Fill with their sports the field.
 Fill with their cries!

Shepherd, what ails thee, then?
 Shepherd, why mute?
 Forth with thy joyous song!
 Forth with thy flute!
 Tempts not the revel blithe?
 Lure not their cries?
 Glow not their shoulders smooth?
 Melt not their eyes?
 Is not, on cheeks like those,
 Lovely the flush?
 —*Ah, so the quiet was!*
So was the hush!

II

The epoch ends, the world is still.
 The age has talk'd and work'd its fill—
 The famous orators have done,
 The famous poets sung and gone,
 The famous men of war have fought,
 The famous speculators thought,
 The famous players, sculptors, wrought,
 The famous painters fill'd their wall,

The famous critics judged it all.
The combatants are parted now,
Uphung the spear, unbent the bow,
The puissant crown'd, the weak laid low!
And in the after-silence sweet,
Now strife is hush'd, our ears doth meet,
Ascending pure, the bell-like fame
Of this or that down-trodden name,
Delicate spirits, push'd away
In the hot press of the noon-day.
And o'er the plain, where the dead age
Did its now silent warfare wage—
O'er that wide plain, now wrapt in gloom,
Where many a splendour finds its tomb,
Many spent fames and fallen nights—
The one or two immortal lights.
Rise slowly up into the sky
To shine there everlastingly,
Like stars over the bounding hill.
The epoch ends, the world is still.

Thundering and bursting
In torrents, in waves—
Carolling and shouting
Over tombs, amid graves—
See! on the cumber'd plain
Clearing a stage,
Scattering the past about,
Comes the new age!
Bards make new poems,
Thinkers new schools,
Statesmen new systems,
Critics new rules!
All things begin again;
Life is their prize;
Earth with their deeds they fill,
Fill with their cries!

Poet, what ails thee, then?
Say, why so mute?
Forth with thy praising voice!
Forth with thy flute!
Loiterer! why sittest thou

Sunk in thy dream?
Tempts not the bright new age?
Shines not its stream?
Look, ah, what genius,
Art, science, wit!
Soldiers like Cæsar,
Statesmen like Pitt!
Sculptors like Phidias,
Raphaels in shoals,
Poets like Shakespeare—
Beautiful souls!
See, on their glowing cheeks
Heavenly the flush!
—*Ah, so the silence was!*
So was the hush!

The world but feels the present's spell,
The poet feels the past as well;
Whatever men have done, might do,
Whatever thought, might think it too.

MRS. BROWNING

Elizabeth Barrett Browning has been called "the greatest woman poet since Sappho;" however, it would be erroneous to imagine anything in common between the two, save that both were women who wrote verses.

Elizabeth Barrett (1809-1861) was the daughter of an Indian planter who took much pride in her education. Whether her ill health was due to over study, as has sometimes been stated, or to a fall from her horse, is not clear. For years confined to her room and having only her reading and verse-making to divert her, acquaintance finally arose with Robert Browning, shortly returned from Italy. After a brief courtship the two were married and went to live in Italy. The healing influence of love set the invalid comparatively free and their happy life together is too generally known to require comment.

It would be impossible to present Mrs. Browning as a great poet. Her faults were too many and her genius too slight. Nevertheless, her beautiful character led her to sympathize with the unfortunate, to look out upon the world with kindly eyes, and her transcending joy in being removed from the cold atmosphere of her own home and set down in sunny Italy, secure in the loving care of her robust poet-husband, inspired her best work: *Sonnets from the Portuguese*.

Association with so great a poet as Robert Browning worked considerable improvement in her style, conspicuous in a late poem: *Casa Guidi Windows*. Yet her attempt to make impossible rhymes, her lack of dramatic ability, poor characterization, and, above all, her effort to put in verse what might more appropriately have found expression in prose, all these compel adverse criticism rather than commendation.

Aurora Leigh, with its eleven thousand lines, might be compared in some ways with Meredith's *Lucile*; both are novels done as poems. The first is written in blank verse and is a rambling production which allowed the writer to include her observations and comments upon life in gen-

eral. The leading character is the author herself. Speaking of her devotion to reading, the narrative pauses for the observation:

“We get no good
By being ungenerous, even to a book,
And calculating profits,—so much help
By so much reading. It is rather when
We gloriously forget ourselves, and plunge
Soul-forward, headlong, into a book’s profound,
Impassioned for its beauty and its salt of truth,—
’Tis then we get the right good from a book.”

Many a passage might be culled, taken at random here and there, which sets a familiar truth forth in obvious words, to linger in the memory:

“All success
Proves partial failure; all advance implies
What’s left behind; all triumph, something crushed
At the chariot-wheels; all government, some wrong;
And rich men make the poor, who curse the rich,
Who agonize together, rich and poor,
Under and over, in the social spasm
And crisis of the ages.”

Her own age was more patient of such colorless stories than our own; in fact, *Aurora Leigh* won popularity at once, while poems published by Robert Browning at the same time were coldly received. Matthew Arnold commended the poetry of Mrs. Browning and in 1850, upon the death of Wordsworth, there was some rumor to the effect that she would be made Laureate; this was argued as fitting, since a woman sat on the English throne. However, the discriminating, then as now, were not misled. It was Fitzgerald who exclaimed, upon hearing of the author’s death in 1861, “Thank God! Now we shall have no more Aurora Leighs!” When this savage remark was made known to Browning, plunged in grief, he could but say: “Here is a man who thanks God that my wife is dead!”

The Cry of the Children, written in behalf of the little

creatures condemned to waste their young lives in mines and factories, is heart-breaking even today. Like Hood's *Song of the Shirt*, it awakened far more interest in the need of labor reform than any amount of legislation. It is when the sentiment of a nation is aroused against a crying ill that it is righted.

A Portrait, the *Romance of the Swan's Nest*, and *An Island* are all tender poems, of a simple type, sure to meet a quick response on the part of readers who seek diversion and pleasant pictures in verse, rather than food for thought.

The *Sonnets from the Portuguese* was the writer's offering to her husband as a seal of her abiding love for him and the delicate incense thus offered upon the altar of affection has won her a lasting place in English poetry. The last is dedicatory:

"Belov'd, thou hast brought me many flowers
Plucked in the garden all the summer through
And winter; and it seemed as if they grew
In this close room, nor missed the sun and showers.
So, in the like name of that love of ours,
Take back these thoughts which here unfolded too,
And which on warm and cold days I withdrew
From my heart's ground. Indeed, those beds and bowers
Be overgrown with bitter weeds and rue,
And wait thy weeding; yet here's eglantine,
Here's ivy! Take them, as I used to do
The flowers, and keep them where they shall not pine.
Instruct thine eye to keep their colors true,
And tell thy soul their roots are left in mine."

The seventh, "The face of all the world is changed, I think," sings of the transformation in her life when Browning's radiant health permeated her sick chamber and set pain to flight and the sufferer free.

THE ROMANCE OF THE SWAN'S NEST

“So the dreams depart,
So the fading phantoms flee,
And the sharp reality
Now must act its part.”

Westwood's *Beads from a Rosary*.

I

Little Ellie sits alone
'Mid the beeches of a meadow,
By a stream-side on the grass,
And the trees are showering down
Doubles of their leaves in shadow,
On her shining hair and face.

II

She has thrown her bonnet by,
And her feet she has been dipping
In the shallow water's flow;
Now she holds them nakedly
In her hands, all sleek and dripping,
While she rocketh to and fro.

III

Little Ellie sits alone,
And the smile she softly uses
Fills the silence like a speech,
While she thinks what shall be done,
And the sweetest pleasure chooses
For her future within reach.

IV

Little Ellie in her smile
Chooses, “I will have a lover,
Riding on a steed of steeds:
He shall love me without guile,
And to *him* I shall discover
The swan's nest among the reeds.

V

“And the steed shall be red-roan,
And the lover shall be noble,
With an eye that takes the breath.
And the lute he plays upon
Shall strike ladies into trouble
As his sword strikes men to death.

VI

“And the steed it shall be shod
All in silver, housed in azure;
And the mane shall swim the wind;
And the hoofs along the sod
Shall flash onward, and keep measure,
Till the shepherds look behind.

VII

“But my lover will not prize
All the glory that he rides in,
When he gazes in my face.
He will say, ‘O Love, thine eyes
Build the shrine my soul abides in,
And I kneel here for thy grace!’

VIII

“Then, ay, then he shall kneel low,
With the red-roan steed anear him,
Which shall seem to understand,
Till I answer, ‘Rise and go!’
For the world must love and fear him
Whom I gift with heart and hand.

IX

“Then he will arise so pale,
I shall feel my own lips tremble
With a *yes* I must not say:
Nathless maiden-brave, ‘Farewell,’
I will utter and dissemble—
‘Light to-morrow with today!’

X

“Then he'll ride among the hills
To the wide world past the river,
There to put away all wrong,
To make straight distorted wills,
And to empty the broad quiver
Which the wicked bear along.

XI

“Three times shall a young foot-page
Swim the stream, and climb the mountain,
And kneel down beside my feet:
‘Lo! my master sends this gage,
Lady, for thy pity's counting.
What wilt thou exchange for it?’

XII

“And the first time I will send
A white rosebud for a guerdon:
And the second time, a glove;
But the third time I may bend
From my pride, and answer,—
‘Pardon, if he comes to take my love.’

XIII

“Then the young foot-page will run;
Then my lover will ride faster,
Till he kneeleth at my knee:
‘I am a duke's eldest son,
Thousand serfs do call me master,
But, O Love, I love but *thee!*’

XIV

“He will kiss me on the mouth
Then, and lead me as a lover
Through the crowds that praise his deeds.
And, when soul-tied by one troth,
Unto *him* I will discover
That swan's nest among the reeds.”

XV

Little Ellie, with her smile
Not yet ended, rose up gayly,
Tied the bonnet, donned the shoe,
And went homeward, round a mile,
Just to see, as she did daily,
What more eggs were with the two.

XVI

Pushing through the elm-tree copse,
Winding up the stream, light-hearted,
Where the osier pathway leads,
Past the boughs she stoops, and stops.
Lo, the wild swan had deserted,
And a rat had gnawed the weeds!

XVII

Ellie went home sad and slow.
If she found the lover ever,
With his red-roan steed of steeds,
Sooth I know not; but I know
She could never show him—never,
That swan's nest among the reeds.

A PORTRAIT

"One name is Elizabeth." *Ben Jonson*

I will paint her as I see her.
Ten times have the lilies blown
Since she looked upon the sun.

And her face is lily-clear,
Lily-shaped, and dropped in duty
To the law of its own beauty.

Oval cheeks encolored faintly,
Which a trail of golden hair
Keeps from fading off to air;

And a forehead fair and saintly,
Which two blue eyes under-shine,
Like meek prayers before a shrine.

Face and figure of a child,
Though too calm, you think, and tender,
For the childhood you would lend her.

Yet child-simple, undefiled,
Frank, obedient, waiting still
On the turnings of your will.

Moving light, as all young things,—
As young birds, or early wheat
When the wind blows over it.

Only, free from flutterings
Of loud mirth that scorneth measure,
Taking love for her chief pleasure.

Choosing pleasures for the rest,
Which come softly, just as she
When she nestles at your knee.

Quiet talk she liketh best,
In a bower of gentle looks,
Watering flowers, or reading books.

And her voice, it murmurs lowly,
As a silver stream may run,
Which yet feels, you feel, the sun.

And her smile, it seems half holy,
As if drawn from thoughts more far
Than our common jestings are.

And, if any poet knew her,
He would sing of her with falls
Used in lovely madrigals.

And, if any painter drew her,
He would paint her unaware
With a halo round the hair.

And, if reader read the poem,
He would whisper, "You have done a
Consecrated little Una."

And a dreamer (did you show him
That same picture) would exclaim,
“ ’Tis my angel, with a name!”

And a stranger, when he sees her
In the street even, smileth stilly,
Just as you would at a lily.

And all voices that address her
Soften, sleecken every word,
As if speaking to a bird.

And all fancies yearn to cover
The hard earth whereon she passes,
With the thymy-scented grasses.

And all hearts do pray, “God love her!”
Ay, and always, in good sooth,
We may all be sure HE DOTH.

AN ISLAND

“All goeth but Goddis will.”—*Old Poet.*

I

My dream is of an island place,
Which distant seas keep lonely,—
A little island on whose face
The stars are watchers only:
Those bright, still stars! they need not seem
Brighter or stiller in my dream.

II

An island full of hills and dells,
All rumpled and uneven
With green recesses, sudden swells,
And odorous valleys driven
So deep and straight, that always there
The wind is cradled to soft air.

III

Hills running up to heaven for light
Through woods that half-way ran,
As if the wild earth mimicked right
The wilder heart of man:
Only it shall be greener far,
And gladder, than hearts ever are.

IV

More like, perhaps, that mountain piece
Of Dante's paradise,
Disrupt to an hundred hills like these,
In falling from the skies;
Bringing within it all the roots
Of heavenly trees and flowers and fruits:

V

For, saving where the gray rocks strike
Their javelins up the azure,
Or where deep fissures, miser-like,
Hoard up some fountain treasure,
(And e'en in them, stoop down and hear
Leaf sounds with water in your ear),

VI

The place is all awave with trees,—
Limes, myrtles purple-beaded,
Acacias having drunk the lees
Of the night-dew, faintly headed,
And wan gray olive-woods, which seem
The fittest foliage for a dream.

VII

Trees, trees, on all sides! They combine
Their plummy shades to throw
Through whose clear fruit and blossom fine
Whene'er the sun may go.
The ground beneath he deeply stains,
As passing through cathedral panes.

VIII

But little needs this earth of ours
That shining from above her,
When many pleiades of flowers
(Not one lost) star her over;
The rays of their unnumbered hues
Being all refracted by the dews.

IX

Wide-petalled plants that boldly drink
The Amreeta of the sky,
Shut bells that dull with rapture sink,
And lolling buds, half shy:
I cannot count them, but between
Is room for grass and mosses green,

X

And brooks, that glass in different strengths,
All colors in disorder,
Or, gathering up their silver lengths
Beside their winding border,
Sleep, haunted through the slumber hidden,
By white lilies white as dreams in Eden.

XI

Nor think each archèd tree with each
Too closely interlaces
To admit of vistas out of reach,
And broad moon-lighted places,
Upon whose sward the antlered deer
May view their double image clear.

XII

For all this island's creature-full
(Kept happy not by halves),
Mild cows, that at the vine-wreaths pull,
Then low back at their calves
With tender lowings, to approve
The warm mouths milking them for love.

XIII

Free, gamesome horses, antelopes,
And harmless leaping leopards,
And buffaloes upon the slopes,
And sheep unrul'd by shepherds;
Hares, lizards, hedgehogs, badgers, mice,
Snakes, squirrels, frogs, and butterflies.

XIV

And birds that live there in a crowd,
Horned owls, rapt nightingales,
Larks bold with heaven, peacocks proud,
Self-sphered in those grand tails;
All creatures glad and safe, I deem;
No guns nor springes in my dream!

XV

The island's edges are a-wing
With trees that overbranch
The sea with song-birds welcoming
The curlews to green change;
And doves from half-closed lids espy
The red and purple fish go by.

XVI

One dove is answering in trust
The water every minute
Thinking so soft a murmur must
Have her mate's cooing in it:
So softly doth earth's beauty round
Infuse itself in ocean's sound.

XVII

My sanguine soul bounds forwarder
To meet the bounding waves;
Beside them straightway I repair,
To live within the caves:
And near me two or three may dwell,
Whom dreams fantastic please as well.

XVIII

Long winding caverns, glittering far
 Into a crystal distance!
Through clefts of which, shall many a star
 Shine clear without resistance!
And carry down its rays the smell
Of flowers above invisible.

XIX

I said that two or three might choose
 Their dwelling near mine own,—
Those who would change man's voice and use,
 For Nature's way and tone;
Man's veering heart and careless eyes,
For Nature's steadfast sympathies.

XX

Ourselves, to meet her faithfulness,
 Shall play a faithful part:
Her beautiful shall ne'er address
 The monstrous at our heart:
Her musical shall never touch
Something within us also such.

XXI

Yet shall she not our mistress live,
 As doth the moon of ocean,
Though gently as the moon she give
 Our thoughts a light and motion:
More like a harp of many lays,
Moving its master while he plays.

XXII

No sod in all that island doth
 Yawn open for the dead;
No wind hath borne a traitor's oath;
 No earth, a mourner's tread:
We cannot say by stream or shade,
 "I suffered here, was here betrayed."

XXIII

Our only "farewell" we shall laugh
To shifting cloud or hour,
And use our only epitaph
To some bud turned a flower:
Our only tears shall serve to prove
Excess in pleasure or in love.

XXIV

Our fancies shall their plumage catch
From fairest island-birds,
Whose eggs let young ones out at hatch,
Born singing! then our words
Unconsciously shall take the dyes
Of those prodigious fantasies.

XXV

Yea, soon, no consonant unsmooth
Our smile-tuned lips shall reach;
Sounds sweet as Hellas spake in youth
Shall glide into our speech:
(What music, certes, can you find
As soft as voices which are kind?)

XXVI

And often, by the joy without
And in us overcome,
We, through our musing, shall let float
Such poems—sitting dumb—
As Pindar might have writ if he
Had tended sheep in Arcady;

XXVII

Or Aeschylus—the pleasant fields
He died in, longer knowing;
Or Homer, had men's sins and shields
Been lost in Meles flowing;
Or poet Plato, had the undim
Unsetting Godlight broke on him.

XXVIII

Choose me the cave most worthy choice,
To make a place for prayer,
And I will choose a praying voice
To pour our spirits there:
How silverly the echoes run!
Thy will be done,—thy will be done.

XXIX

Gently yet strangely uttered words!
They lift me from my dream;
The island fadeth with its swards
That did no more than seem:
The streams are dry, no sun could find—
The fruits are fallen without wind.

XXX

So oft the doing of God's will
Our foolish wills undoeth!
And yet what idle dream breaks ill,
Which morning light subdueth?
And who would murmur and misdoubt,
When God's great sunrise finds him out?

4. THE GREAT OPTIMIST

Although Tennyson is probably still the more widely read, Browning is generally conceded to be the greater and more profound poet. For versatility, no English writer since Shakespeare rivals him. However, his merit was unrecognized by the public generally until his later years, the early Victorians rating the productions of Mrs. Browning above his.

Robert Browning (1812-1889) was fortunate in his early training. His father held a position of responsibility with the Bank of England and, while not wealthy, was able to give his precocious son many advantages. He grew up in a fine old library, browsing as fancy led him, instructed by private teachers. His father was a tireless writer of verses during his leisure hours, although none of them were ever published. His mother was a musician and the poet later attributed his love of melody and appreciation of music to the twilight hours when she played the piano for his entertainment.

After study at the University of London, the youth, already eager to travel, journeyed into Russia. Later he visited Italy, where he was destined to spend many years.

In 1845, not having yet gained a place in the literary world, Browning wrote an appreciation of her poems to Elizabeth Barrett and later, through a mutual friend, they were brought together. Their subsequent marriage and fifteen years of joyous companionship have already been mentioned. The pages of history record few such beautiful wedded loves as theirs.

It is popularly believed that Browning's poetry is obscure and difficult to comprehend; nor is this opinion wholly mistaken. In his own day and even now he has often been contrasted with Alfred Tennyson, the only nineteenth century bard who could be thought of as a rival. The two present a sharp contrast; their outlook on life was unlike and, as a result, there are few similarities and many differences in their poetic expression. Tennyson was not dramatic, while Browning was essentially so. Tennyson's

sweet verses soothe the senses; Browning's poems act as a tonic. Tennyson elaborated by detail; Browning portrayed a landscape or a personality by a few bold strokes.

Blessed with a sufficient income to remove the necessity of writing to please the public, Browning wrote to please himself and proved to be his own best critic. While undoubtedly disappointed at the cold reception accorded his early productions, he never permitted the clamor of the multitude for pretty melodies to swerve him from his own appointed way. In course of time, the discriminating became aware of his genius; gradually, the circle of his admirers widened. It was his lasting grief that his wife did not live long enough to see confirmed her confidence in the ultimate recognition of his genius.

Unlike the nature poets, Browning lived almost all his life in cities. The home of his childhood was in a London suburb; during his married life the health of Mrs. Browning made residence in Italy desirable and Florence was their chosen home, with occasional journeys to Paris, London and other cities. Although a keen observer, as every poem attests, it was psychology that made the strongest appeal to Robert Browning. "The history of a soul" he considered the most fitting subject for a poet. Having disclosed his chosen theme in his earliest productions, he held to it throughout, unaffected by criticisms. And what a variety of souls he laid bare! He ranged the depth and breadth of society, finding his characters among criminals and clergy; amid rustic scenes and courts; among the guileless and intriguing; an individual, wherever found, gave him some problem to untangle.

Having a distinct dramatic gift, it would seem strange, at first sight, that Browning was unsuccessful in writing stage plays. The explanation is to be found in the fact that it was not what men and women *did* which interested him, but what they *thought*—the motive that lay behind the act. Action being essential to drama, his plays are more suited to the study than the stage, where indeed, such as were attempted failed. Just as George Eliot always reveals to us the motive actuating a person to a certain line of action, so Browning bares the soul of his characters and

probes for hidden motives. Not always conclusively; more as an artist who begins a sketch and leaves it when himself satisfied as to its appropriate solution.

No particular concentration is required to peruse poems which murmur of rippling streams and the ravishing ode of the nightingale; on the other hand, it is imperative to give undivided attention would one comprehend a character delineated in a few lines. However, it is not alone for his unusual subjects that obscurity attends Browning's poetry; it is more particularly in his method of treatment. He never wearied of "juggling words and metres." Whereas Tennyson often sacrificed the idea to a telling rhyme, Browning scorned to do so. His phraseology, metre, choice of words were adapted to the nature of his poem and in the same selection often vary.

Genius is likely to be either impatient of, or indifferent to, the generality of men. Browning was quick to grasp an idea and pressed on to the next. He never troubled to measure his speed to the convenience of others. A problem of soul-analysis presented itself: to solve it, he frequently set up one hypothesis after another, leaving the reader bewildered. Before one idea had been made sufficiently lucid for the average mind to grasp it, his lightning speed had taken him far ahead. It is well for the puzzled reader occasionally to reflect that, as a whole, we comprehend new ideas slowly, and then, too often, only in part. A master mind continually receives flashes of which the unreceptive are never aware.

When but twelve years old, Browning was scribbling verses, but the first to reach cold print was *Pauline*, done when twenty. Reviewers dealt severely with this maiden effort; one summarily dismissed it with the comment that its author must be mad. It is interesting now for the light shed upon the future poet, who, at the time it was written, was still under the influence of Shelley, the "Sun-treader."

Paracelsus brought the attention of prominent writers to the young poet, now become three years older. The subject, having been suggested by an acquaintance, offered a congenial field. Historically, Paracelsus was a German physician who was born at the end of the fifteenth century,

in Switzerland; he studied at Basel University, and left this institution to learn alchemy of a Bishop in Wurzburg. Persuaded that the learning of the schools was barren, the ambitious young man determined to travel the world over and learn what he could of knowledge. He aspired to acquire "absolute truth." His travels into Africa and Asia failed to result in all that he had hoped. He became a surgeon and served for awhile in this capacity in Holland and Italy. The great Erasmus is said to have been one of his patients. In 1526 Paracelsus was made Professor of Physic at Basel. Here his inordinate vanity, his disdain of ancient learning and other indiscretions excited the animosity of the faculty and he lost his position. At the age of forty he is believed to have been killed. Notwithstanding his failure to achieve what he had hoped, his influence upon chemistry was lasting. He was the first to discover that diseases did not arise from too much blood and, hence, could not be cured by bleeding. He left some writings and others, done by his followers in all probability, were afterwards attributed to him.

Such was the character that Browning made the theme of his second long poem. Paracelsus' writings had been in his father's library and he had known them from childhood. In certain respects the poem adheres to what is historically accepted regarding the mediæval chemist and doctor. The poem opens with Paracelsus in Wurzburg in 1512, among his intimate friends who would restrain him in his purpose to leave them to roam far distant and alone in his quest. Better, they argue, were it to stay by the schools or at least to associate others with him in his attempt. Energy consumes him; it impels him to go:

"What fairer seal
Shall I require to my authentic mission
Than this fierce energy?—this instinct striving
Because its nature is to strive? . . .

I go to gather this
The sacred knowledge, here and there dispersed
About the world, long lost or never found."

The student of Browning knows how often flashes of irony confront one with incisive force:

“Now 'tis this I most admire:
The constant talk men of your stamp keep up
Of God's will, as they style it; one would swear
Man had but merely to uplift his eye,
And see the will in question charactered
On the heaven's vault.”

Again, more penetration is sometimes pressed into a few lines than half a book can teach:

“Truth is within ourselves; it takes no rise
From outward things, whatever you may believe.
There is an inmost centre in us all,
Where truth abides in fulness; and around,
Wall upon wall, the gross flesh hems it in,
This perfect, clear perception—which is truth.
A baffling and perverting carnal mesh
Binds it and makes all error; and to *know*
Rather consists in opening out a way
Whence the imprisoned splendour may escape,
Than in effecting entry for a light
Supposed to be without.”

Paracelsus strives worthily but learns too late that knowledge without love avails as little as love without knowledge.

“In my own heart love had not been wise
To trace love's faint beginnings in mankind,
To know even hate is but a mask of love's,
To see a good in evil, and a hope
In ill-success to sympathize, be proud
Of their half-reasons, faint aspirings, dim
Struggles for truth, their poorest fallacies,
Their prejudice and fears and cares and doubts;
All with a touch of nobleness, despite
Their error, upward tending all though weak,
Like plants in mines which never saw the sun,
But dream of him, and guess where he may be,

And do their best to climb and get to him.
All this I knew not, and I failed."

It is easier to understand the failure of *Sordello* to win its way than to explain the delayed enthusiasm for *Pippa Passes*, his third long poem. This is one of the most delightful of Browning's dramatic poems, and its subtle lesson and lingering sweetness endear it to countless lovers of Pippa, scattered over the wide world.

Pippa is a simple, untaught girl, who works in a silk-mill in Asolo, a village some thirty miles north of Venice. Day in, day out, she winds the silken threads. Only one holiday is granted to the workers throughout the year: New Year's Day. This one treasure is Pippa's own, to spend as she will.

Springing out of bed in the morning, she sings her song:

"Day!

Faster and more fast,

O'er night's brim, day boils at last:

Boils, pure gold, o'er the cloud-cup's brim. . . .

Oh, Day, if I squander a wavelet of thee,

A mite of my twelve hours' treasure,

May shame fall on Asolo, mischief on me!"

How shall she best spend this single day, whose memories must cheer her throughout the entire year? All other mornings she is Pippa, the winder of silk; today in fancy she will imagine herself "Asolo's Four Happiest Ones"—as she imagines them to be: the haughty Ottima, who owns the silk-mill and begrudges the laborers their one day of freedom; Jules, a student to be married on this day; Luigi, whom often she has seen walking with his mother; and finally the Bishop. Acting upon the impulse, she hurries out to spend the hours in the open air, singing snatches of songs as she rambles around old Asolo.

First she strays along the hillside where lives Luca, advanced in years, and Ottima, his wife, whose conduct with her paramour, the German Sebald, is an open secret. Impatient to have her aged husband out of the way, it so

happens that Ottima has roused Sebald to make way with the old man and even at the moment the guilty pair are seeking to conceal evidences of their crime. Pippa sings beneath the window:

“The year’s at the spring
And day’s at the morn;
Morning’s at seven;
The hillside’s dew-pearled;
The lark’s on the wing;
The snail’s on the thorn;
God’s in His heaven—
All’s right with the world!”

“Who spoke!” exclaims Sebald. Ottima explains that the little ragged girl works in one of the ten silk-mills which thenceforward will be his; but Sebald hears only the words of the song; they recall him to his senses and he sees the painted drab before him who has moved him to such a dastardly deed. Straightway he hates her.

“though I be lost,
I know which is the better, never fear,
Of vice or virtue, purity or lust,
Nature or trick, I see what I have done
Entirely now!”

Pippa, unaware of it all, trudges along, to send another song floating to others at a crucial moment of their lives. Luigi stands at the gate by his mother’s side. He has heard of a plot to liberate Italy by the assassination of the king, but, mother-like, she would fain have him delay, to wait at least till morning, ere he hurry to his country’s aid. Unaware of listeners, Pippa says:

“A king lived long ago,
In the morning of the world,
When earth was nigher heaven than now:”

When the song is done, Luigi tears himself away to fight for freedom.

Pippa was in truth of gentle birth. By a scheme to which the bishop has been a party, she has been cheated of

her birth-right. Now, at night, she passes the bishop's palace at a critical moment and her song once more recalls a man to his sense of right and wrong. Unmindful of her part in the shaping of lives, she reaches her poor little room and sinks off to slumber murmuring the lines :

“All service ranks the same with God—
With God, whose puppets, best and worst,
Are we: there is no last or first.”

The poem, so charged with action, is left unmarred by undue stress on the unconscious influence which mortals, all unheeding, exert one upon another.

Browning Societies, widely organized some thirty or forty years ago and still perpetuated for a better understanding of the poet, find decades inadequate for their purpose. The poems and plays have been published in a twelve volume edition, each book containing some three hundred pages. Under such circumstances, it is possible in a brief summary to speak only of some of the shorter poems, which exhibit the author's multifarious interests. Among them are lyrics, elegies, love songs, dramatic romances and dialogues. Some are involved; others, as lucid as language can make them.

One of the doctrines promulgated by Browning, if one can characterize it thus, is that love experienced even by a couple of rustics is of far greater importance than all conceivable discourses of the learned on the subject—greater than cities or kings or earthly possessions. To this end he wrote a poem wherein two young people, one a girl studying music, and a youth intent on sculpture, meet and love but prudence counselled the folly of their union, for both were poor and unknown. Years after the girl, long since married to a wealthy old man, mused over her lost youth and the man who followed his profession; both had missed the supreme joy of life. Some such idea permeates the lovely lyric: *Love among the Ruins*, by many regarded as one of the poet's most perfect achievements. The scene is out on the Roman Campagna, where once stood monuments of great beauty,

monuments of Rome, the Mistress of the World; now the place is but a ruin.

“Where the quiet-colored end of evening smiles,
 Miles and miles
 On the solitary pastures where our sheep
 Half-asleep
 Tinkle homeward thro’ the twilight, stray or stop
 As they crop—
 Was the site once of a city great and gay,
 (So they say)
 Of our country’s very capital, its prince
 Ages since
 Held his court in, gathered councils, wielding far
 Peace or war.

* * * * *

Now,—the single little turret that remains
 On the plains,
 By the caper overrooted, by the gourd
 Overscored,
 While the patching houseleek’s head of blossom winks
 Through the chinks—
 Marks the basement whence a tower in ancient time
 Sprang sublime,
 And a burning ring, all round, the chariots traced
 As they raced,
 And the monarch and his minions and his dames
 View the games.”

“Love is best.” This is one of the cornerstones of Browning’s philosophy. His own heart’s love is the subject of *My Star*, and the symphony of their years together is told in *The Fire-side*, a charming marriage hymn. Turn from these and that little gem:

“Oh to be in England
 Now that April’s there”

to that lyrical dialogue: *In a Gondola*. A lover sings to a woman who has stolen out under cover of the night to ride with him through the watery streets of Venice. Those to whom they refer under guise of “the Three,”—the

woman's brothers and her jealous husband—may come upon them at any time; for who can feel secure in that old city, Queen of the Adriatic, where memories of "the Ten" linger yet—and doubtless suggested "the Three." Danger exhilarates them and they imagine themselves to be other persons and in other places, loving as fervently as they do now. Suddenly the gondolier is stabbed in the shadow by one who darts up behind him. But he has enjoyed the bliss of love and, thinking only of the one beside him, cries:

"Care not for the cowards! Care
Only to put aside thy beauteous hair
My blood will hurt! The Three, I do not scorn
To death, because they never lived: but I
Have lived indeed, and so—(yet one more kiss)—can die!"

It is doubtful whether Browning ever composed a short poem which better discloses his magical power of making the guilty reveal his guilt, while believing it to be hidden far out of sight, by means of words that fall unconsciously from his own lips, than the one entitled *My Last Duchess*. It includes but fifty-seven lines; the story hinted, by a lesser artist might have been expanded to a volume. The Duke of Ferrara, cruel and proud of the nine hundred year old name he bears, talks to a diplomat, who has come on a mission from the great Count whose daughter the Duke is soon to wed. He points to the portrait of his former wife and Duchess, concealed by a curtain which none but he ever draws. This gracious lady had smiled on those around her: she had

"A heart—how shall I say?—too soon made glad"

She had smiled on him, but then, upon whom had she not smiled? As though a courtesy or a bough of cherries or any trifling gift compared with the name, so ancient and so imposing, which he had conferred.

"I gave commands;
Then all smiles stopped together. There she stands
As if alive. Will't please you rise? We'll meet
The company below, then."

Men and Women was originally a collection of fifty sketches, each a penetrating analysis. Sometimes the character was represented from the viewpoint of dominating strength or weakness, sometimes from the impressions made upon those who observed. Take, for example, the inimitable portrait of *Fra Lippo Lippi*, so true to all we know of him; hurried into a monastery when a slip of a boy, drawing heads over the margins of his books, joining "legs and arms to the long music-notes," finding "eyes and nose and chin for A's and B's;" set to painting, but giving his Madonnas faces of girls in the Parish. Then the sketch of *Andrea Del Sarto*, the so-called "faultless painter," who allowed Lucrezia to ruin him because he was so captivated by her beautiful, if soulless, face.

The sacrifice men made in the cause of learning, during the Humanistic period following the Renaissance, is admirably illustrated by *A Grammarian's Funeral*. The career of this earnest scholar, willing to renounce all the pleasures of life for the advancement of what he conceived vital, is related, as his students carry him up the mountain for burial; for they could not leave him down in the plains where men cared naught for all he had valued.

Why is Browning called the Optimist? Is it to be explained, as some have claimed, by his rugged health and naturally happy outlook on life? None who read his poems can contend that he merely glided over the great problems of the universe and dismissed them as unsolvable. On the contrary, Browning was alive to the religious thought of his age; he knew its doubts and misgivings. *Pauline* indicates that he too had his time of doubt; but it did not long remain. There came no spirit of resignation, no hint that man should subordinate his individuality; rather he should push it to the utmost. To the deluded ones who advised the Grammarian to put away his learning and enjoy life, for "time escapes," the scholar answered:

"What's time? Leave Now for dogs and apes!
Man has forever."

Paracelsus, cautioned that he is striking out into the unknown, replies :

“I see my way as birds their trackless way.
 I shall arrive! What time, what circuit first,
 I ask not. . . .
 In some time, his good time, I shall arrive:
 He guides me and the bird.”

Rabbi Ben Ezra, another historical character, was employed by the poet to set his own philosophy before the world, It is doubtful if man needs other guidance than this poem for an inspired and useful existence on this planet, or for preparation for whatever lies beyond the grave. Isaiah exclaims that God is the Potter, we are the clay in His hands. The thought becomes a *motif* in the matchless poem.

“Fool! All that is, at all,
 Lasts ever, past recall;
 Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand sure:
 What entered into thee,
That was, is and shall be:
 Time’s wheel runs back or stops: Potter and clay endure.

He fixed thee mid this dance
 Of plastic circumstance,
 This present, thou, forsooth, wouldst fain arrest:
 Machinery just meant
 To give thy soul its bent,
 Try thee and turn thee forth, sufficiently impressed.

At countless funerals for the last half century, the mourning have listened to stanzas read from *In Memoriam*:

“We can but hope that good will fall,
 At last, far off,
 At last, to all.
 And every winter change to spring.

We can but hope, we do not know:
 For knowledge is of things we see.”

The Great Optimist sings:

“I only know the sun can pierce
The darkest cloud earth ever spread:
And what began best, can't end worst,
Nor what God blessed once, prove accrust.”

No wonder the Browning enthusiast exclaims: Why
don't they read *that* at funerals?

LOVE AMONG THE RUINS

I

Where the quiet-colored end of evening smiles,
Miles and miles
On the solitary pastures where our sheep
Half-asleep
Tinkle homeward thro' the twilight, stray or stop
As they crop—
Was the site once of a city great and gay,
(So they say)
Of our country's very capital, its prince
Ages since
Held his court in, gathered councils, wielding far
Peace or war.

II

Now,—the country does not even boast a tree,
As you see,
To distinguish slopes of verdure, certain rills
From the hills
Intersect and give a name to, (else they run
Into one)
Where the domed and daring palace shot its spires
Up like fires
O'er the hundred-gated circuit of a wall
Bounding all,
Made of marble, men might march on nor be pressed,
Twelve abreast.

III

And such plenty and perfection, see, of grass
Never was!
Such a carpet as, this summer-time, o'erspreads
And embeds

Every vestige of the city, guessed alone,
Stock or stone—
Where a multitude of men breathed joy and woe
Long ago;
Lust of glory pricked their hearts up, dread of shame
Struck them tame;
And that glory and that shame alike, the gold
Bought and sold.

IV

Now,—the single little turret that remains
On the plains,
By the caper overrooted, by the gourd
Overscored,
While the patching houseleek's head of blossom winks
Through the chinks—
Marks the basement whence a tower in ancient time
Sprang sublime,
And a burning ring, all round, the chariots traced
As they raced,
And the monarch and his minions and his dames
Viewed the games.

V

And I know, while thus the quiet-colored eve
Smiles to leave
To their folding, all our many-tinkling fleece
In such peace,
And the slopes and rills in undistinguished gray
Melt away—
That a girl with eager eyes and yellow hair
Waits me there
In the turret whence the charioteers caught soul
For the goal,
When the king looked, where she looks now, breathless dumb.
Till I come.

VI

But he looked upon the city, every side,
Far and wide,
All the mountains topped with temples, all the glades'
Colonnades,
All the causeys, bridges, aqueducts,—and then,
All the men!

When I do come, she will speak not, she will stand,
 Either hand
 On my shoulder, give her eyes the first embrace
 Of my face,
 Ere we rush, ere we extinguish sight and speech
 Each on each.

VII

In one year they sent a million fighters forth
 South and North,
 And they built their gods a brazen pillar high
 As the sky,
 Yet reserved a thousand chariots in full force—
 Gold, of course.
 Oh heart! oh blood that freezes, blood that burns!
 Earth's returns
 For whole centuries of folly, noise and sin!
 Shut them in,
 With their triumphs and their glories and the rest!
 Love is best.

HOME THOUGHTS, FROM ABROAD

I

Oh, to be in England
 Now that April's there,
 And whoever wakes in England
 Sees some morning, unaware,
 That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
 Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
 While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
 In England—now!

II

And after April, when May follows,
 And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows!
 Hark, where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
 Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
 Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's edge—
 That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over,
 Lest you should think he never could recapture
 The first fine careless rapture!
 And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
 All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
 The buttercups, the little children's dower
 —Far brighter, than this gaudy melon-flower!

MY LAST DUCHESS

That's my last Duchess painted on the wall,
Looking as if she were alive. I call
That piece a wonder, now: Fra Pandolf's hands
Worked busily a day, and there she stands.
Will't please you sit and look at her? I said
"Fra Pandolf" by design, for never read
Strangers like you that pictured countenance,
The depth and passion of its earnest glance,
But to myself they turned (since none puts by
The curtain I have drawn for you, but I)
And seemed as they would ask me, if they durst,
How such a glance came there; so, not the first
Are you to turn and ask thus. Sir, 'twas not
Her husband's presence only, called that spot
Of joy into the Duchess' cheek: perhaps
Fra Pandolf chanced to say "Her mantle laps
Over my lady's wrist too much," or "Paint
Must never hope to reproduce the faint
Half-flush that dies along her throat:" such stuff
Was courtesy, she thought, and cause enough
For calling up that spot of joy. She had
A heart—how shall I say?—too soon made glad,
Too easily impressed; she liked whate'er
She looked on, and her looks went everywhere.
Sir, 'twas all one! My favor at her breast,
The dropping of the daylight in the West,
The bough of cherries some officious fool
Broke in the orchard for her, the white mule
She rode with round the terrace—all and each
Would draw from her alike the approving speech,
Or blush, at least. She thanked men,—good! but thanked
Somehow—I know not how—as if she ranked
My gift of a nine-hundred-years-old name
With anybody's gift. Who'd stoop to blame
This sort of trifling? Even had you skill
In speech—(which I have not)—to make your will
Quite clear to such an one, and say, "Just this
Or that in you disgusts me; here you miss,
Or there exceed the mark"—and if she let
Herself be lessoned so, nor plainly set
Her wits to yours, forsooth, and made excuse,
—E'en then would be some stooping; and I choose

Never, to stoop. Oh, sir, she smiled, no doubt,
 When'er I passed her; but who passed without
 Much the same smile? This grew; I gave commands;
 Then all smiles stopped together. There she stands
 As if alive. Will't please you rise? We'll meet
 The company below, then. I repeat,
 The Count your master's known munificence
 Is ample warrant that no just pretence
 Of mine for dowry will be disallowed;
 Though his fair daughter's self, as I avowed
 At starting, is my object. Nay, we'll go
 Together down, sir. Notice Neptune, though,
 Taming a sea-horse, thought a rarity,
 Which Claus of Innsbruck cast in bronze for me!

IN A GONDOLA

He sings

I send my heart up to thee, all my heart
 In this my singing.
 For the stars help me, and the sea bears part;
 The very night is clinging
 Closer to Venice' streets to leave one space
 Above me, when thy face
 May light my joyous heart to thee its dwelling place.

She speaks

Say after me, and try to say
 My very words, as if each word
 Came from you of your own accord,
 In your own voice, in your own way:
 "This woman's heart and soul and brain
 Are mine as much as this gold chain
 She bids me wear; which" (say again)
 "I choose to make by cherishing
 A precious thing, or choose to fling
 Over the boat-side, ring by ring."
 And yet once more say . . . no word more!
 Since words are only words. Give o'er!

Unless you call me, all the same,
 Familiarly by my pet name,
 Which if the Three should hear you call,
 And me reply to, would proclaim

At once our secret to them all.
 Ask of me, too, command me, blame—
 Do, break down the partition-wall
 'Twixt us, the daylight world beholds
 Curtained in dusk and splendid folds!
 What's left but—all of me to take?
 I am the Three's: prevent them, slake
 Your thirst! 'Tis said, the Arab sage,
 In practising with gems, can loose
 Their subtle spirit in his cruce
 And leave but ashes: so, sweet mage,
 Leave them my ashes when thy use
 Sucks out my soul, thy heritage!

He sings

I

Past we glide, and past, and past!
 What's that poor Agnese doing
 Where they make the shutters fast?
 Gray Zanobi's just a-wooding
 To his couch the purchased bride:
 Past we glide!

II

Past we glide, and past and past!
 Why's the Pucci Palace flaring
 Like a beacon to the blast?
 Guests by hundreds, not one caring
 If the dear host's neck were wried:
 Past we glide!

She sings

I

The moth's kiss, first!
 Kiss me as if you made believe
 You were not sure, this eve,
 How my face, your flower, had pursed
 Its petals up; so, here and there
 You brush it, till I grow aware
 Who wants me, and wipe ope I burst.

II

The bee's kiss, now!
 Kiss me as if you entered gay
 My heart at some noonday,
 A bud that dares not disallow
 The claim, so all is rendered up,
 And passively its shattered cup
 Over your head to sleep I bow.

He sings

I

What are we two?
 I am a Jew,
 And carry thee, farther than friends can pursue.
 To a feast of our tribe;
 Where they need thee to bribe
 The devil that blasts them unless he imbibe
 Thy . . . Scatter the vision forever! And now,
 As of old, I am I, thou art thou!

II

Say again, what we are?
 The sprite of a star,
 I lure thee above where the destinies bar
 My plumes their full play
 Till a ruddier ray
 Than my pale one announce there is withering away
 Some . . . Scatter the vision forever! And now,
 As of old, I am I, thou art thou!

He muses

Oh, which were best, to roam or rest?
 The land's lap or the water's breast?
 To sleep on yellow millet-sheaves,
 Or swim in lucid shallows just
 Eluding water-lily leaves,
 An inch from Death's black fingers, thrust
 To lock you, whom release he must;
 Which life were best on Summer eves?

He speaks, musing

Lie back; could thought of mine improve you?
 From this shoulder let there spring
 A wing; from this, another wing;

Wings, not legs and feet, shall move you!
 Snow-white must they spring, to blend
 With your flesh, but I intend
 They shall deepen to the end,
 Broader, into burning gold,
 Till both wings crescent-wise enfold
 Your perfect self, from 'neath your feet
 To o'er your head, where, lo, they meet
 As if a million sword-blades hurled
 Defiance from you to the world!

Rescue me thou, the only real!
 And scare away this mad ideal
 That came, nor motions to depart!
 Thanks! Now, stay ever as thou art!

Still he muses

I

What if the Three should catch at last
 Thy serenader? While there's cast
 Paul's cloak about my head, and fast
 Gian pionions me, Himself has past
 His stilet thro' my back; I reel;
 And . . . is it thou I feel?

II

They trail me, these three godless knaves,
 Past every church that saints and saves,
 Nor stop till, where the cold sea raves
 By Lido's wet accursed graves,
 They scoop mine, roll me to its brink,
 And . . . on thy breast I sink!

She replies, musing

Dip your arm o'er the boat-side, elbow-deep,
 As I do: thus: were death so unlike sleep,
 Caught this way? Death's to fear from flame or steel,
 Or poison doubtless; but from water—feel!
 Go find the bottom! Would you stay me? There!
 Now pluck a great blade of that ribbon-grass
 To plait in where the foolish jewel was,
 I flung away: since you have praised my hair,
 'Tis proper to be choice in what I wear.

He speaks

Row home? must we row home? Too surely
Know I where its front's demurely
Over the Giudecca piled;
Window just with window mating,
Door on door exactly waiting,
All's the set face of a child:
But behind it, where's a trace
Of the staidness and reserve,
And formal lines without a curve,
In the same child's playing-face?
No two windows look one way
O'er the small sea-water thread
Below them. Ah, the autumn day
I, passing, saw you overhead!
First, out a cloud of curtain blew,
Then a sweet cry, and last came you—
To catch your lory that must needs
Escape just then, of all times then,
To peck a tall plant's fleecy seeds,
And make me happiest of men.
I scarce could breathe to see you reach
So far back o'er the balcony
To catch him ere he climbed too high
Above you in the Smyrna peach
That quick the round smooth cord of gold,
This coiled hair on your head, unrolled,
Fell down you like a gorgeous snake
The Roman girls were wont, of old,
When Rome there was, for coolness' sake
To let lie curling o'er their bosoms.
Dear lory, may his beak retain
Ever its delicate rose stain
As if the wounded lotus-blossoms
Had marked their thief to know again!

Stay longer yet, for others' sake
Than mine! What should your chamber do?
—With all its rarities that ache
In silence while day lasts, but wake
At night-time and their life renew,
Suspended just to pleasure you

Who brought against their will together
 These objects, and, while day lasts, weave
 Around them such a magic tether
 That dumb they look: your harp, believe,
 With all the sensitive tight strings
 Which dare not speak, now to itself
 Breathes slumberously, as if some elf
 Went in and out the chords, his wings
 Make murmur wheresoe'er they graze,
 As an angel may, between the maze
 Of midnight palace-pillars, on
 And on, to sow God's plagues, have gone
 Through guilty glorious Babylon.
 And while such murmurs flow, the nymph
 Bends o'er the harp-top from her shell
 As the dry limpet for the lymph
 Come with a tune he knows so well.
 And how your statues' hearts must swell!
 And how your pictures must descend
 To see each other, friend with friend!
 Oh, could you take them by surprise,
 You'd find Schidone's eager Duke
 Doing the quaintest courtesies
 To that prim saint by Haste-thee-Luke!
 And, deeper into her rock den,
 Bold Castelfranco's Magdalen
 You'd find retreated from the ken
 Of that robed counsel-keeping Ser—
 As if the Tizian thinks of her,
 And is not, rather, gravely bent
 On seeing for himself what toys
 Are these, his progeny invent,
 What litter now the board employs
 Whereon he signed a document
 That got him murdered! Each enjoys
 Its night so well, you cannot break
 The sport up, so indeed must make
 More stay with me, for others' sake.

She speaks

I

Tomorrow, if a harp-string, say,
 Is used to tie the jasmine back

That overflows my room with sweets,
 Contrive your Zorzi somehow meets
 My Zanze! If the ribbon's black,
 The Three are watching: keep away!

II

Your gondola—let Zorzi wreath
 A mesh of water-weeds about
 Its prow, as if he unaware
 Had struck some quay or bridge-foot stair!
 That I may throw a paper out
 As you and he go underneath.

There's Zanze's vigilant taper; safe are we.
 Only one minute more to-night with me!
 Resume your past self of a month ago!
 Be you the bashful gallant, I will be
 The lady with the colder breast than snow.
 Now bow you, as becomes, nor touch my hand
 More than I touch yours when I step to land,
 And say, "All thanks, Siora!"—

Heart to heart

And lips to lips! Yet once more, ere we part,
 Clasp me and make me thine, as mine thou art!

(He is surprised, and stabbed.)

It was ordained to be so, sweet!—and best
 Comes now, beneath thine eyes, upon thy breast.
 Still kiss me! Care not for the cowards! Care
 Only to put aside thy beauteous hair
 My blood will hurt! The Three, I do not scorn
 To death, because they never lived: but I
 Have lived indeed, and so—(yet one more kiss)—can die!

A GRAMMARIAN'S FUNERAL

Shortly after the Revival of Learning in Europe

Let us begin and carry up this corpse,
 Singing together.
 Leave we the common crofts, the vulgar thorpes
 Each in its tether
 Sleeping safe on the bosom of the plain,
 Cared-for till cock-crow:

Look out if yonder be not day again
 Rimming the rock-row!
 That's the appropriate country; there, man's thought,
 Rarer, intenser,
 Self-gathered for an outbreak, as it ought,
 Chafes in the censor.
 Leave we the unlettered plain its herd and crop;
 Seek we sepulture
 On a tall mountain, citied to the top,
 Crowded with culture!
 All the peaks soar, but one the rest excels;
 Clouds overcome it;
 No! yonder sparkle is the citadel's
 Circling its summit.
 Thither our path lies; wind we up the heights:
 Wait ye the warning?
 Our low life was the level's and the night's;
 He's for the morning.
 Step to a tune, square chests, erect each head,
 'Ware the beholders!
 This is our master, famous calm and dead,
 Borne on our shoulders.

 Sleep, crop and herd! sleep, darkling thorpe and croft,
 Safe from the weather!
 He, whom we convoy to his grave aloft,
 Singing together,
 He was a man born with thy face and throat,
 Lyric Apollo!
 Long he lived nameless: How should spring take note
 Winter would follow?
 Till lo, the little touch, and youth was gone!
 Cramped and diminished,
 Moaned he, "New measures, other feet anon!
 My dance is finished?"
 No, that's the world's way: (keep the mountainside,
 Make for the city!)
 He knew the signal, and stepped on with pride
 Over men's pity;
 Left play for work, and grappled with the world
 Bent on escaping:
 "What's in the scroll," quoth he, "thou keepest furred?
 Show me their shaping,

Theirs who most studied man, the bard and sage,—

Givè!"—So, he gowned him,

Straight got by heart that book to its last page:

Learned, we found him.

Yea, but we found him bald too, eyes like lead,

Accents uncertain:

"Time to taste life," another would have said,

"Up with the curtain!"

This man said rather, "Actual life comes next?

Patience a moment!

Grant I have mastered learning's crabbed text,

Still there's the comment.

Let me know all! Prate not of most or least,

Painful or easy!

Even to the crumbs I'd fain eat up the feast,

Ay, nor feel queasy."

Oh, such a life as he resolved to live,

When he had learned it,

When he had gathered all books had to give!

Sooner, he spurned it.

Image the whole, then execute the parts—

Fancy the fabric

Quite, ere you build, ere steel strike fire from quartz,

Ere mortar dab brick!

(Here's the town-gate reached: there's the market-place

Gaping before us.)

Yea, this in him was the peculiar grace

(Hearten our chorus!)

That before living he'd learn how to live—

No end to learning:

Earn the means first—God surely will contrive

Use for our earning.

Others mistrust and say, "But time escapes:

Live now or never!"

He said, "What's time? Leave Now for dogs and apes!

Man has Forever."

Back to his book then: deeper drooped his head:

Calculus racked him:

Leaden before, his eyes grew dross of lead:

Tussis attacked him.

"Now, master, take a little rest!"—not he!

(Caution redoubled,

Step two abreast, the way winds narrowly!),
 Not a whit troubled
 Back to his studies, fresher that at first,
 Fierce as a dragon
 He (soul-hydroptic with a sacred thirst)
 Sucked at the flagon.
 Oh, if we draw a circle premature,
 Heedless of far gain,
 Greedy for quick returns of profit, sure
 Bad is our bargain!
 Was it not great? did not he throw on God,
 (He loves the burthen)—
 God's task to make the heavenly period
 Perfect the earthen?
 Did not he magnify the mind, show clear
 Just what it all meant?
 He would not discount life, as fools do here,
 Paid by instalment.
 He ventured neck or nothing—heaven's success
 Found, or earth's failure:
 "Wilt thou trust death or not?" He answered "Yes:
 Hence with life's pale lure!"
 That low man seeks a little thing to do,
 Sees it and does it:
 This high man, with a great thing to pursue,
 Dies ere he knows it.
 That low man goes on adding one to one,
 His hundred's soon hit:
 This high man, aiming at a million,
 Misses an unit.
 That, has the world here—should he need the next,
 Let the world mind him!
 This, throws himself on God, and unperplexed
 Seeking shall find him.
 So, with the throttling hands of death at strife,
 Ground he at grammar;
 Still, thro' the rattle, parts of such speech were rife:
 While he could stammer
 He settled *Hoti's* business—let it be!—
 Properly based *Oun*—
 Gave us the doctrine of the enclitic *De*,
 Dead from the waist down.

Well, here's the platform, here's the proper place:
 Hail to your purlieus,
 All ye highfliers of the feathered race,
 Swallows and curlews!
 Here's the top-peak; the multitude below
 Live, for they can, there:
 This man decided not to Live but Know—
 Bury this man the e?
 Here—here's his place, where meteors shoot, clouds form,
 Lightning's are loosened,
 Stars come and go! Let joy break with the storm,
 Peace let the dew send!
 Lofty designs must close in like effects:
 Loftily lying,
 Leave him—still loftier than the world suspects,
 Living and dying.

RABBI BEN EZRA

I

Grow old along with me!
 The best is yet to be,
 The last of life, for which the first was made:
 Our times are in His hand
 Who saith "A whole I planned,
 Youth shows but half; trust God; see all nor be afraid!"

II

Not that, amassing flowers,
 Youth sighed "Which rose make ours,
 Which lily leave and then as best recall?"
 Not that, admiring stars,
 It yearned "Nor Jove, nor Mars;
 Mine be some figured flame which blends, transcends them all!"

III

Not for such hopes and fears
 Annulling youth's brief years,
 Do I remonstrate: folly wide the mark!
 Rather I prize the doubt
 Low kinds exist without,
 Finished and finite clods, untroubled by a spark.

IV

Poor vaunt of life indeed,
Were man but formed to feed
On joy, to solely seek and find and feast:
Such feasting ended, then
As sure an end to men;
Irks care the crop-full bird? Frets doubt the maw-crammed beast?

V

Rejoice we are allied
To That which doth provide
And not partake, effect and not receive!
A spark disturbs our clod;
Nearer we hold of God
Who gives, than of His tribes that take, I must believe.

VI

Then, welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go!
Be our joys three-parts pain!
Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge the throe!

VII

For thence,—a paradox
Which comforts while it mocks,—
Shall life succeed in that it seems to fail:
What I aspired to be,
And was not, comforts me:
A brute I might have been, but would not sink i' the scale.

VIII

What is he but a brute
Whose flesh has soul to suit,
Whose spirit works lest arms and legs want play?
To man, propose this test—
Thy body at its best,
How far can that project thy soul on its lone way?

IX

Yet gifts should prove their use:
I own the Past profuse
Of power each side, perfection every turn:
Eyes, ears, took in their dole,
Brain treasured up the whole;
Should not the heart beat once "How good to live and learn"?

X

Not once beat "Praise be Thine!
I see the whole design,
I, who saw power, see now love perfect too:
Perfect I call Thy plan:
Thanks that I was a man!
Maker, remake, complete,—I trust what Thou shalt do!"

XI

For pleasant is this flesh;
Our soul, in its rose-mesh
Pulled ever to the earth, still yearns for rest;
Would we some prize might hold
To match those manifold
Possessions of the brute,—gain most, as we did best!

XII

Let us not always say
"Spite of this flesh to-day
I strove, made head, gained ground upon the whole!"
As the bird wings and sings,
Let us cry "All good things
Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more, now, than flesh helps soul!"

XIII

Therefore I summon age
To grant youth's heritage,
Life's struggle having so far reached its term:
Thence shall I pass, approved
A man, for aye removed
From the developed brute; a god though in the germ.

XIV

And I shall thereupon
Take rest, ere I be gone
Once more on my adventure brave and new:
Fearless and unperplexed
When I wage battle next,
What weapons to select, what armor to indue.

XV

Youth ended, I shall try
My gain or loss thereby;
Leave the fire ashes, what surrices is gold:
And I shall weigh the same,
Give life its praise or blame:
Young, all lay in dispute; I shall know, being old.

XVI

For note, when evening shuts,
A certain moment cuts
The deed off, calls the glory from the gray:
A whisper from the west
Shoots—"Add this to the rest,
Take it and try its worth: here dies another day."

XVII

So, still within this life,
Though lifted o'er its strife,
Let me discern, compare, pronounce at last,
"This rage was right i' the main,
That acquiescence vain:
The Future I may face now I have proved the Past."

XVIII

For more is not reserved
To man, with soul just nerved
To act to-morrow what he learns to-day:
Here, work enough to watch
The Master work, and catch
Hints of the proper craft, tricks of the tool's true play.

XIX

As it was better, youth
Should strive, through acts uncouth,
Toward making, than repose on aught found made:
So, better, age, exempt
From strife, should know, than tempt
Further. Thou waitedest age: wait death nor be afraid!

XX

Enough now, if the Right
And Good and Infinite
Be named here, as thou callest thy hand thine own,
With knowledge absolute,
Subject to no dispute
From fools that crowded youth, nor let thee feel alone.

XXI

Be there, for once and all,
Severed great minds from small
Announced to each his station in the Past!
Was I, the world arraigned,
Were they, my soul disdained,
Right? Let age speak the truth and give us peace at last!

XXII

Now, who shall arbitrate?
Ten men love what I hate,
Shun what I follow, slight what I receive;
Ten, who in ears and eyes
Match me: we all surmise,
They this thing, and I, that: whom shall my soul believe?

XXIII

Not on the vulgar mass
Called "work," must sentence pass,
Things done, that took the eye and had the price;
O'er which, from level stand,
The low world laid its hand,
Found straightway to its mind, could value in a trice.

XXIV

But all, the world's coarse thumb
And finger failed to plumb,
So passed in making up the main account;
All instincts immature,
All purposes unsure,
That weighed not as his work, yet swelled the man's amount:

XXV

Thoughts hardly to be packed
Into a narrow act,
Fancies that broke through language and escaped;
All I could never be,
All, men ignored in me,
This, I was worth to God, whose wheel the pitcher shaped.

XXVI

Ay, note that Potter's wheel,
That metaphor! and feel
Why time spins fast, why passive lies our clay,—
Thou, to whom fools propound,
When the wine makes its round,
“Since life fleets, all is change; the Past gone, seize to-day!”

XXVII

Fool! All that is, at all,
Lasts ever, past recall;
Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand sure:
What entered into thee,
That was, is, and shall be:
Time's wheel runs back or stops: Potter and clay endure.

XXVIII

He fixed thee mid this dance
Of plastic circumstance,
This Present, thou, forsooth, wouldst fain arrest:
Machinery just meant
To give thy soul its bent,
Try thee and turn thee forth, sufficiently impressed.

XXIX

What though the earlier grooves
Which ran the laughing loves
Around thy base, no longer pause and press?
What though, about thy rim,
Skull-things in order grim
Grow out, graver mood, obey the sterner stress?

XXX

Look not thou down but up!
To uses of a cup,
The festal board, lamp's flash and trumpet's peal,
The new wine's foaming flow,
The Master's lips a-glow!
Thou, heaven's consummate cup, what need'st thou with earth's
wheel?

XXXI

But I need, now as then,
Thee, God, who moulded men;
And since, not even while the whirl was worst,
Did I,—to the wheel of life
With shapes and colors rife,
Bound dizzily,—mistake my end, to slake Thy thirst:

XXXII

So, take and use Thy work:
Amend what flaws may lurk,
What strain o' the stuff, what warpings past the aim!
My times be in Thy hand!
Perfect the cup as planned!
Let age approve of youth, and death complete the same!

“THE RING AND THE BOOK”

As well speak of Shakespeare's plays with no mention of *Hamlet* as to leave Browning with no attention to his greatest work: *The Ring and the Book*. It is doubtful if any production of modern times, outside the realm of novels, has such gripping power or can hold the reader so intent. The wonder is that so many forego a first-hand acquaintance with it!

It was a curious conceit that moved Browning to give his great poem this singularly appropriate name; only he would have seized upon it. One day, as he browsed around the stalls in Florence where old books often caught his fancy, he picked up a “square old yellow book, with crumpled vellum covers.” Whether another mortal who walked the earth on that hot summer day would have paid the *lira*—about twenty cents—for it, is doubtful, but the receptive mind of the poet in a flash had received an inspiration. Here was the very thing.

“Small-quarto size, part print part manuscript;
A book in shape but, really, pure crude fact
Secreted from man's life when hearts beat hard,
And brains, high-blooded, ticked two centuries since.”

By the time he had regained his home, the whole significance of the book had dawned upon him. Here was the report of an old murder case, tried in Rome in 1698. Here were the arguments of the lawyers, the pleas of those concerned, and what was more, bound up with the legal aspects of the case, were two versions of it as it had appeared to contemporaries. The title page summarized the contents:

“A Roman murder-case:

Position of the entire criminal cause
Of Guido Franceschini, nobleman,
With certain Four the cutthroats in his pay,
Tried all five, and found guilty and put to death,
By heading or hanging as befitted ranks,
At Rome on February Twenty Two,

Since our salvation Sixteen Ninety Eight:
Wherein it is disputed if, and when,
Husbands may kill adulterous wives, yet 'scape
The customary forfeit."

So much for the Book. The symbol of the Ring was born of the poet's fancy. There are rings, it appears, wrought by those skilled in metals, of purest gold. To render them firm enough to receive the tracery of leaves adorning them, alloy is compounded with the gold, to be expelled as "fume" when a certain acid is poured over the completed ornament. Elsewhere we learn that Mrs. Browning possessed such a ring and that, after her death, the keepsake was cherished by her husband, who kept it ever by him in memory of his heart's love.

The square, yellow book corresponds to the unwrought gold; to create the new form, something of the poet must needs be blended, to give it shape; presently he recedes from view and the characters concerned tell their own story, the alloy gone, the pure gold remaining.

As fortune would have it, Browning had rescued all the evidence, testimony and lawyers' pleas, presented to the judges who decided the case, for it was customary to submit all these in written form.

"the trial

Itself, to all intents, being then as now
Here in the book and nowise out of it;
Seeing, there properly was no judgment—bar,
No bringing of accuser and accused,
And whoso judged both parties, face to face
Before some court, as we conceive of courts."

To the printed matter, which filled three-fifths of the volume, add the remainder done in writing, presenting the case as the Roman public saw it, near the close of the seventeenth century, and it is plain that it lacked, not alloy, but the infusion of life which the poet was able to breathe into it, to make it the living work which it became in his hands.

Earlier writers had brought groups of people together, thus to exemplify various aspects of life. Chaucer's *Pilgrims* and Castiglione's *Ducal Court* bring before us a variety of minds whose diversity of interest weaves a charm. It was left for Browning to conceive of taking one circumstance: a crime, to which the murderer pleaded guilty, and, by permitting victim and assailant, prosecutor and defending advocate to appear, and, above all, by including the gossip of the public about it—by such novel means to demonstrate how impossible it is for one mind to embrace all angles of a question, however disposed he may be to do so.

For the convenience of the reader, the poet summarizes the facts briefly thus, to prepare us for a consideration of the case:

“Count Guido Franceschini the Aretine,
Descended of an ancient house, though poor,
A beak-nosed bushy-bearded black-haired lord,
Lean, pallid, low of stature yet robust,
Fifty years old,—having four years ago
Married Pompilia Comparini, young,
Good, beautiful, at Rome, where she was born,
And brought her to Arezzo, where they lived
Unhappy lives, whatever curse the cause,—
This husband, taking four accomplices,
Followed this wife to Rome, where she was fled
From their Arezzo to find peace again,
In convoy, eight months earlier, of a priest,
Aretine also, of still nobler birth,
Giuseppe Caponsacchi,—caught her there
Quiet in a villa on a Christmas night,
With only Pietro and Violante by,
Both her putative parents; killed the three,
Aged, they, seventy each, and she, seventeen,
And, two weeks since, the mother of his babe
First-born and heir to what the style was worth
O’ the Guido who determined, dared and did
This deed just as he purposed point by point.
Then, bent upon escape, but hotly pressed,
And captured with his co-mates that same night,
He, brought to trial, stood on this defence—

Injury to his honor caused the act;
And since his wife was false, (as manifest
By flight from home in such companionship,)
Death, punishment deserved of the false wife
And faithless parents who abetted her
I' the flight aforesaid, wronged no God nor man.
'Nor false she, nor yet faithless they,' replied
The accuser; 'cloaked and masked this murder glooms;
True was Pompilia, loyal too the pair;
Out of the man's own heart a monster curled
Which—crime coiled with connivancy at crime—
His victim's breast, he tells you, hatched and reared;
Uncoil we and stretch stark the worm of hell!'
A month the trial swayed this way and that
Ere judgment settled down on Guido's guilt;
Then was the Pope, that good Twelfth Innocent,
Appealed to: who well weighed what went before,
Affirmed the guilt and gave the guilty doom."

Henceforward the characters speak for themselves.

The second of the twelve books which compose the work presents the case as a possible one-half of those who dwelt in Rome in the year 1698 believed it. They espoused the cause of Count Guido Franceschini; it was a sorry matter, in their eyes, to see the last heir of an ancient house put to so much trouble and publicity as he. Such sentiments are represented by one character, who gives the aspect of the matter current in *Half-Rome*. He is excited by the throngs who are drawn by curiosity to San Lorenzo, the church in which the bodies of Pietro and Violante, parents of Pompilia, lie, surrounded by candles. Pompilia is dying and greater excitement still will follow when her wounded body shall be added shortly to the two near the altar.

According to this version, Pietro and Violante, simple folk of the middle class, lived comfortably enough, possessed of all they desired save a child, to inherit their property. This seeming more unlikely as the years went by and their own property depending upon an heir, Violante perpetrated a deceit upon her husband, presenting a babe born in disreputable quarters as her own. All unsuspecting, the slow-minded Pietro was devoted to the little child, who

grew into a beautiful girl. When Count Guido, tired of the life he had led in Rome for upwards of thirty years and eager to reprieve his impoverished estate by means of marriage, learned of the prosperity of the parents of Pompilia, he persuaded the foolish Violante to desire a title for the girl. Pietro made inquiry regarding the Count, and being informed of his lack of worth, refused such a marriage; Violante, not to be denied, married Pompilia to the Count in secret.

According to rumors which float about in Half-Rome, the Count was imposed upon by the scheming woman, who rushed him into wedding a foolish young girl.

“What constituted him so choice a catch,
You question? Past his prime and poor beside!
Ask that of any she who knows the trade.
Why first, here was a nobleman with friends,
A palace one might run to and be safe. . . .
Is birth a privilege and power or no?
Also,—but judge of the result desired,
By the price paid and manner of the sale.
The Count was made woo, win and wed at once:
Asked, and was haled for answer, lest the heat
Should cool, to San Lorenzo, one blind eve,
And had Pompilia put into his arms
O’ the sly there.”

The arrangement which Pietro made, when with a heavy heart he learned of the ill-conceived marriage, was that he and his wife would go to the Count’s palace and spend the remainder of their days with Pompilia; after their death, the Count should come into possession of their holdings meanwhile having the interest. But after a short time in the old castle, with its cold discomfort, scanty fare, and, above all, the cruelty of the Count, made them glad to flee for their lives to Rome, leaving poor Pompilia to her fate. Half-Rome believes that Violante, the schemer, instigated her child later to convince the Count of her infidelity and leave him.

“Pompilia, left alone, found herself;
Found herself young too, sprightly, fair enough,

Matched with a husband old beyond his age
 (Though that was something like four times her own)
 Because of cares past, present and to come:
 Found too the house dull and its inmates dead,
 So, looked outside for light and life."

Count Guido tries to get a divorce from Pompilia, but the court refuses it after considering the arguments which are placed before it. Eight months after Pompilia left Arezzo, in the villa of her parents she gave birth to a son.

"And what did God say and the devil say
 One at each ear o' the man, the husband, now
 The father? Why, the overburdened mind
 Broke down, what was a brain became a blaze."

With four of his associates, he went to Rome, gained access to their house and killed Pietro, Violante, and supposed he had left Pompilia dead. Then the assailants sped toward Arezzo, in Tuscany, where they would be safe from pursuers. Nevertheless, they were overtaken and brought back to Rome for trial. Miraculously, Pompilia had rallied and lingered long enough to tell her story.

Half-Rome knows that Count Guido bides in prison pending the outcome of the case.

"But with a certain issue: no dispute,
 'Try him, bids the law: formalities oblige: .
 But as to the issue,—look me in the face:—
 If the law thinks to find them guilty, Sir,
 Master or men—touch one hair of the five,
 Then I say in the name of all that's left
 Of honor in Rome, civility i' the world
 Whereof Rome boasts herself the central source—
 There's an end to all hope of justice more. . . .

Sir, what's the good of law
 In a case o' the kind? None, as she all but says.
 Call in law when a neighbor breaks your fence,
 Cribbs from your field, tampers with rent or lease,
 Touches the purse or pocket—but woos your wife?
 No: take the old way trod when men were men!"

The sentiment of the public is sure to be divided in a case such as this. There are the "other-wise minded" to be heard: those who sympathize with Pompilia and hold the Count a brutal scoundrel, who now, unless justice has departed from the world, will soon get his deserts. The *Other Half-Rome* looks upon Pompilia, lying so white upon the little bed in the hospital, as a saint and martyr. Despite the wishes of the physicians, on one pretext and another, not only the lawyers have had access to her in order to take down her story, but as many of the people as could gain entrance have pressed in, some believing their ills would be cured could they but touch her. The girl was but five months past thirteen years, "witness the church register," when she was married to this Count and throughout the proceeding she had been as helpless

"as yon lamb,
Brought forth from basket and set out for sale."

After such an impossible marriage, nothing which followed need surprise one.

"The parents cast their lot
Into the lap o' the daughter: and the son
Now with a right to lie there, took what fell,
Pietro's whole having and holding, house and field,
Goods, chattels and effects, his worldly worth
Present and in perspective, all renounced
In favor of Guido. . . .
The interest now, the principal anon,
Would Guido please to wait, at Pietro's death:
Till when, he must support the couple's charge. . . .
But they touched bottom at Arezzo: there—
Four months' experience of how craft and greed
Quickened by penury and pretentious hate
Of plain truth, brutify and bestialize,—
Four months' taste of apportioned insolence,
Cruelty graduated, dose by dose
Of ruffianism dealt out at bed and board,
And lo, the work was done, success clapped hands.
The starved, stripped, beaten brace of stupid dupes
Broke at last in their desperation loose.
Fled away for their lives, and lucky so."

It was now that Violante confessed the ruse to which she had long before resorted and let it be known at last that Pompilia was not her own child. Pietro saw in this a chance to save his property.

.“Guido pronounced the story one long lie
Lied to do robbery and take revenge:
Or say it were no lie at all but truth,
Then, it both robbed the rightful heirs and shamed him
Without revenge to humanize the deed.”

Driven nearly distracted by her husband's cruelties, Pompilia had sought help here and there and finally persuaded a priest, who was moved to compassion by her helplessness, to enable her to get back to Rome. Count Guido had overtaken them as they journeyed thither and had pleased to accuse the priest of seducing his wife. Now he asked of the law both a divorce and the dowry which had been promised him. He also asked the punishment of the priest. The court had permitted Pompilia to return to Rome, had refused the Count the divorce and property; because he had committed an infraction of the canon law, the priest was sent for awhile to an outlying district. To the latter's amazement and scorn, even the most kindly disposed had winked at his part in the little drama.

Birth of the babe had opened a new possibility to the baffled Count. Once the others were out of the way, he would be left the natural guardian of the infant and the property would finally come into his hands.

Other Half-Rome hold that as there is good in men, the flimsy argument of the Count that he “slew all three to save his honor” will avail him naught.

Tertium Quid, heard throughout the third book, represents that third thing: the conservative upper class, which prides itself on being open-minded and holding to an impartial ground. Doubtless, there is truth on both sides. Probably the bourgeois parents had struggled and deceived to win a title; probably the Count had been overbearing. One could not heed the mob, the commonalty; it were better to listen to the discriminating. To be sure, the whole trouble started when Violante practiced a deceit upon her husband,

but then, after all, this injured no one. The real difficulty was that she finally confessed it.

‘Now, here take breath and ask,—which bird o’ the brace
Decoyed the other into clapnet? Who
Was fool, who knave? Neither and both, perchance.
There was a bargain mentally proposed
On each side, straight and plain and fair enough;
Mind knew its own mind: but when mind must speak,
The bargain have expression in plain terms,
There came the blunder incident to words,
And in the clumsy process, fair turned foul.
The straight backbone-thought of the crooked speech
Were just—‘I Guido truck my name and rank
For so much money and youth and female charms.—
We Pietro and Violante give our child
And wealth to you for a rise i’ the world thereby.’
Such naked truth while clambered in the brain
Shocks nowise: walk it forth by way of tongue,—
Out on the cynical unseemliness!
Hence was the need, on either side, of a lie
To serve as decent wrappage: so, Guido gives
Money for money,—and they, bride for groom,
Having, he, not a doit, they, not a child
Honestly theirs, but this poor waif and stray.
According to the words, each cheated each;
But in the inexpressive barter of thoughts,
Each did give and take the thing designed,
The rank on this side and the cash on that—
Attained the object of the traffic, so.
The way of the world, the daily bargain struck
In the first market! Why sells Jack his ware?
‘For the sake of serving an old customer.’
Why does Jill buy it? ‘Simply not to break
A custom, pass the old stall the first time.’
Why, you know where the gist is of the exchange:
Each sees a profit, throws the fine words in.
Don’t be too hard o’ the pair! Had each pretence
Been simultaneously discovered, stript
From off the body of the transaction, just
As when a crook (will Excellency forgive?)
Strips away those long rough superfluous legs
From either side the crayfish, leaving folk

A meal all meat henceforth, no garnishry,
 (With your respect, Prince!)—balance had been kept,
 No party blamed the other,—so, starting fair,
 All subsequent fence of wrong returned by wrong
 I' the matrimonial thrusts and parry, at least
 Had followed on equal terms. . . . ”

At last the utter indifference of *Tertium Quid*, more prone to rant against the mob than to discover the truth, proves wearisome. Eager to fathom the tragedy which has been enacted in the midst of law and order, the listener turns away in boredom from one so prolific in speech. It is plain that the solution of human woes cannot come from one who discourses of them as impassively as of a mathematical proposition.

At last we reach the words of one of the two vitally interested parties—indeed, the one most deeply concerned, since *Pompilia* lies dying, amazing all around her by the way one so desperately stricken can hold to life. Count Guido, under torture having admitted the murder which he tried at first to deny, now comes before legal authorities to state his side of the case and ask that he be set free. He speaks at length of his ancient line, of the noble family of which he is descended. Without a blush, he refers to his marriage as a bargain, his title having been exchanged for substance.

“ ‘What?

No blush at the avowal you dared buy
 A girl of age beseems your granddaughter,
 Like ox or ass? Are flesh and blood aware?
 Are heart and soul a chattel?’

Softly, Sirs!

Will the Court of its charity teach poor me
 Anxious to learn, of any way i' the world
 Allowed by custom and convenience, save
 This same which, taught from my youth up, I trod?
 Take me along with you; where was the wrong step?
 If what I gave in barter, style and state
 And all that hangs to *Franceschini*hood,
 Were worthless,—why, society goes to ground,
 Its rules are idiot's—rambling. Honor of birth,—

If that thing has no value, cannot buy
 Something of value of another sort,
 You've no reward nor punishment to give
 I' the giving or the taking honor; straight
 Your social fabric, pinnacle to base,
 Comes down a-chatter like a house of cards.

* * * * *

With a wife I look to find all wifeliness,
 As when I buy, timber and twig, a tree—
 I buy the song o' the nightingale inside.

Such was the pact: Pompilia from the first
 Broke it. . . .

Pompilia was no pigeon, Venus' pet
 To sit on my rough shoulder,—but a hawk,
 I bought a hawk's price and carried home
 To do hawk's service—at the Rotunda, say,
 Where, six o' the callow nestlings in a row,
 You pick and choose and pay the price for such.
 I have paid my pound, await my penny's worth,
 So, hoodwink, starve and properly train my bird,
 And, should she prove a haggard,—twist her neck!"

Count Guido goes on to relate the happenings subsequent to his marriage, coming at length to his suit for divorce.

"My contract was to wed
 The daughter of Pietro and Violante. Both
 Protest they never had a child at all.
 Then I have never made a contract: good.
 Cancel me quick the thing pretended one.
 I shall be free."

This was denied him and he realizes that he must submit to the inevitable:

"They have got my name,—'tis nailed now fast to theirs,
 The child or changeling is anyway my wife;
 Point by point as they plan they execute,
 They gain all, and I lose all—even to the lure
 That led to loss,—they have the wealth again
 They hazarded awhile to hook me with,
 Have caught the fish and find the bait entire:

They even have their child or changeling back
 To trade with, turn to account a second time. . . .
 And, thank God most for this, no child leave I—
 None after me to bear till his heart break
 The being a Franceschini and my son!
 'Nay,' said the letter, 'but you have just that!
 A babe, your veritable son and heir—
 Lawful,—'tis only eight months since your wife
 Left you,—so, son and heir, your babe was born
 Last Wednesday in the villa. . . .

Then I rose up like fire, and fire-like roared. . . .

I appeal to God,—what says Himself,
 How lessons Nature when I look to learn?
 Why, that I am alive, am still a man
 With brain and heart and tongue and right-hand too—
 Nay, even with friends, in such a cause as this,
 To right me if I fail to take my right.
 No more of law; a voice beyond the law
 Enters my heart, *Quis est pro Domino?*

With four friends, he goes to Rome, and, since it is the Christmas-tide, waits for a week, uncertain what course to take. Then he goes to the home of Pompilia. Possibly, he says, had she herself opened the door, he might have turned from his purpose. Nay, had even the old fool, Pietro, admitted him, still might he not have struck.

"But it was she the hag, she that had brought hell
 For a dowry with her to her husband's house,
 She the mock-mother, she that made the match
 And married me to perdition, spring and source
 O' the fire inside me that boiled up from heart
 To brain and hailed the Fury gave it birth—
 Violante Comparini, she it was."

He tells of the peace that came to him after he had righted wrong and how well he slept, how once more he could partake of food with satisfaction. Finally he appeals to the judges to save him, to remember his support of church and state. His mother needs her son and the babe,

whose rightful guardian he is. The fifth book is concerned with his testimony and plea.

Guiseppe Caponsacchi, the noble priest, became involved with the unhappy story when Pompilia entreated him to help her escape from the palace of the Count. She touched his heart and so, with his priest's mind, he felt that he should resist her and leave her to live her own life and find her own salvation. Finally, even this sacrifice that he made seemed as naught in comparison with her woe. She symbolized to him the Mater Doloroso, whom he served. She was such a pure-hearted child, ill with her coming journey into the shadow of death; so at length it seemed to him that in serving her he was but ministering to sorrowing humanity. It gave a new purpose to his life and, happy in his new consecration, he had been shocked to find how impossible it was to convince the judges, before whom he was taken, of his true motives. Their scarcely concealed smiles, their indulgence of a priest's "human moment" hurt him only less than the predicament of poor Pompilia. To go away had seemed best. Now again he is summoned to tell what he knows of the story in Guido's fight for his life. He comes, but this time in scorn of his judges; once they judged him; he now judges them. After a merciless harangue at them, which makes them cringe—for his testimony, like Guido's, is taken down by clerks commissioned to hear it, and their titters on a previous occasion gall him yet—he speaks of Pompilia:

"The glory of life, the beauty of the world . . .
You tell me, that's fast dying while we talk,
Pompilia! How does lenity to me.
Remit one death-pang to her?"

It is difficult to cite passages from the priest's discourse, for it should be read entire. His nobility of mind, the loveliness of the young girl, so cruelly treated, her confidence in him, his soul awakened to greater possibilities of good through serving her: for her sake he tells again the story of his part in her return to Rome, which has ended so tragically.

“I have done with being judged.
 I stand here guiltless in thought, word and deed,
 To the point that I apprise you,—in contempt
 For all misapprehending ignorance
 O’ the human heart.”

When he speaks of Count Guido he bows his head in shame, for once he had him in his power and let him live to wreak vengeance on Pompilia’s beautiful innocent head! He urges that they shall not condemn him to die:

“leave Guido all alone
 Back on the world again that knows him now!
 I think he will be found (indulge so far)
 Not to die so much as slide out of life,
 Pushed by the general horror and common hate
 Low, lower,—left o’ the very ledge of things. . . .
 Pompilia will presently be with God;
 I am, on earth, as good as out of it,
 A relegated priest; when exile ends,
 I mean to do my duty and live long,
 She and I are mere strangers now: but priests
 Should study passion; how else cure mankind,
 Who come for help in passionate extremes?
 O great, just, good God! Miserable me!”

Above all other parts of the poem, the seventh book, wherein Pompilia’s story is told, shows the inimitable hand of a master. It is chaste and restrained: as remarkable for what it withholds as for what it discloses.

“I am just seventeen years and five months old.
 And, if I live one day more, three full weeks;
 ’Tis writ so in the church register,
 Lorenzo in Lucinia, all my names
 At length, so many names for one poor child,
 —Francesca Camilla Vittoria Angela
 Pompilia Comparini,—laughable!
 Also ’tis writ that I was married there
 Four years ago: and they will add, I hope,
 When they insert my death, a word or two,—
 Omitting all about the mode of death,—
 This, in its place, this which one cares to know,

That I had been a mother of a son
Exactly two weeks. . . .

 All these few things
I know are true,—will you remember them?
Because time flies. The surgeon cared for me,
To count my wounds,—twenty-two dagger-wounds,
Five deadly, but I do not suffer much—
Or too much pain,—and am to die tonight.
Oh how good God is that my babe was born,
—Better than born, baptized and hid away
Before this happened, safe from hurt!
That had been sin God could not well forgive:
He was too young to smile and save himself.”

Two days after birth, Pompilia goes on to say, they took the babe away for baptism, then concealed him lest harm should befall. When she grieved to let him go, the nurse had said that he would but sleep and feed for the first month; then she could go with him into retreat. She had hoped it might be the nurse coming to bring word of him when the knock, that fateful evening, caused her to open the door to her assailants.

“Now I shall never see him; what is worse,
When he grows up and gets to be my age,
He will seem hardly more than a great boy;
And if he asks ‘What was my mother like?’
People may answer ‘Like girls of seventeen’—
And how can he but think of this or that,
Lucias, Marias, Sofias, who titter or blush
When he regards them as such boys may do?
Therefore I wish some one will please to say
I looked already old though I was young;
Do I not . . . say, if you are by to speak . . .
Look nearer twenty? No more like, at least,
Girls who look arch and redden when boys laugh.”

Were one able to write, she says, one might leave something for a son to read, having a whole day more to live; her name is an unusual one, that may help a little. To have had a mother but two weeks, and no father at all—for elsewhere Pompilia says: “He was born of my love, not of Guido’s hate,” to have no name, not even that of poor old

Pietro—this is certainly a bad start for the tiny babe who has brought such joy to his mother. She named him Gaetano, after a saint canonized only a few years before, hoping that a “new saint” would be more watchful over a charge than the old ones, “tired out by this time,—see my own five saints!”

“On second thoughts, I hope he will regard
The history of me as what someone dreamed,
And get to disbelieve it at the last:
Since to myself it dwindles fast to that,
Sheer dreaming and impossibility,—
Just in four days too! All the seventeen years,
Not once did a suspicion visit me
How very different a lot is mine
From any other woman’s in the world.
The reason must be, ’twas by step and step
It got to grow so terrible and strange.
These strange woes stole on tiptoe, as it were,
Into my neighborhood and privacy,
Sat down where I sat, laid them where I lay;
And I was found familiarized with fear.”

Pompilia reviews her brief life, so unlike that of others. Reared by Violante, who represented her as her own child; later cast off by this foster mother, earlier, given up by her own. She has given her son to God—not willing to trust him to any parents at all. She was married but really had no husband. Husbands are said to love their wives and give them happiness; hers has finally murdered her and her foster parents. Even her benefactor, the good priest, who realized her extremity and aided her to escape, is now held in disgrace by some, condoned by others, as her lover.

“I am married, he has taken priestly vows,
They know that, and yet go on, say, the same,
‘Yes, how he loves you.’ ‘That was love,’ they say,
When anything is answered that they ask.”

Life proving so elusive, she hoped that the babe would prove something tangible and abiding, all else having fled; but, for safety, he too was taken away—fortunately, too, as it developed. The very day this tragedy occurred, Pietro

and Violante had aided her to leave her bed; they had sat by the fire and talked of the baby's future. Then came the tragedy.

"Pietro at least had done no harm, I know;
Not even Violante, so much harm as makes
Such revenge lawful. Certainly she erred—
Did wrong, how shall I dare say otherwise?—
In telling that first falsehood."

She likes to think that her own mother gave her up because she believed life would be fairer for her and that she would be spared a life of shame. Her youth was happy.

"Up to my marriage, thirteen years
Were, each day, happy as the day was long."

Then Violante, hoping to better the situation of the family, cautioning the child of thirteen summers to secrecy, carried her off to the church and married her to the old Count Guido, as ugly as he was cruel.

"Well, I no more saw sense in what she said
Than a lamb does in people clipping wool;
Only lay down and let myself be clipped."

This over, she was taken home again by Violante, who forbade her to tell Pietro what had happened. Indeed, for three weeks nothing appeared to have changed. Once a doctor had been called to see her when ill; she recovered and never saw the doctor more. Similarly, it now seemed reasonable to her to assume that the disagreeable Count would likewise stay away, till one day angry voices roused her from her needlework and she found Pietro in dispute with Count Guido and his crafty brother Paul.

"Then I began to half surmise the truth;
Something had happened, low, mean, underhand,
False, and my mother was to blame, and I
To pity, whom all spoke of, none addressed:
I was the chattel that had caused a crime.
I stood mute,—those who had entangled must untie
The embroilment. Pietro cried 'Withdraw, my child!

She is not helpful to the sacrifice
 At this stage,—do you want the victim by
 While you discuss the value of her blood?
 For her sake, I consent to hear you talk:
 Go, child, and play, God help the innocent!’ ”

So near to childhood, so far from knowledge, Pompilia did not realize for sometime the significance of her marriage; her parents accompanied her to Arezzo and she was allowed to go her way, little disturbed by Guido, who chose first to dispose of her elders. It was not until they had been driven away from the cold castle and colder hearts that guarded it, only then was the full brunt of Guido's cruelty brought to bear upon her. The disclosures relative to Pompilia's birth removed the last restraint upon the fury of his brutality. Having driven away the parents, could he now prove Pompilia unfaithful to him, he would be able to divorce her and only the gold, the sole object of his bargaining, would remain. His dissolute brother was set to ensnare her; finding her scornful of his sensuality, soon indifferent to threats of sword or poison, there was nothing left save to wear her out by “graduated cruelties.” Death loomed as the only hope of escape and there grew to be greater disappointment at its delay than fear of its approach.

But it is from other sources that so much as this is learned of the four years following Pompilia's marriage to the Count. She merely says:

“All since is one blank,
 Over and ended; a terrific dream.
 It is the good of dreams—as soon as they go!
 Wake in a horror of heart-beats, you may
 Cry ‘The dread thing will never from my thoughts!’
 Still, a few daylight doses of plain life,
 Cock-crow and sparrow-chirp, or bleat and bell
 Of goats that trot by tinkling, to be milked;
 And when you rub your eyes awake and wide,
 Where is the harm of the horror? Gone! So here.
 I know I wake,—but from what? Blank, I say!
 This is the note of evil: for good lasts.”

Pompilia's joy in her babe has transfigured her life and given it an abiding purpose. So deep is her mother-love that the world takes on new aspects. She can even speak of Guido with charity, realizing that he was misled in his expectation of money through a union with her. She has but a few hours yet to live and does not choose to spend any of them in memories of the inferno through which this union led her.

“For that most woeful man my husband once,
Who, needing respite, still draws vital breath,
I—pardon him? So far as lies in me,
I give him for his good the life he takes,
Praying the world will therefore acquiesce.
Let him make God amends,—none, none to me
Who thank him rather that, whereas strange fate
Mockingly styled him husband and me wife,
Himself this way at least pronounced divorcee,
Blotted the marriage-bond: this blood of mine
Flies forth exultingly at any door,
Washes the parchment white, and thanks the blow.
We shall not meet in this world or the next,
But where will God be absent? In His face
Is light, but in His shadow healing too:
Let Guido touch the shadow and be healed!”

It remains for her to tell of Caponsacchi's help to her and try to set him right in the eyes of those who have shrugged the shoulder at a priest masquerading as a gallant. Pompilia, with a candour borne of ebbing life, explains what it meant to her in her extremity that he understood and came to her release. Nor does she hesitate to say that, somewhere, in another world, his comprehending spirit will be joined to hers, as it could not be in this: for he was a priest and she a wife.

“He is a priest;
He cannot marry therefore, which is right:
I think he would not marry if he could.
Marriage on earth seems such a counterfeit,
Mere imitation of the inimitable:
In heaven we have the real and true and sure.”

It is doubtful if there be in all literature a more penetrating treatment of the child-wife, sacrificed for greed and ambition. In the dying words of Pompilia we hear the plaintive notes of the thousands of helpless victims. Since time began, their name is legion. Even today, where souls and future life are denied to women by the tenets of religion, as in Mohammedan countries, it is evident that the lot of the girl-wife must remain well nigh unbearable. Pompilia at least had an enviable childhood, which, as she said, "may have made the change too terrible."

Books eight and nine are given up to the defense and prosecution and bring a pause in the tragedy. Amusing are discourses of these mediaeval advocates, who accept their cases as part of the day's work. Dominus Hyacinthus, who defends Guido, happens to be celebrating the birthday of his son, who is the apple of his eye. The time spent writing out his case is just that much taken away from the day's festivities. However, it is a great honor to be chosen to defend a noble and he hopes that his treatise will give the boy pride when he becomes a man.

Juris Doctor Bottinius presses the court to find the murderer guilty. Instead of arguments which one would expect, much is made of the purity of Pompilia when wedded to the Count and of her helplessness thereafter. The thick sprinkling of Latin phrases, the search for precedents in ancient writings, all this is designed to relieve the feelings after the tense scene with the dying Pompilia, where every word is significant.

Finally the regular court having found Guido and his associates guilty, the case is appealed to the Pope, because Guido, long ago taking minor orders, has right of clergy. Kindly old Pope Innocent XII is now eighty-six and presumably disposed to deal gently with the erring. He is seen in his austere study, musing over the evidence. With unswerving fidelity for truth he visualizes this drama: He speaks of the Count, whose training and social position were superior to all the other participants.

"I see him furnished forth for his career,
On starting for the life-chance in our world,

With nearly all we count sufficient help:
 Body and mind in balance, a sound frame,
 A solid intellect: the wit to seek,
 Wisdom to choose, and courage wherewithal
 To deal in whatsoever circumstance
 Should minister to man, make life succeed. . . .
 I find him bound then, to begin life well;
 Fortified by propitious circumstance,
 Great birth, good breeding, with the Church for guide
 How lives he? . . .
 Guido has dropped nobility, slipped the Church,
 Plays trickster if not cut-purse, body and soul
 Prostrate among the filthy feeders—faugh!
 I find this black mark impinge the man,
 That he believes in just the vile of life.
 He purposes marriage, I remark,
 On no one motive that should prompt thereto—
 Farthest, by consequence, from ends alleged
 Appropriate to the action; so they were:
 The best, he knew and feigned, the worst he took.
 Not one permissible impulse moves the man,
 From the mere liking of the eye and ear,
 To the true longing of the heart that loves,
 No trace of these: . . .
 All is lust for money: to get gold,—
 Why, lie, rob, if must be, murder!

* * *

First of the first

Such I pronounce Pompilia, then as now
 Perfect in whiteness: stoop thou down, my child,
 Give one good moment to the poor old Pope
 Heart-sick at having all his world to blame—
 Let me look at thee in the flesh as erst,
 Let me enjoy the old clean linen garb,
 Not the new splendid vesture! . . .

Go past me

And get thy praise,—and be not far to seek
 Presently when I follow if I may!"

Pope Innocent ponders the whole sorry tale, knowing
 how eagerly the crowds in the street await his verdict: pre-

sumably, setting the noble free. Then he takes up his pen and writes:

“On receipt of this command,
Acquaint Count Guido and his fellows four
They die to-morrow: could it be to-night,
The better, but the work to do, takes time. . . .
Enough, for I may die this very night:
And how should I dare die, this man let live?”

Guido receives the fatal message: his last resort has failed. Death hovers before him. What need of ruse, pose or lie? A little while remains. He throws off all restraint and rails against the Church, society and all that holds his hate. Had proof been wanting as to his guilt, not only of the crime, but of four years of unmeasured cruelty which defies description, to the girl-wife, then by his own words further doubt is dispelled. By him, not by her, it is set forth with revolting realism. It is his failures he deploras in this hour: his mistake in not making sure about the horses to bear him and his fellows fast to Tuscany; the blunder of his hired assassins, learned in anatomy, to know precisely where to strike to kill. Had Pompilia been left dead, as he supposed, who then could have questioned the report he would have circulated, of coming upon her with a paramour? His deed would then have been commended. Yet, when the officers came to do their duty, his last words are addressed to the one person he knew to be pure.

“God,
Pompilia, will you let them murder me?”

* * *

“Here were the end, had anything an end.”

Instead, in the final book glimpses are given of current opinion after the execution. Some men lost their bets, others won. The Pope refused at the last moment to take under advisement the Governor's importunings. The court awarded Pompilia's son the long disputed property,

and the poet, contrary to his usual custom, tacks on a lesson:

“that our human speech is naught,
Our human testimony false, our fame
And human estimation words and wind.”

Struggle as we may to see things “as they really are,” we do but see them “as we really are.” Only when the dross has been burned out do we reach a height where each is seen through a veil of charity. Yet Pompilia says that such a view is scarcely true: it is “softened and bettered.”

“one cannot judge
Of what has been the ill or well of life,
The day that one is dying,—sorrows change
Into not altogether sorrow-like;
I do see strangeness but scarce misery,
Now it is over, and no danger more.
My child is safe; there seems not so much pain.
It comes, most like, that I am just absolved,
Purged of the past, the foul in me, washed fair,—
One cannot both have and not have, you know,—
Being right now, I am happy and color things.
Yes, everybody that leaves life sees all
Softened and bettered: so with other sights:
To me at least was never evening yet
But seemed far beautifuller than its day,
For past is past.”

Many have been the criticisms and high the praises called forth by Browning's great poem. The following by James Thomson, likening it to a Gothic cathedral, is suggestive:

“For here truly we find the soaring towers and pinnacles, the multitudinous niches with their statues, the innumerable intricate traceries, the gargoyles wildly grotesque; and, within, the many colored light through the stained windows, with the red and purple of blood predominant, the long, pillared, echoing aisles, the altar with its piteous crucifix and altar-piece of the Last Judgment, the organ and choir pealing their *Miserere* and *De Profundis* and *In*

Excelsis Deo, the side chapels and confessionals, the fantastic wood-carvings, the tombs with effigies sculptured supine; and, beneath, yet another chapel, as of death, and the solemn sepulchral crypts. The counterparts of all these, I dare affirm, may veritably be found in this immense and complicate structure, whose foundations are so deep and whose crests are so lofty. Only as a Gothic cathedral has been termed a petrified forest, we must image this work as a vivified cathedral, thrilling hot, swift life through all its marble nerves."

Wedding Anniversaries

1. Cotton
2. Paper
3. Leather
5. Wooden
7. Wooden
10. Lin
12. Silk & Linen
15. Crystal
20. China
25. Silver
30. Pearl
40. Ruby
50. Gold
75. Diamond

